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Dottie

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY ETHEL PLUMMER

FROM a writing-desk on the gallery where she overlooked the lobby of the hotel, Mrs. Cleaves saw her son mount the stairs from the street and stand searching the throng. She leaned back then, waiting to see him anger on not finding her at once in the corner he had specified. When she had told him at the last minute that she was not equal to the bright pretenses of a front box at the football game, but that she would meet him for dinner and the drive home, he had seemed relieved; but he had made a point of the dinner. He had rubbed it in on her memory, as the Cleaves men always did with women.

Watching him now, she reflected again on how deeply he was a Cleaves. Her mind went back to his father, standing in the lobby of the Monongahela House, on a night he had come ashore from the river packet *James G. Blaine*. The frown on the son's face to-night was his father's and that of Grandfather Cleaves, men of sudden, unaccountable, unreasoning, and unreasonable furies. The look Lucius wore made her feel chilly and old. He threw open his long raccoon coat and looked darkly at his watch.

Mrs. Cleaves rose stiffly and went down the marble staircase to join him. It was easier. If she had sent a page down for him he would have come tramping, hot with indignation.

"Ah, mother! I thought you had misunderstood." It was the tone he used when, rarely, he tried to disguise his irritation.

"No, Lucius. I remembered. But I went up-stairs to write a note. Did you have a good game?"

"No. Beat us. Seven to nothing. I lost three hundred dollars."

That, the defeat, not the three hundred dollars, accounted for part of his surliness. Lucius was a feverishly loyal alumnus of his college. Mrs. Cleaves knew that further inquiries, in language not technical, would only annoy him, so she asked, looking about:

"Shall we have dinner?"

The noisy crowd of the November day depressed her, and she wanted to ask Lucius to get the car and some sandwiches and start home at once.

But he led her to where divans were grouped. "Let us sit here a minute," he said, throwing off his coat and tossing it across a chair. At thirty Lucius was growing distinguished looking, his mother mused, noting the early splashes of gray. That also was a Cleaves mark. The men were all tall, dark, a little, but very little, less than dour, graying soon. And imperious—Lucius started with resentment when the wet sleeve of an overcoat brushed his cheek.

His chair faced the hotel entrance and his mother saw, out of calm, experienced eyes, that he was watching the revolving doors for somebody; so when he sprang up to greet a rushing girl in a blue and silver cloak she was not surprised.

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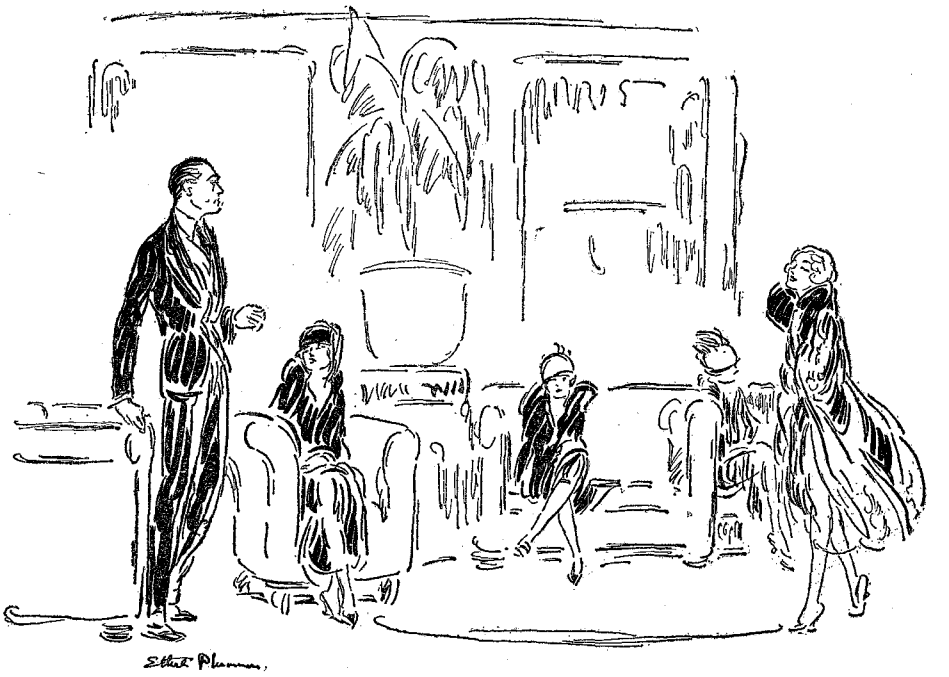

. . . he sprang up to greet a rushing girl in a blue and silver cloak. . . .—Page 115.

"Mother," he said, standing beside the small, light, smiling person and looking down at Mrs. Cleaves, "this is Dorothy Dravo—Dottie."

Then he added, as Mrs. Cleaves put out a fastidious glove:

"Dottie is going to have dinner with us. If you will sit down, Dottie, I'll go and see the captain."

"I'm late, of course," the girl said, watching Lucius furrow the press. "He said half-past."

Mrs. Cleaves gave the brim of her hat a twist.

"I was late too," she responded, "but Lucius scolded me."

She wondered if Miss Dravo had caught the meaning intended by her tone.

The girl said quietly: "I make it a point to be late with men. If you are on the tick they think you have nothing else to do; and, if you're ahead of time—well, you're sunk."

Mrs. Cleaves had heard Lucius speak of being sunk. She thought of George Cleaves and old Captain Lucius, and the corners of her mouth jerked. She had been late at a meeting with George only once, and from that searing experience forward she had been desperately on the tick for more than thirty years, to his not unwelcome death. Miss Dravo was deluded; if she should marry Lucius she would see.

"Lucius must have intended to throw us together like this," the other remarked, smiling and looking at Mrs. Cleaves with oddly arched and oddly hued, yet fine, eyes. "He hopes I will make a good impression on you; not that he said so, of course."

This was, Mrs. Cleaves saw, the new way of doing things; informal meetings in public places; looking people over. She was, then, to look Dorothy over and decide what she thought of her. Her opposition would not stop Lucius if this was the girl he desired to bring to the red brick house on Front Street; but he would go through the formality which was a part of the new technique of courting.

"Ordinarily, Lucius wouldn't need all this time to see about the dinner," the girl added. Mrs. Cleaves decided quickly that she must meet candor with candor.

"It isn't so much what I think, Miss

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Dravo. I'm an old woman. It is you who would have to live with Lucius; and that is rather difficult at times. One must know how."

"Call me Dottie, won't you?" the girl asked, ignoring Mrs. Cleaves's direct suggestion. "I don't want to seem impudent; Lucius told me you disliked nicknames. But I want to start square; and that's what I am—just Dottie Dravo."

"I should have to think about it; get used to it. My aversion goes rather deep; you'd have to know me to understand."

Mrs. Cleaves contemplated Dorothy Dravo, admitting her fair beauty and her authentic manner. She wanted to know more about her.

"As to the rest of it," Dorothy said, as though the other had inquired, "I am an orphan, living with a kind of aunt of my mother, on the North Side—Mrs. Clement King. . . ."

His mother knew that if he wanted intimate talk the centre of a restaurant, with filled tables at his elbows, would not impress him as unsuitable.—Page 118.

Mrs. Cleaves had wondered about that. This was *the* Dorothy Dravo. If the younger crowd of the city could have a personage, this was she.

"I'll admit I'm crazy about Lucius, if it comes to that," she went on, facing Mrs. Cleaves with clear, gray eyes. "Of course, he's nine years older than I am;

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but I've felt for some time that I have a mission in his direction."

"A mission?"

"Yes; you see, I know all about Lucius. Everybody does."

The mother sat back in the corner of the divan, folding her scrupulous hands and gazing across the heads of the weaving hotel throng. She was unaccountably nettled by what the girl beside her had said. But after a moment she smiled faintly, then a little grimly, and tapped her slipper. It was true; it must be true. Everybody must know about Lucius—odd that she had not thought of it unprompted. She turned to her companion.

"Even knowing about him in advance, the woman who undertakes the mission will find it real enough. There will be nothing indefinite about it. I found it real with his father, and Grandmother Cleaves with old Captain Lucius. And not one of the wives, from the time of the first Lucius on this side of the mountains—he was a soldier in Aeneas Mackay's regiment in the Revolution—not one came off too well. What they put up with . . ."

She stopped abruptly, waiting to see whether the girl understood; but her face conveyed nothing; its animation meant politeness, nothing else; and Mrs. Cleaves was relieved to feel Lucius towering beside them. They followed him among the pillars to the principal restaurant.

The hotel had quieter places for dining, but Lucius had a preference for prominently situated tables. The three were the centre of a bright scene, and their table showed that if Lucius had left them together by design he had also been instructing the captain.

His mother knew that if he wanted intimate talk the centre of a restaurant, with filled tables at his elbows, would not impress him as unsuitable. When she and her husband had travelled on the packet with Captain Lucius the two Cleaves would discuss their family matters at the common table in the long, red-carpeted saloon from Pittsburgh to New Orleans, until the myriad glass pendants of the chandeliers jingled as if the boat were making a bad landing. And Lucius was like them; he could change back into the eighties or seventies, from pumps to leather boots, from dinner coat to reefer, without shading a tone of his voice.

So she was not astonished when he said, as he watched the waiter:

"Dottie and I are going to be married, mother."

Since his dark eyes were on the waiter's movements, Mrs. Cleaves looked at the girl; and, for the first time, now that Dorothy's cloak had been taken away, did a woman's justice to her loveliness.

Dorothy met Mrs. Cleaves's eyes levelly for a moment, then turned with a slow smile to Lucius.

"You do blurt things out. I suppose in a moment you will tell us that we are to be married to-night."

He looked at her for a space gravely, then at the plate the waiter had put before him. He gestured, giving an order, and turned back to his guests.

"You said it, Dottie; to-night."

He did not smile or look up. Instead, he passed a steel knife through a thick mutton chop. Mrs. Cleaves laughed lightly for Miss Dravo's assurance, but she knew Lucius was not joking; and she knew, too, by a certain hue of skin not perceptible by others that he was on the verge of one of his stately, quietly furious and infuriating, unreasonable Cleaves moods. He would be difficult, if not worse.

"When we finish here we will drive out to Negley Avenue. That preacher you mentioned once, Dottie—I called him up."

He looked across at his mother.

"The license has been attended to. We'll be married to-night, so go on with your dinner."

"If I may say a word, even though I am not consulted," Dorothy began, "I'll do it; but understand that you are not bullying me into it. I think it is the best thing for you and me to do. But, I'm not being driven; it is as if I had thought of it myself."

She stopped and placed a cool, firm hand on one of Mrs. Cleaves's.

In her tone the older woman found an unexpected note, to which she responded in spite of rising anger.

"One would think, Lucius, that you had been drinking," she said and found her voice was shaking.

"Perhaps I have been," he answered.

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"But that is not the point. We will have the wedding at nine o'clock. You can call up your aunt, Dottie."

"That will not be necessary. Aunt Kitty is used to me."

. . . but Mrs. Cleaves was thinking of something else. It was not whether Lucius should marry Dorothy Dravo, but whether he should marry anybody.—Page 120.

Something about the slight droop of Dorothy's white shoulders and the suggestion of a sigh that escaped her as they followed Lucius out among the tables caused Mrs. Cleaves to revert to her usual attitude toward the girl—any girl—who should marry Lucius and take up the burden of the Cleaves women.

Her own had been a plotted and prepared betrothal and her wedding one of those fretted, elaborate morning occasions of the ornate nineties. The long ritual in the packed church on that hot June day, the breakfast of innumerable squab and cupids of ice cream, and the departure on the unbearable red plush of gritty coaches for the first part of the railroad journey to the World's Fair, those things placed her worlds apart from this bare ceremony that was to be Dorothy's; but the two were identical in essence. She had married George; Dorothy was to marry Lucius; and both were Cleaves. If Lucius, following true in this, as he had in everything else, should reveal now a nature as brutal, as primitive, as his father's was thirty-three years ago, this

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pretty playfellow of a girl would be devastated. That she had no mother made the case worse. She—Mrs. Cleaves—should be her protector. She had tried to warn her, but the hint probably was forgotten now. Dorothy—well, she was a girl child; and Mrs. Cleaves, faltering for the first time, felt, as she seated herself in the closed car, that she was not doing enough to save her from what could hardly fail to be a bad and dangerous marriage.

As they moved up the black, wet curves of the boulevard toward the East End, Dorothy, who was unaccountably calm, threw out:

"I'm sick of never finishing anything. I've been starting and quitting for years. I didn't finish high school. My aunt sent me away then, but I didn't complete the work and flunked the college board examinations. That meant I couldn't get into Smith, where mother went and where she wanted me to go. I've had a hundred flares of getting jobs, of having a career, and I've made a dozen false starts. I've intended to marry a dozen men, but I've always gotten on neutral with them and backed out. The last year I've been getting ready to reform. I've got to finish something. I told Lucius that if I ever said I'd marry him I'd go through with it. . . ."

That, of course, might be an explanation of the strange night errand satisfactory to Dorothy, but Mrs. Cleaves was thinking of something else. It was not whether Lucius should marry Dorothy Dravo, but whether he should marry anybody. From her position on the right of the rear seat of the sedan she watched her son's profile against the stale light of the dim boulevard lamps. She leaned back, turning slightly toward the girl at her side.

"You said you knew all about Lucius," she said in a voice almost inaudible. "You know all about his father and his grandfather and that Lucius probably will go as they did?"

"Yes; but that was in the old days. Things are different now."

"You mean they can't get it? You ought to see what Lucius has at home!"

"I don't mean that. Of course they can get it. But women to-day—well, they look at it differently and they have a different method."

Mrs. Cleaves gave her a penetrating glance. Was this cocksureness, this placid minimizing of the Cleaves mania, or was it something else, something new, which she, belonging to another generation, could not comprehend?

Lucius, intent upon his driving, had paid no attention to the talk in the back seat, acting the usual traditional part of the "queer Cleaves." Mrs. Cleaves, an eye resting on the rise and turn of his knuckles on the steering-wheel, hoped that he wouldn't drink any more before starting on the seventy-mile drive home. They parked softly in Negley Avenue and hurried through the rain to the minister's front porch.

The Reverend Mr. McIvor himself came to the door of the manse. Evidently, he had been expecting them earlier, for his wife came down-stairs quickly and took up a position by the study door with her hands folded, waiting for her husband to begin the ceremony, almost before Lucius was out of his fur coat. Mr. McIvor fumbled the license under the lamp for a moment and then, with a gesture to Dorothy and Lucius, began reading the marriage service.

Mrs. Cleaves, realizing now that this tall, dark son of hers had hardly spoken to her since his brief announcement in the hotel, saw that this thing she was witnessing was a thoroughly modern marriage and that actually the appearance of Lucius and Dorothy before the clergyman was merely a good-humored concession to custom. One must be married by some one—she could almost hear Lucius say it. After all, she thought, what did it matter? The double ring ceremony, four bridesmaids, two priests, and a full choir couldn't help this girl cope with Lucius. They had not helped her with George nor Mother Cleaves with the old captain.

It was over so quickly. The minister shook hands gravely with the married pair, and Lucius, with what in anybody else would have been florid taste, drew a crumple of gold bills from his trousers pocket and, pulling one from the wad, laid it on the table. He could do things like that.

His mother crossed to where Dorothy was turning away from the good wishes

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of the minister's wife and took her hands. "Well, you are one of us now," she began and was astonished at the warmth of a kiss that somehow reminded her of how rarely in her life she had felt such contact.

of rain for the shelter of the car. Once in, Lucius, turning from his place behind the wheel, surprised Mrs. Cleaves by saying:

"We'll go back to the hotel now and

. . . as a door opened suddenly and two of his guests looked out, she saw the arrangements were far advanced.—Page 122.

She thought Dorothy said: "Don't be afraid, mother," but she wasn't sure of that. She replied: "We'll start home now," and watched her daughter-in-law take the certificate from the clergyman and hand it over to Lucius with a: "Here, keep this."

Lucius unfolded it curiously and made a wry mouth.

"Doves! Hell!" he remarked, putting the paper in his pocket.

Outside they had to run through floods

stay there to-night. Three or four of the bunch will drop in. We'll have a little celebration."

His mother saw that what she had feared was coming to pass. What he had drunk earlier in the evening was showing itself in a mode of speech.

"No, Lucius," she interposed. "If you don't feel like chancing it in the car we'll take the last train. We must go home to-night."

"The last train has gone, mother. But

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even if it hadn't it wouldn't make any difference. This is something I've arranged. Please don't object now. We'll have a little supper in my rooms; have a party."

The car was running in the boulevard again now, slipping rapidly down-town, opposite to their homeward direction.

"Lucius"—it was Dorothy who spoke—"you will consult me now. I am your wife. There will be no party, so don't be absurd. Turn at the next cross street and step on it."

"Charlie and Howard Graham are waiting at the hotel; and Midgie and Norma are coming in." He shot this back as though it closed the question.

"What do we care for Charlie or Howard? We're going home."

The girl did not raise her voice, but spoke serenely as if stating admitted facts.

Mrs. Cleaves, recalling out of her own deep experience with Lucius's father his curious convictions about occasions to be observed and celebrated, sat helpless, unable to speak, fearing to provoke that red wrath that she knew would sweep Lucius in a moment. This was precisely what she had feared for this girl, or for any wife who should undertake Lucius.

He had, of course, no intention of obeying Dorothy's mandate to turn. Ignoring all intersections, he drove steadily down on the lights of the city thrown out across the triangle where the rivers met. Mrs. Cleaves could see the electric letters showing mistily from the roof of the hotel. She turned inquiringly to Dorothy.

"What will you do? I know him so well. You can't stop him now."

The girl, muffled in her evening cloak, was not disturbed. She smiled:

"It will be all right."

There was nothing to do but permit themselves to be helped out by the starter under the canopy in William Penn Way and pass inside to wait until Lucius should drive the car away.

The strange jangle of sounds from the orchestra in the café, where there was dancing, swept Mrs. Cleaves with an odd pain. It brought back to her a night on a Mississippi levée the year of the St. Louis Exposition. Making a trip with her husband on the *Theodore Roosevelt*, the last boat he had owned, she had been taken by him to a black-and-white resort, following his whim to hear a prodigy of a negro pianist play what George reported as a masterpiece of composition, the "Maple-Leaf Rag." The negro, George had said to her, was revolutionizing American music.

In the dim basement of something less than a hotel she had sat, pale and alarmed, while George drank a series of raw glasses and applauded gravely in a haze of tobacco smoke.

She had gotten him finally to their cabin on the *Roosevelt* only through the help of the resort-keeper, an amiable cab-driver, and two stevedores. She remembered chiefly the look on the face of the boy Lucius as he had peered, frightened, from his bunk.

To maintain the veneer of an impeccable household in the red brick house on Front Street in the up-river town that had been the seat of the Cleaves family since 1765, would have taxed the resources of any woman; but to preserve it while masking the periodic descents of her husband meant an existence frayed by anxious watchfulness, fear, and an almost low cunning—the last to anticipate and prevent trouble. When George's career was snapped off—and, curiously, he had died in bed, quietly and decently—she knew already Lucius was foreboding a similar task of wearying management and contrivance for her, or for some other woman. And Lucius was left rich and idle, the accumulations of four generations of boat masters furnishing him with a lavish income. His father and grandfather and the rest at least had been busy building and running steamboats on the Monongahela and Ohio. Lucius promised to be worthless.

She saw now by the way he pushed a passage for them into an elevator and hurried them along the dim corridor to some rooms he had engaged that the fulfillment of his desire for a wedding celebration was impossible to defeat without violence; and, as a door opened suddenly and two of his guests looked out, she saw the arrangements were far advanced. From inside came laughter of men and women and the click of glass and silver.

The next room evidently was reserved for Lucius, for he hailed the others, telling

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them to wait, and passed along to fumble with a key. As if suddenly recalling the rest of his preparations, he stepped across the corridor and unlocked another room. He said:

"This is yours, mother. Make yourself comfortable for a little while. I want my friends to meet you in a minute."

Turning, he flung open the room left for himself and Dorothy and stood waiting for her to enter. Dorothy said to Mrs. Cleaves:

"Wait for me here. I want to speak to Lucius in our room alone."

They were gone. The door closed and Mrs. Cleaves stood deserted, the key to her room dangling ridiculously from her fingers. From over the transom where the guests were waiting came a pathetic essay at song, followed by laughter that was too loud, too meaningful.

She forced her mind back to Dorothy. She saw her as one more girl to be drawn into the web of the kind of wifehood that had been the portion of the Cleaves women since the first men of the race had crossed the mountains from Baltimore with pack-saddles. They were hard and cruel. Well, she had tried, certainly, to divert Dorothy. She had not had much time to forestall; and, of course, there had been the danger of too much opposition, making the girl think she was jealous of Lucius. She did not expect Dorothy to reappear, yet she stood there waiting. This was not a place for an old woman; she wondered if Lucius had been right about the trains; perhaps she could creep away and leave them.

But before she could act on the impulse to inquire about the trains the bedroom door opened and Dorothy stepped into

"So you beat me home, Lucius?" she said. "But I had tire trouble."—Page 125.

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the hall, summoning Mrs. Cleaves with a bright glance.

"Come, mother," she said. "We'll go down and get the car and drive home. It may be a little wet and skiddy, but I know the road."

"But Lucius . . ."

"Oh, that's all right. Lock your door and I'll turn the key in. I just told Lucius that he was a damned fool and that I simply couldn't be annoyed with a party like this on our wedding night. I told him I was going to drive you home and he could do as he pleased. He was pretty violent for a moment, but . . ."

The opening of the elevator stopped her explanation, and in a moment they were in the midst of the street-floor swirl.

"It's only ten-thirty," said Dorothy. "We ought to make it by half-past one or so."

She stopped a passing bellman and told him to have the Cleaves car brought around from the garage.

While her daughter-in-law, a long, blue cigarette-holder between her fingers, picked her way smoothly, without effort, through the down-town night traffic and found the avenue that led to the Greensburg Pike, Mrs. Cleaves, bewildered, took off her hat in the back seat and tried to reconstruct her point of view.

The going was bad. The windshield fogged constantly and snow spat against the plate windows. There were innumerable curves and crossings and car lamps looming up perilously out of the black. There was lurching later where the road was rough and frequently a side-slip as the unchained wheels failed on wet pavement. But Dorothy did not notice. She drove on and on, incredibly certain of every objective of the eastward highway. She did not drive rapidly, but well; and with a kind of rhythm They were stopping in Greensburg, thirty-five miles, for gasoline at midnight. She was leisurely then, seeming in no hurry to get forward. The route from there on for forty miles was more difficult. It proved to be narrow, and cars were continually pressing from behind for room in which to pass.

It was all baffling to Mrs. Cleaves that this fragile girl could carry her off this way so coolly, seventy miles or more on a forbidding night, into the mountains, after such an emotional crisis as her wedding and its strange sequel. She showed no sign. Did the girl of the day think? More accurately, did she feel? Was Lucius able to hurt her as the Cleaves women had been accustomed to be hurt? Wasn't she almost as far from the women of the Cleaves line as that car, shooting past them in the night, was from old Captain Lucius's Sunday phaeton?

Somewhere beyond Connellsville, high on a bench above a noisy, tossing creek, with sleet slanting sharply across the scope of their headlamps, the motion of the car told them something had happened to a rear tire. With a short laugh Dorothy stopped carefully against the mountain side and shut off the engine. Leaning back comfortably, she smoked a cigarette and regarded her mother-in-law.

"That will mean half an hour," she said. "But it isn't as bad as running out of gas."

All this time she had not mentioned Lucius or betrayed any thought of him. When she began presently to produce tools and prepare to get out Mrs. Cleaves asserted herself with a protest.

"We can run on it as it is to the next garage."

"Foolish to do that on these hills and with some bad road ahead. Just be comfortable. I know how Lucius is about a car, and he would be especially sullen if I ran on the rim; the car belongs to me now, you see; and I have a reputation about machines to maintain with him."

She smiled at her mother-in-law and added:

"It will take only ten minutes or so."

It was, of course, longer than that; and when she reached in and drove the car off the jack she was blown and washed by the storm, with ruined gown and slippers. She looked so much more slight and frail, standing there in the road, putting the tools away; but the evenness of her tone never changed.

"I put a chain on while I was about it," she remarked as she climbed in and sank drenched behind the wheel. "I don't want Lucius to be able to say that Dottie doesn't take care of things."

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She drove furiously from that moment and passed under the courthouse tower of the sleeping town as the clock pointed to two. "I said half-past one when we left Pittsburgh; of course, there was the tire," she remarked.

When they left the car in the Cleaves garage and let themselves in at the kitchen entrance of the old house, Mrs. Cleaves was pleased at lights the maids had left and hoped vaguely for something ready to eat. She started with Dorothy toward the stairs, thinking of measures for counteracting the cold and the wetting; but half-way she was arrested by the sensation of a tall figure emerging from the library.

"Lucius!" she gasped.

He ignored her and strode to Dorothy. His mother saw that he was wet and wildly spattered.

Dorothy stood looking up at him with a wry smile, suddenly small in her wet silk.

"So you beat me home, Lucius?" she said. "But I had tire trouble."

"If you could see the car I borrowed," he responded. "One of the first Fords; but I got forty out of her on that stretch this side of Dunbar."

Dorothy laughed and reached out a slim hand to Mrs. Cleaves.

"You see, it's a question of method. Lucius and I probably will come out all right."

The older woman stood studying the other. She saw herself in the old Burnett House in Cincinnati years ago quailing before flushed George Cleaves. She had fallen on the floor of their room and he had left her lying there, stamping off to a gathering of rivermen aboard the packet *Isaac Woodward*. She gasped at a vision of what she might have done, should have done, then and there.

"Dottie—" began Lucius, his voice different from any his mother had ever heard from him or from any other Cleaves. She sank down weakly on the bottom step.

"That's it," she said, "'Dottie.' I'm going to call you Dottie from now on."

Youngsters vs. Oldsters

BY M. B. STEWART

OVER at the club, the other night, they were having the usual week-end dance. The usual crowd was there, the youngsters dancing, the oldsters looking on while they engaged in the gentle middle-aged pastime of panning the rising generation.

They had catalogued the latter's faults and weaknesses and had totalled up a very respectable score. As usual, they ended by wondering what the world was coming to, and a couple of them appealed to me to know what I thought; for example, what I thought of the way Millie Jones was acting. Millie's mother was present and Millie was doing her acting in plain sight, so I couldn't see just how my opinion was pertinent. As a matter of fact, Millie was giving a rather finished demonstration of what they call cheeking, with a nice-looking youngster who didn't seem to mind it in the least.

I replied that it looked to me as though they were enjoying it and that I didn't see how much harm could come of it, except, possibly, to Millie's make-up.

Apparently, my answer didn't make much of a hit, for they wanted to know right off how I would like to see a daughter of mine doing that sort of thing, and I made even less of a hit when I replied that if I had a daughter and if she felt like doing that sort of a thing, I'd rather she did it right there in public than somewhere out of sight—the way we used to do it.

That let me out of the conversation. In fact, they intimated that they had only included me in it out of politeness,

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not that they cared in the least for my opinion. Of course I had intended to qualify my statements, but I have never had a chance to do so, and it looks as though I would have to write what I really think about it if I am ever to get it out of my system.

So, do I think the rising generation is heading for a fall? Of course I do. It can't help it. Every one of them is going to make mistakes that they will be sorry for later on, going to bump his or her reckless little noodle time and again, going to have all sorts of foolish ideas, going to do all sorts of absurd things, going to experience a lot of bitter disappointments and some few heartbreaks.

But do I mean to imply that they are going to the devil, individually or collectively, that they are going to wreck themselves or wreck what we are pleased to call society?

Not by a long shot.

If you don't agree with me, just try projecting yourself back into your own dim, distant youth. Inventory yourself as you were twenty-five or thirty years ago, and tell me how many of the crazy things the youngsters are doing and thinking to-day are missing from your own personal and private record of doings and misdoings. And, have we wrecked ourselves or society?

Be honest now. Don't say you can't remember.

If you can't remember, I can. I can recall very distinctly the attitude of the oldsters toward us youngsters and the feeling it gave me at times, a sort of conventional nakedness, as though my whole moral fabric had been condemned, swept aside, flimsy, worthless.

But, after all, isn't it merely a matter of conventions, and what are conventions but conventions, and aren't conventions in life and society very much the same as in bridge—hard to understand until you get used to them, then simple as a-b-c? Moreover, as in bridge, isn't one set of conventions about as good as another, provided the people who are playing together understand them?

At best, conventions are merely the products of the times, of circumstances, of morals, religion, politics, and a lot of other things that go to make up the point of view. As the point of view changes, conventions change, and since it is the most natural thing in the world for each generation to have its own point of view, it is correspondingly natural for each generation to establish its own conventions.

And, to my way of thinking, it is a mighty lucky thing that they do. Otherwise, the world would now be back in the Dark Ages, progress nowhere, and civilization at a standstill. When I was a boy, they used to admonish us youngsters to strive to be as good men as our daddies had been before us. They seemed to regard that as the natural limit of any boy's ambition. But if it were I, I wouldn't tell a boy anything of the sort. On the other hand, I would tell him that if he didn't grow up to be a mighty sight better man than his dad had been, I would regard him as a failure, or at least as not having measured up to his opportunities. Otherwise, what is the purpose of life and where does progress enter into its formula? Each generation has the benefit of all that previous generations enjoyed and a lot more—why shouldn't it be expected to develop something superior in the way of manhood? And the same principle applies to the girls. Their mothers were all that their generations permitted them to be, perhaps a little more, but just as the discarding of trailing skirts and corsets has enabled this generation to develop a fuller and freer physical life, so the discarding of a lot of conventional furbelows ought to enable them to develop into a fuller and freer mental and moral life.

As I see it, that is the way it should be. It's up to each generation to set its own pace. There is no reason why one generation should give up automobiles, electric lights, and hot and cold showers just because a former generation had to travel in buggies, read by kerosene, and heat the Saturday-night bath on the kitchen stove.

If this world is ever going to justify itself, it has got to keep on moving, and the youngsters have got to keep it moving. That being the case, they have a perfect right to do it in their own way. As a matter of fact, they are all pretty near to partnership in the world to-day. To-morrow, they will be active partners in

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the concern, and it won't be long before they will be running the business all by themselves—why shouldn't they take a hand in framing the rules of the game?

I'll admit that this may surprise some of them. They aren't used to hearing this kind of talk from us oldsters, and I'll admit also that it doesn't come as easily as it might in this instance. It's hard for us oldsters to concede things to the youngsters, hard for us to get together with them, so to speak; on the contrary, we seem to be standing each other off most of the time when it would be to the interest of us all to get together. However, perhaps it is just as well that we can't or don't. There are pros as well as cons to be considered. For a good many years, I have held that if the average youngster would only consent to take advantage of the experience of the average oldster, that youngster would become a superman or a superwoman in record time, but I am beginning to weaken on that score. Much as I dislike saying so, I am beginning to believe that it wouldn't work in more ways than one.

There is no doubt that age makes us conservative. After we have been burned a few times by the hot stove of experience, we instinctively shy off from it. Our counsel takes on a decided flavor of conservatism, and conservatism doesn't go with the spirit of progress—progress has got to take a chance now and then. So, it's probably providential that the youngster walks up to life the way he does to a swimming-pool—shucking off his clothes as he goes and plunging in head first. The oldster is more apt to go slow, wonder if the water is cold, how deep it is, whether there are rocks or snags on the bottom, then decide that it looks muddy, and finally, if he makes up his mind to go in at all, does so by inches.

So, I guess that the youngsters do wisely in taking their own counsel. For one thing, it occurs to me that it would go a long way toward slowing up the matrimonial market if the youngsters consulted their parents, for I have never yet known the father who didn't think his son ought to be a little better fixed before taking such a step, and I have never known a real mother or father who didn't feel that their daughter was making a mistake in marrying the man she married.

But there are a lot of people who don't feel the way I do. They are too far removed from the present ideas, and the gap between day before yesterday and tomorrow is more than they can bridge easily. Jazz has followed too closely upon the heels of the minuet for them to get used to the change. I can recall the time when the world considered us rowdy because we two-stepped, and I suppose people thought the same thing about my dad when he cut loose from square dances and the Virginia reel in favor of the waltz. Twenty-five years ago there would have been a riot as well as a scandal if the girls had appeared on the streets dressed as they dress to-day. Legs were taboo in those days, and the girl who laid aside her corsets except to bathe or go to bed was immodest, to say the least. All of which goes to show that it is merely the point of view.

I may be wrong, but to my way of thinking it is not the things we do in public that need conventionalizing in the interest of public safety and morals, but rather the things we do in private.

No, I haven't any fault to find with the youngsters. On the contrary, I envy them a lot. I envy them their youth, their health, their energy, their opportunities to do things, their unbounded expectations, their enthusiasm, their eagerness to get at life, tear it apart and put it together again in better shape. I envy them their independence, their cocky assurance. Yes, I envy them and from the bottom of my heart I wish them well. As I watch them starting out bravely and gayly along the beaten path of life, my only other feeling is that of regret, poignant and haunting, regret that I cannot lend them a hand over some of the rough spots, steer them away from some of the stumbling-blocks hidden from their young eyes, shield them from some of the storms they will encounter, spare them the disappointments life has taught me to foresee in store for them.

But they don't understand that. They don't want any help. That's the saddest part of it for me—to have to stand aside, helpless, with nothing left but to watch and hope.

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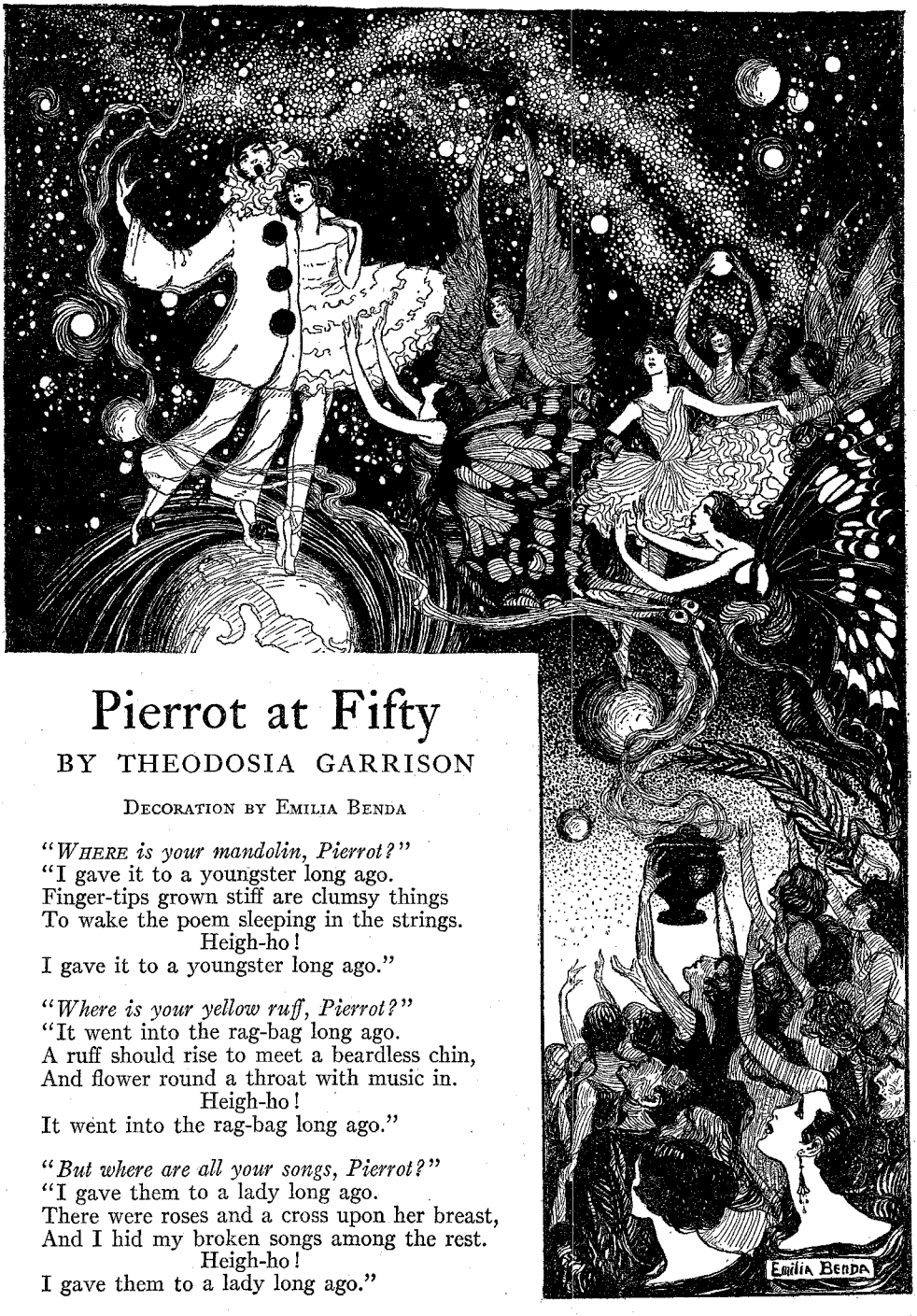

Pierrot at Fifty

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

Decoration by Emilia Benda

"*Where is your mandolin, Pierrot?*"
"I gave it to a youngster long ago.
Finger-tips grown stiff are clumsy things
To wake the poem sleeping in the strings.
Heigh-ho!
I gave it to a youngster long ago."

"*Where is your yellow ruff, Pierrot?*"
"It went into the rag-bag long ago.
A ruff should rise to meet a beardless chin,
And flower round a throat with music in.
Heigh-ho!
It went into the rag-bag long ago."

"*But where are all your songs, Pierrot?*"
"I gave them to a lady long ago.
There were roses and a cross upon her breast,
And I hid my broken songs among the rest.
Heigh-ho!
I gave them to a lady long ago."

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A Woman of No Imagination

BY VALMA CLARK
Author of "Service," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

THE bottle had rolled out onto madame's desk when Bess dug into her stuffed bag for francs to pay her tea bill. Madame exerted herself to the extent of taking it up. It was merely a pencil-thin phial filled with some colorless fluid, but the single, minutely printed word of its label, as it lay upward in madame's doughy palm, was like an explosion—venomous, damning.

"Give it to me!" blazed Bess.

But madame's liquid eyes merely drowsed out at her beneath the heavy, buttery lids. It struck Bess: the word was English, and the woman was so thick, so lacking in imagination. . . .

"Do you speak English?" she asked.

"*Je—ne comprends pas anglais.*"

"And *I* don't speak French." Bess got possession of the bottle, snapped it shut again in her bag. Then she broke, quietly as to voice: "Though you don't know English, I want to tell you that you're the world's most torpid woman. Dough without—without any yeast. . . . A bun without any currants. . . . In terms which you could understand, if you could understand anything. Through three weeks of teas I've watched you, squatting up there like one of your own bland cream puffs, all down about you people with their tragedies and their comedies, and you seeing nothing, dozing your life away as though life is a—a nap."

"*Mais*——"

"Suppose"—Bess still spoke in that even voice, scorning emphasis as she scorned underlined words and undue punctuation, but the burned-out, vivid person of her caught fire afresh—"suppose you had cakes to bake—a hundred—no, a thousand cakes, and then some one told you that you had just a part of a day to do them all in. Would you—take that lying down? Peter off like—like a wet sky-rocket? Oh, *you* would. But if you were a live one, and young, and if you had an ounce of good old Yankee spunk in you, you'd do what I'm going to——"

Bess collapsed into ruinous coughing, turned to the door.

But Madame Beaup who had heard her through without a flicker of comprehension on her comely, round face, now stirred: "*Un moment, mademoiselle—*" She beckoned to a slack, grayish man at a near-by table, spoke to him in French.

The man addressed Bess diffidently: "She says I'm to interpret; glad to—to give it to her in French for you."

He was the pleasant-faced, rather indeterminate-looking one whom Bess had had difficulty in classifying. "Tell her for me"—Bess went up in a bubble of laughter—"tell her her *brioches* are good—the best I've eaten."

Madame Beaup dimpled her pleasure.

"Thank you," murmured Bess; "good after——"

But madame put out a plump hand, spoke again to the man.

"A fresh tray is just coming up from the kitchen. She asks if you will not have another one, on the house; she will be hurt if you will not sample a fresh one."

"Thank you, please thank her." Bess smiled indefinitely at him, moved toward the door.

"But—but she's doggoned persistent; it seems to be a life-and-death matter with her."

"You *are* an American!" wheeled Bess.

"Yes."

"I thought—only the stick——"

"Camouflage. You are an American, too. I—would you finish out tea with me?" he hesitated.

"I've had tea."

"Oh!"

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"But I might have some more—if you'll tell me how I betray my nationality."

"Good."

Madame nodded to the waitress, and in spite of their protests they were shown to an entirely fresh table—the one directly below Madame Beaup's cashier desk—and entirely fresh tea things were whisked to them. Madame herself settled back into her bosom.

"Now, how did you know——?"

"I knew by the way you stepped out, by the way you—carried your head. I've been watching you—if you don't mind." He was of a young-looking middle age, a long, slack, shy man, gray-suited, gray-skinned, hair—that colorless, sandy hue of a gray beach. "I think I was homesick for an American to talk to me."

"Homesick!" She wouldn't go into that again, but she would go into madame again: "You see her!" she scorned, nodding upward. "The measure of her comprehension is—a cake!"

"But—but she'll hear you."

"No English. She——"

"But . . . some intuition . . ."

"She hasn't any. You've watched them, all the people who come in here, seen how every mark on their faces comes out clear at just that twilight instant of tea-time: that governess with the white-faced girl; the little bearded Englishman with the auburn curl right in the middle of his forehead—he's there, now, in the corner behind us; that fragile, sweet-faced old woman with the hat of black lace and roses, who said: 'Yes, we're back here at Menton; we never make any changes'? Stories. . . . But they're nothing to that woman—so many pastries consumed, so many francs and centimes added."

"But you know I—I don't see her like that. She is a fine-looking woman in her way: a fine skin, magnificent dark eyes—well, character beneath the—the flesh."

"Character! If you mean a nose and a chin," conceded Bess scornfully.

"She's seemed to me like—like a sort of calm goddess sitting over her hectic little tea-room, seeing everything and giving no sign. Wild?" he laughed.

"Crazy. You'll find I'm right."

"The husband——"

"There," nodded Bess, stabbing a crumb, "there he comes." A little thin creature with a waxed mustache, in a baker's apron and felt slippers, danced into the setting. He made a clattering of tin trays, and a temperamental clattering of words; he charged into the slumber of madame with language and gesticulations of anger.

Madame merely heaved herself, with a motion as of turning over to the other side in her sleep.

Monsieur danced off. He called upon the waitress and two customers to sympathize with him in his righteous indignation against that somnolent figure of a wife of his, but his emotional anger was not unmixed with admiration of the object of it—as a hysterical wife at once chafes against, and is proud of, her rock of a husband. He danced back to his kitchen.

Madame Beaup stirred and murmured a word to Albertine, the waitress. The girl served up to her mistress, with the tenderness of devotion, a plate containing the carefully peeled and separated segments of a tangerine. Madame plopped a piece of the fruit into her mouth. A customer stopped to speak with her, and she laughed out, a thick, rich laugh in her throat, like the bubbling of a rich pastry filling. She ate, and drowsed.

"How the woman could snore!" Bess finished her.

"Why do you hate her so?"

"I don't know. It's—steadying to hate; I've got to hate some one, I guess."

"Because you . . . love every one." He handed it to her with the shyness of a child giving a lady a flower. His eyes were gray, like the rest of him, and his voice drawled, Yankee-fashion. Almost Bess relaxed.

"You are a writer," he decided.

"I've written a little—stories. You too?"

"No. Where——?"

"Magazines— Oh, nothing—nothing; I could have written good ones."

"You will write good ones," he amended. She let it pass.

"This morning I had an idea—" Her hat came off, and her black hair, which was cut short and worn carelessly and uncompromisingly straight, came out. More than one person in the tea-room looked at

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Bess—not because of any regular beauty of feature or any style to her drab clothes. She was thin to intensity—gone; what beauty she had left belonged to the bone structure of her face. But few persons got this far in their observations of Bess Pettingell. She was like a blaze going, and you did not stop to ask what wood

". . . squatting up there like one of your own bland cream puffs, . . . dozing your life away as though life is a—a nap."—Page 129.

was burning, whether pine or birch. It was her fever of life that caught and held people. It caught and held the Englishman-with-the-curl-in-the-middle-of-his-forehead at the corner table; his gaze strayed once to Madame Beaup, but madame's buttery lids dripped down over her glowing eyes. "This story is called 'Went to Sea.'"

"'The owl and the pussy-cat went to sea——'"

"But it's a girl. She's sent to the store for—for starch. Instead, she goes off adventuring on her grandfather's old ship, which is beached and rotting on the shore of their back yard. She visits strange foreign ports, meets storms and pirates. It's a stolen Voyage of the Imagination in a family where imagination is a sin, but only at the end do you realize that the ship is still beached in the back yard and that it has not moved from the back yard. It finishes on the note of—the missing starch."

"I can see it," he nodded.

"But I don't know enough about sailing."

"You could learn."

"Oh—!" She picked up her felt hat, dented it with a fist. "Too many ideas, too many . . . people, crowding . . ."; her breath seemed to leave her.

"My name is John Harwood," he stated.

"Mine is Bess Pettingell," she shrugged. "I—it's been nice meeting you; thanks for—listening to me."

"Will you—would you have tea with me to-morrow?"

Madame Beaup stirred.

"No, I—I can't."

But he was hurt, disappointed out of

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all proportion; she couldn't leave him that way. Besides, one day . . .

Bess clutched at it: "I can—I can manage it——"

"Good! At four-thirty again?"

"Yes."

Madame awoke to take their francs, subtracting the *brioches;* she sank back into her neck.

Coming from the little pink-and-white tea-room with its warm pastry smells into the chill blue of the Riviera dusk, Bess suddenly felt a drowning need to cling to this American. She pointed out the white-frosted wedding-cake in the window, an elaborate, high affair with flutings and two tiny dressed dolls, a black bridegroom and a white bride, on the top. She stooped to pat a dog sitting there, with "a curve to his back," she giggled, "for sticking pins into." She finally invented an errand, and they wandered down the narrow, crooked streets of Menton with its lighted shops. Cosey little shops. . . .

For the first time in weeks Bess had to remind herself that she hated this dinky little play place. Hated it!

"I'd like," she said, "to meet a purple-faced cop, and a chocolate nut sundae, and a good old healthy traffic jam with——"

"With all the cars, American make, honking themselves hoarse with good old American honks."

"Yes. No tinkly little carriage bells, no snippy little tin yaps. I'm lonely to have a boy scream 'Ex-tree!' in my ear, and I'm hungry to—to see the broadside of a barn done into 'Carter's Little Liver Pills.'"

"By gad, I think you're as anxious to get back as I am! When——?"

When . . . ? But Bess rushed on, laughing: "You know, I keep remembering a conversation between two business men in a bookstore back home. One said, 'He's a four-flusher'; and the other said, 'You've spilled a shovelful'; and it ended. 'I'm stung for the price of these books.' I'd give a good deal to hear some one say, with just that gusto, 'You've spilled a shovelful!'"

"You've spilled—" he drawled.

"No, he was brisk and he wore blue serge; *you* won't do at all."

Night in Bess's small room at the top of the *pension* with the blinds of her window flung open to a waning moon above one high, humped shoulder of the Alps, and with palm fronds making shadow patterns on the palely lit wall above her. A mosquito sang in her hair, and Bess thought, petulantly, that trifling things, like mosquitoes, had no right to trouble her now. The sheet was crumpled again . . . no body to these French sheets . . . if some one would only invent a means of stretching sheets tight over beds, like drum-skins. The little peck-peck hammering at coffins in that place on a back street from the *pension* was in her ears yet. . . . And the cemetery, that quiet hill above the town and the Mediterranean, with its cypress-trees and its marble slabs with names French, Greek, English, Dutch, German— A hateful place! The sun shone on it; but all the world came here to . . . die. Mustn't think . . . mustn't think. . . . Why, she couldn't believe— Ideas—crowding ideas. She would write!

She rose, and faced a china pitcher and wash-basin and a blank sheet of paper. But it was useless . . . the little time, the little sheet of paper. . . . The cough sent her back to bed.

Home! The old barn with its sheet ivy rippled by the breeze, and the ivy creeping over the screens of her windows in loving little pink tendrils . . . generous lawns sloping, unfenced, to the street . . . pigeons, flowers in the back yard which had a struggle for life and didn't do so very well. Bess saw against these memories tropical flowers bursting forth in a riot behind plaster walls topped with wicked bits of sharp glass against trespassers: that was France for you. Home! The beauty of the slate roof in its warm, mousy colorings on a rainy day, and the peace of the shade on a sunny day. . . . Elm-trees, great old ones, whose trunks came blackly alive at you in a wet season, and whose green leaves wavered and flowed over you in a sunshiny one—played light on you as you rested on your bed, turned your very bath water a shimmering green if you failed to pull down the window curtain. So much shade at home that they had sometimes talked of thinning out the elm-trees. While here! Bess closed her eyes against the blinding white sun of her days here; she opened

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From a drawing by George Wright.

. . . and the man came out of tremendous American rubbers and windings of gray muffler. "It's my mother," he apologized; "she makes me promise in every letter."—Page 134.

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them to the hateful, scratching movement of the palm shadows on the wall. Home, with its little frying of rain to put you to sleep, or with its winter fretwork of crystal against a blue electric street lamp; she flung her head away from the view of Alps and moon—the dry, clear beauty of persistent stars in a sky of persistent azure. Just the pink curl of shrimps under a smother of home mayonnaise on a bed of home lettuce—instead of these horrid, unfamiliar fishy fish, and the curly lettuce in which bugs lurked, and the oily French dressings.

To be back home, with her mother, or father, or even Celia! But she hadn't any home . . . or mother, or father, or even Celia. That English doctor this afternoon had wanted to know if she had any relative to whom he could talk. She had no one, Bess had told him; she was alone. And so he had let *her* have it—oh, as gently as possible!

But she didn't have to stand it, alone like this, away from home! With her pillow clutched tight against her loneliness and terror, Bess remembered the phial. She had her pride, her American independence. She would do it, not because she was a coward, but because she was independent. She sat up; she could do it now, only what was there . . . ?

Tea, that was it—tea with the American man. Harwood—John Harwood. Gray eyes. American.

They met again at the doorway, and went in together. The same table was waiting for them, and the same little Englishman of the curl sat in his corner. Madame, whose brooding tranquillity seemed continuous with her brooding tranquillity of the day before . . . so that you could see them swabbing off marble-topped tables and floors, running home for their nights, and dashing back to their bakings and scurryings, with madame still squatting there, undisturbed, like a left-over puff . . . madame smiled upon them benignly.

Bess slid from a transparent purple raincoat, and the man came out of tremendous American rubbers and windings of gray muffler. "It's my mother," he apologized; "she makes me promise in every letter"—and they parked their umbrellas, and settled cosily.

"You have a mother?"

"Oh, decidedly," he grinned. "You too?"

"No," said Bess lightly. "I have—Dorothy Hicks in Paris. She's written something of coming down here Easter time, but she may change her mind. I don't tell her—" Bess stopped; "I don't tell her I'm dy—aching to see an American."

"And you won't go to Paris?"

"No, the weather—rains."

He nodded, with the manner of comprehending the subject of weathers perfectly. Bess glanced at him quickly, but he was not even seeing her—he could not be suspecting her.

"Not that Menton is much better, with its dry winds and its dust."

Yes, he had gone into that, too.

But she mustn't be serious. "Dorothy Hicks," she giggled, "has set her trap for art. She's copying 'Monna Lisa' at the Louvre, and she's that exact about it—my dear, she's baited her canvas for the smile as definitely as you'd bait a mouse-trap with strong cheese."

"That bad?"

"Awful. She's a practical dear, and she's discovered black tights for chilly Paris days, and she writes me—black tights—black tights—" The cough seized Bess: "Cold," she managed—"I've caught one somewhere——"

But Mr. Harwood, also, had a cold, and he groped for his own handkerchief, making Bess's cold plausible. "Riddle: What has every American on the Continent for a Christmas present?" he drawled.

"Cold!" gasped Bess. And they laughed together over colds and French remedies.

"But if you are—are homesick" (Bess was suddenly resting herself in that Yankee drawl), "why don't you go home? A boat calls at Monaco bound for New York the day after to-morrow."

She found herself wanting the relief of telling him, quite frankly. "I've no home to go to," said Bess.

"No . . . people?"

"No, they're all—dead, the house is sold. I stay here because, with the rate of exchange, I can just manage to live on my income; I couldn't live on it at home,

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From a drawing by George Wright.

But now Monsieur Beaup danced onto the scene . . . and worked himself up to a fury of outraged emotion.—Page 136.

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without working. I'm lazy, you see. I can't even draw on my small capital and take a—a last fling with it, because it's tied up."

"You're—bound here?"

"Yes, but plenty of others are in the same boat; France is full of poor little orphans and widows who couldn't exist on their incomes at home. Now, please tell me, what are *you* doing here?"

"Loafing—mostly loafing. I—had a year's leave from the university——"

"A professor!" she tripped him up, spreading on awe and reverence.

He colored like a boy, apologized: "Only an assistant professor."

"Of what?"

"Latin."

"Classics!" goaded Bess. "Oh, my Lord!"

"But it's run into two years—Italy, mostly—Rome and Florence, some research work. I—came up here for the sun."

"Everybody comes here for the sun."

"And look!" he shivered at the rain which swept the window-pane beside them. "Shall we have more hot tea?"

He seemed as anxious as Bess to skim the sober facts with laughter, only he was a shade less adept at mirth than was Bess. So Bess sparkled breathlessly for him, teased him with "Professor this" and "Professor that," furnished him with an intimate and technical explanation as to how the Englishman's auburn curl could have been achieved with one damp rag. He stirred his tea, forgot to drink it in watching her; and Bess liked particularly the way his smile came out, not in any single definite region quarantined and restricted for smiles, but all over his thin face.

People came and went. The tea-room buzzed with talk, was dripped over with rain puddles. Above it drowsed Madame Beaup, with one sleepy eye on the pastry-counter, the other on the money-drawer.

But now madame gave her first exhibit of energy in Bess's three weeks' experience of her—inadvertent and mistaken energy at that. The entrance of three small, muddy urchins with one copper to spend coincided with the entrance, from the kitchen, of a fresh tray of beautifully glazed éclairs. Madame sucked in her cheeks as though in distaste of muddy children; she puffed out her cheeks as though in approval of éclairs. She troubled herself to the extent of lifting her royal right eyebrow at Albertine in signal that she would be pleased to examine the éclairs more closely.

The tray was heaved up to her on Albertine's flat right palm. Madame pinched a crumb of chocolate with a critical thumb and forefinger. So far, so good. But Madame Beaup chose that moment to move herself—really to move herself—a regular upheaval of movement, as though a cramp in all quarters of her great body, from all her years of sitting, suddenly turned her completely over.

"Hold!" squeezed Harwood.

"She starts—she moves——"

"Going, going, gone!" Sure enough, the tray teetered, toppled, and turned turtle—crashed, with its fragile contents, to the floor, before the surprised Albertine could save it.

Madame considered the mess of éclairs, which had come uncorseted of their fillings on her floor, with a face which came as near achieving disgust as it could achieve any expression through its padding of fat.

She made a sucking sound of her cheeks and a motion of her head toward the children. The little rats needed no second invitation, they fell upon the ruined éclairs. But now Monsieur Beaup danced onto the scene, and saw the wreck of his work. He accused Albertine, he accused madame. He concentrated upon madame. He flung his fist in her face; he cleared out the small scavengers, not before they had cleared up the éclairs; he toe-danced and beat his heart, and worked himself up to a fury of outraged emotion. Madame lifted a left eyebrow at Albertine, and was served up her plate of quartered tangerines. She took a pulpy bite of the fruit, and the juice spurted directly into monsieur her husband's eye. Monsieur Beaup made one final gesture of abysmal hopelessness—and faded off to his kitchen, doubtless to begin on fresh éclairs.

"But honestly," giggled Bess, "did you ever see such a clumsy, stupid——?"

"Sh!"

"She doesn't understand English."

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"Oh, I keep forgetting. But are you sure she's——?"

"You mean she did it on purpose?"

"Well, with a fussy little penny-pinching husband like that, and with those hungry-eyed kids——"

"But that would require imagination. Look at her, Mr. Harwood! Can you truly say you think she's capable of——?"

"Well, she doesn't look——"

"No. You're mistaking your own imagination for her imagination. Stolid, stupid," held Bess, stabbing into her gloves.

They seemed to be through. Bess managed two witticisms and a comparison of Madame Beaup to a pet guinea pig she'd once had, and still they sat. Again that sense of laughing over repressions—as though he shared the repressions with her, Bess felt strangely. He had decided not to ask her to tea again—that was it. But he liked her, just as she liked him; Bess knew that he—more than liked her. Why, then . . . ? Again she rested herself in the gray eyes, again sparkled for him to bring out that smile of his whole face. But she mustn't! If he asked her to tea again, she would decline.

They *were* through. Bess waited for him, while he paid at the desk. She buttoned up her purple coat against the rain, and the last button gave her the sharpest realization of the end—everything done up and finished. She would go out into the wet, and home to her own room, alone with all the terrors of last night returned to her.

Madame moved in her sleep and shed words.

"She says," he translated for her, "that they will have mince pies to-morrow of 'the true American mince-meat.'"

"Mince—pies," said Bess, on the note of a drowning person grasping at a raft.

"Do you like mince pies?"

"We had them a year ago Christmas; Celia made them."

"Will you—?" the man's breath failed him. "Would you," he requested, as solemnly as though he were asking her to marry him, Bess thought humorously, "have mince pie with me to-morrow?"

"No. I . . . ought not," she amended faintly.

"Nor I. But—such a little time." (Only afterward did the strangeness of that remark of his strike home to Bess, causing her to wonder whether he was gifted with some kind of second sight.)

"Yes," she clutched. "It gives you—almost the right to snatch. Yes!"

"Four-thirty?"

"All right."

Behind them Madame Beaup's eyes strayed over her tea-room, met the eyes of the little Englishman with the frontal curl. The man's mouth twitched nervously, as though he might wish to smile at madame. Madame's gaze rested on him placidly for a moment, then moved on. But the effort of optic motion even was too much for madame, and she relapsed into a gentle doze.

That she should be buoyed up one minute and toppled down the next, was merely one of the symptoms of the malady which gripped her—Bess knew that. But this was one of her *up* nights. She walked from the bed to the wardrobe of her room, back and forth, and just the swing of her hips gave her pleasure. She leaned from her window into another lovely night—for it had cleared—of patient, purple mountain, and everlasting stars in a blue sky, and transient little town gone to sleep. And suddenly the beauty of this foreign place was no longer sharply separate from the remembered beauty of home; they seemed to merge and blend into one larger beauty, and Bess was holding both beauties in her heart as a vase holds two kinds of flowers in one bouquet. If this was the American, the effect of meeting some one kind from home, then Bess would go on meeting him, she resolved. She would have tea with him every day!

But that promise to herself, as though in the last, lost moment of her loneliness she should reach out and pull herself back to safety by an unexpected hand, eased her too abruptly. It whittled so sharp the beauty which was still hers for a little longer, that Bess had to shut her eyes against tears. The beauty grew in her and pressed upon her until she had to do something with it.

And so she sat down and made hot, quick little jottings for stories:

"About her revolve great things, great

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persons, but she interprets them in her own language, which is the language of—dough. She sees the world gastronomically. Butter yellow and cinnamon brown." "This stupid woman," Bess continued it aloud, "—a love story develops under her very nose, and she never even sees it. And such a love story! Oh, I can write! I can map my days—mark it down, five hours every day for . . . how many weeks? No matter—it will be exciting, breathless like a race."

Bess felt the breathless excitement of it. She wrote feverishly until far into the night.

"Hello. So! 'Mail for you, Mister Professor!"

"From my mother. You too."

"Dorothy Hicks. *And* emery-boards, *and* soap flakes, *and* a patent-leather belt with scarlet knobs on it—an extravagance, that; I've been shopping, Professor Harwood."

The table was certainly reserved for them; the whole setting, down to the little Englishman in his corner, seemed to be arbitrarily reserved for them without change. But they accepted this now as their right, stowed packages and letters away on their own window-sill, and settled themselves in their own chairs with an air as of arriving home. Madame might have been a familiar china bank for pennies on the mantelpiece, and the Englishman a familiar bit of carving for mere doubtful adornment in the corner of their own dining-room, for any attention which the two paid them.

"Two teas, two mince pies, toast, pastries, and er——"

"Stop!" commanded Bess.

"Have you any jelly? What kinds? Currant?" he said on a question.

"Currant," said Bess on a period; "we do agree on all important points. Only why is it like a party? And is it a good-by party, or a—hello party, or only a birthday party?"

"Hush——"

"Silence!" mocked Bess. "A party is a party, and one accepts it with an appetite, reverence, and gratitude."

She rippled on; she played with the sunlight on her fork, and talked against time—the moment when she would look up and find his gray American eyes with her own. She was jabbed by trivial beauties—the delicious way the butter melted into the hot toast, the pale, smoky-tasting China tea—exquisite! She cut into the bright jelly with a spoon, and suddenly, ridiculously, it brought tears to her eyes just to have been so near spoiling that perfect mound. "I don't think I want it, after all," said Bess; and the jelly clung to the spoon for an instant, and then dropped back into place.

"Too—pretty," growled Harwood.

He understood—that was more exquisite, even, than the jelly.

"More tea?" she asked. The bright mound stood untouched between them.

"Three lumps," he laughed at her; "that's not civilized."

"I *like* three."

It was like an intimate family argument—the kind that repeats itself three times a day for a lifetime. Intimate, too, was the slow, absent-minded way he stirred his tea, sitting opposite her, or forgot his tea entirely to watch her. It was pleasant to sparkle for him, to rest in him. . . . Such layers of quiet kindness in him, like deep, soft blankets piled warmly against a bitter night.

"It's not—quite . . . ?" she insinuated, with a wry mouth for the "true American mince-meat."

"Not so you'd notice it." His Yankee drawl was like coming home—to her own home, with her mother and her father—after all these quick tongues. His smile—not the eyes, she could not bring herself to the eyes—was like a fire going on the living-room hearth. Bess looked down at her finger-tips. Ivy on the barn, old elm-trees, lawns sloping down to streets . . . poinsettias and bougainvillea, naked sunlight, and plaster walls spiked with glass . . . all the old things she loved—all the new things she'd hated—run together, blurred like the colors in an agate.

She looked up at the little fragile old lady, in the bonnet of black lace and pink roses, who had said: "Yes, we are back at Menton; we never make any changes." She went from one face to another, at just that instant of thin, clear twilight when every line was visible for her to read. Yes, even Madame Beaup—even her face was a book not without words. Stories in flashes. . . . Life—all the meaning of life laid open to her in one instant of revela-

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tion. She, Bess Pettingell, was herself still alive, and yet she held the key to it like this.

"Did I tell you," he laughed, "about the Exclusive Lady of our hotel? The one we've dubbed *Atmosphere?*"

Bess rose to the gray eyes, with an anticipatory smile. But their smiles died, and their eyes met, naked of mirth.

"Why," she faltered, "it couldn't be——!"

"Couldn't it?" he met her, with that clear, serious gaze.

"No, no!" Bess escaped him, she anchored herself to madame's immovable face.

It couldn't be! Not true—it didn't hit you this way. Why, he was a stranger; she didn't half know him. But the strangeness of him was the proof of it—the things they'd skipped to come at the things that mattered—this sure, sudden contact out of—unfamiliarity. "I mustn't!" gritted Bess.

"*Atmosphere,*" she struggled aloud. "Tell me."

In love with him—too late she was in love. Too late life offered her everything, everything—the irony of that! She must not see him again. . . . She had no right . . .

She . . . opened her door to that absurd little Monsieur Beaup, and took her letter and her packages from him.—Page 140.

But to live with him all the rest of her life . . . To teach his shyness, his awkward hands—Bess held herself down to his lean hands that fumbled the tea things. . . . To laugh at him, and to curl up in him, resting deep in her tiredness. Why, it was home! She had come home, harder than ever before, in her . . . love of him.

Home—she had a right to a home. . . .

Bess reared up her head, met the gray eyes, square, on a breathless challenge. She would! She'd take what was offered to her!

"I am leaving to-morrow morning," he flung out; "I am sailing from Monaco at noon on the *Providence.*"

"Home?"

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"Colorado—I am going to Colorado."

Madame Beaup sent a flock of little paper bills fluttering over the floor for Albertine to retrieve at the moment. That helped.

"Our last tea"—Bess managed a laugh that turned into a cough.

"Sorry," he muttered, "I—didn't find you before."

"In which case—more teas," she nodded brightly.

She must make the move to go; but she was riveted there. She turned on her flood of brittle mirth, consumed three forbidden cigarettes. He seemed as bound by inertia, and as anxious to laugh, as was she.

Albertine, at madame's signal, hung a sign on the door and switched off certain lights. Gradually the tea-room cleared, until they were alone in the place with only Madame Beaup and the Englishman in the corner. Monsieur danced in, and the sputtering was as of many fireworks going off at once.

"What *is* the row?" whispered Bess.

"He seems to be furious because she's shut up shop."

"It is early; they're open till seven o'clock regularly."

"Yes."

"Why——?"

"Some whim, no doubt."

"But a whim that goes counter to the interests of the money-drawer—in *her*," puzzled Bess.

"It's—cosey this way."

"Yes."

"Private room for a farewell party."

"And it's farewell now, I'm afraid," she smiled. "They've played the *God Save the King* an hour ago, yet here we sit. Nice party, Mr. Harwood, and—*bon voyage*." They shook hands, quite casually, under Madame Beaup's chins.

"Good-by."

"Good-night and good-by," laughed Bess.

Madame Beaup was awake. Since her head was turned toward the plate-glass window, she probably saw the American young lady moving off alone through the dusk. She sat in a stillness that might have been spun of thought. Her husband shot up a volley of words, from below-decks, at her, but Madame Beaup, if she heard, gave no sign. She might have been pondering deeply—or was she only dreaming deeply? The Englishman with the curl on his forehead wiped his lips, and rose. He gathered in the letters and packages which the two Americans had left on their window-sill, and handed them up to madame, with a bow.

Madame grunted. She glanced at the two letters with their two addresses, deliberately took them from their respective envelopes, and looked them over. Since the letters were written in English, she doubtless made nothing of them; but the addresses, with their Menton *pensions* and their Menton streets, were legible to the densest inhabitant of Menton, including postal clerks and Madame Beaup.

Now madame lifted her voice rather than herself: "Honoré! O Honoré!"

Madame's husband came running. She gave him the letters and packages, and exceedingly definite instructions. He protested both volubly and emotionally; but he got himself out of his apron and into his jacket, and he trotted off into the night in exact obedience to his wife's commands.

Madame wished the Englishman a pleasant "*Bon soir, monsieur*," and called to Albertine for an orange.

That was how Bess was hauled up out of the darkness some ten minutes after she had gone down into it. She switched on the light, opened her door to that absurd little Monsieur Beaup, and took her letter and her packages from him. But the letter was not hers, from Dorothy Hicks; it was *his* letter, from his mother.

Bess tried to stop the little man, but he was already gone, down five spiral flights.

The letter would give her an excuse to see him once more—to call him at his hotel!

But, dear God, no—she couldn't go all through that again— It was done, and that was right—right for him. She would put the letter into another envelope and mail it to the return address; the return address would be on the inside—yes——

"Dear John—" It was contrary to every principle she'd ever had, yet she read on, lacking the energy to stop herself:

". . . So glad you've decided on Colorado. Mrs. Titcomb's brother-in-law's first cousin went to Colorado, and she came back, after two years, as sound as a bell. Also Miss Lina Sears's aunt on her

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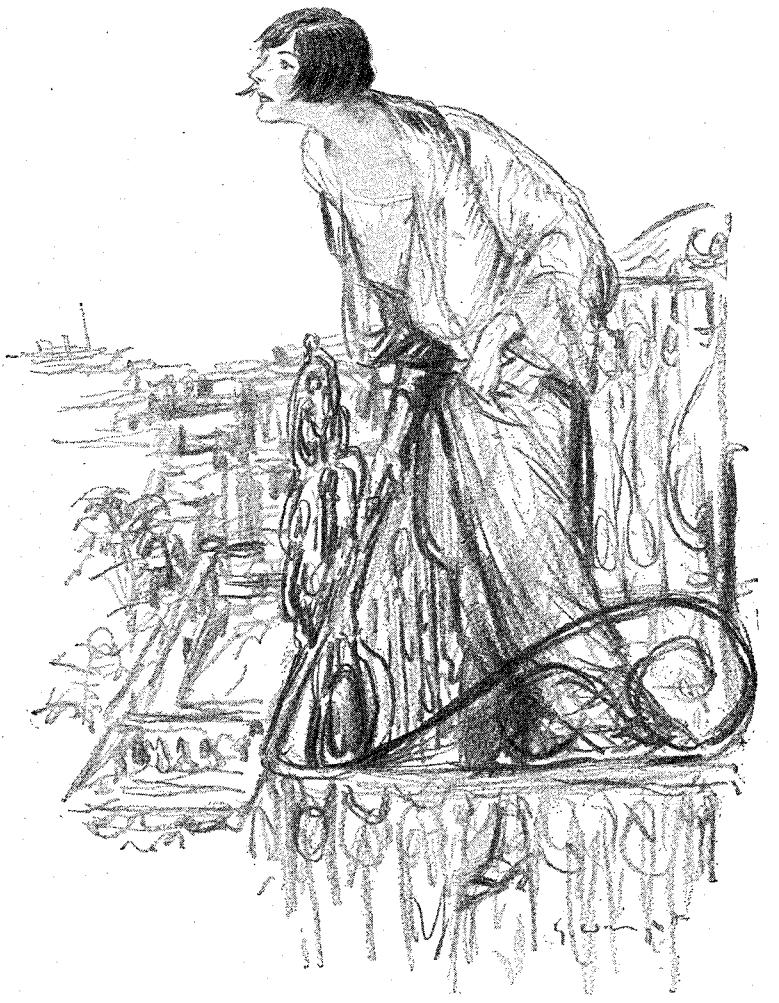
mother's side, and was a complete cure. But first, John, I do want you to see Doctor Traphagen. I have such confidence in the Doctor. He was with you, dear, when you were born, and he would know

dered at the vision of that terrible tea. He needed to be taken care of. Milk and eggs, sun and air— Oh, she knew all the tricks to that trade!

Yet Colorado was the place—could she



Bess dragged herself to a top balcony of the house, and saw, far off in an enamel-blue sea, the white steamer pass trailing its plume of smoke.—Page 142.

at once whether your lungs are seriously affected. . . ."

Colorado . . . lungs. . . . So *he* had the same malady she had! And he hadn't guessed about her, and that was the reason— But this reversed the situation entirely; she would call him—of course she would call him! Why, the great, shambling, awkward boy, wandering around in the rain, and eating—she shud-

do better for him than Colorado? After all, he must still have a chance, while she——

Bess dropped back to her bed. She would not call him.

She thought she had lived through a great deal, but she found, in the next hours, that she had lived through nothing. Some time in the night she got up from her bed and rolled herself in her steamer rug

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on the floor, because she could no longer endure the softness. And some time later she rose and poured a colorless liquid from a slim bottle out the window. To-morrow she might write. To-night she hoped she might sleep.

At noon of the following day, Bess dragged herself to a top balcony of the house, and saw, far off in an enamel-blue sea, the white steamer pass trailing its plume of smoke. He was gone.

At four-thirty the habit was too strong for her. She went to Beaup's for tea.

Madame Beaup actually welcomed her. The stage-setting was as usual: the same Englishman in his corner, the same table, with the same little vase of yellow marguerites—nothing lacking except him.

"Tea and toast," said Bess to the shadow over her.

The shadow sat down in *his* chair.

"*You!*"

"I couldn't——"

"But your boat?"

"It sailed without me. This letter" (her letter from Dorothy Hicks) "—it seemed to—change things. I read it," he confessed abruptly.

"And I read yours from your mother."

"She speaks about—your lungs, too."

"Dorothy always writes about *lungs*—nasty word!—it's one of the things I can't forgive her."

"Both of us."

"Yes."

"But how," he paused to ask, "did you get my letter? Monsieur Beaup?"

"Yes. He mixed them, I suppose."

"And how did Monsieur Beaup——?"

"Madame Beaup." They looked up at madame in the simultaneous suspicion. But she sat placid as though even her own name, in English accents, was Greek to her; she was certainly neither a quick nor a clever woman.

"If it's a stupidity," said Bess, "it can be traced directly to her."

"Never mind her." And he tried to explain to Bess, very carefully, how, being only half a man, he'd felt he had no right to—take her time.

"But since I'm only a quarter of a woman?" she laughed.

"No, it can't be as bad as——!"

"And you—you can't be really——?"

"Well, I have a good chance. But you?" he persisted.

"Dorothy's a silly thing—always making a tremendous stew about nothing."

"I thought I had a right to——"

"To stay on and have teas with me."

"Well, yes, teas." He was shy, and they dawdled, approaching indirectly to the intimacy of worrying about each other. He stirred his tea, and smiled. Bess struck in with bright little darts, and laughed. They built up an absurd story plot. They sat silent.

But now, for the first time, madame took over the floor of her own tea-room. The folds of her fat moved first, and seemed to descend from the platform before madame herself actually got under way. Madame became, for the first time, agitated. Her agitation pertained, of course, to a cake. She waddled in with it—a high wedding-cake with the white frosting and flutings and the little doll bride and bridegroom—and she quivered all over in her distress. "A wedding-cake goes to waste, monsieur." (This is Harwood's subsequent translation for Bess, though at the time Bess, without any French at all, followed the argument perfectly.)

"It needn't," said Harwood, "go to waste. If there were a wedding——"

"Ah yes, monsieur, if there were a wedding . . ."

He turned to Bess. "It's what—I've been trying to arrive at. I—they *do* give me a good chance, the doctors."

"And they give me no chance at all," said Bess.

"What! Tie it up!" he ordered madame brusquely.

Madame Beaup was content. Even then Bess spared, from her other feelings, resentment for that woman. Human beings might love and die about her, but cakes went on forever; the tragedies of cakes were the true ones! Of course, the creature lacked any real——

She squeezed her own imagination into one clenched fist. "So you see—no use. I can't——"

"How long do they say?"

"Six months."

"No!" He was shocked, he refused to believe, he railed against doctors.

He became a man of action. "No time to lose! We'll go now . . . minister . . . night train to Paris . . . fast boat to New

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York . . . Colorado. I'll take you to Colorado, and we'll show them——"

"No."

"Yes." He had Scotch blood, and his stubbornness was up. There was no downing him.

Madame bestowed upon them a large cardboard box. They departed, still arguing and protesting.

Madame Beaup clambered back up to her throne, and for an instant her fat hands were raised in a gesture which was like a benediction, until one saw that she was merely stabbing their bill onto her tall spindle, and that even now she was relaxing into dreams.

The train for Paris jerked and rocked them through the south of France on a morning which opened golden, like a promise.

"Home," drawled Harwood.

"Though it doesn't matter," Bess whispered.

"And those damned doctors——"

"They don't matter, either. Everything has seemed—inadequate: the things you feel, and then the little pint measures you pour them into. But this—! *You* are not inadequate. . . . *You* are a—a quart measure, at least. And six whole months!"

"But say you'll fight it!"

"I'll fight it," wistfully.

"Say you won't give up!"

"I won't give up," she promised, with the smile of one who would like to believe in fairy-tales.

They had the compartment to themselves. He moved from the seat opposite her, where he could only see her, to the seat next to her. But he sat upon a cardboard box. "What in——?"

"Madame Beaup."

"Well, it's done for."

"Why, it's not a cake at all," Bess discovered; "it's only *papier-mâché* frosted over—a show cake!"

"But she said it was a wedding-cake going to waste, that the party had failed her."

"And then she switched them and gave us the wrong one. If that isn't like her stupidity!"

"Bess, you're sure it couldn't be French cleverness? So many stupid incidents, one after the other, all working toward an end so—divine."

"Dear! . . . But you mean she hadn't a wedding-cake at all? She only invented that, and then sold us her window-trimmings to—to prod you along?"

He denied it. "I didn't need prodding! Only——"

"Bosh," said Bess. "But it's a corking plot. Listen, John: stupid woman, sitting in on a—a love-story——"

He kissed her.

"—And in the end, she's not stupid at all."

"Suppose she'd mixed those letters on purpose," he nodded.

"Even farther back, suppose she'd introduced us to each other on purpose."

"She would have had to understand English, yet pretend——"

"Because it pleases her to remain impersonal—like a god or a fate in the lives of these people about her. . . . A good touch, John. But the English—" Bess shook her head.

"Still, that's not stretching it too far," he persisted; "they speak shreds of three and four languages, some of those Menton shopkeepers."

"A good story," murmured Bess, her imagination playing with it. . . . "The Woman of No Imagination. . . . She *makes* their romance, and they go off thinking her stupid and never do know. . . ."

On that same afternoon, back in the tea-room, the little Englishman with the curl paused before Madame Beaup's desk. "*Les deux américains?*" he ventured.

"Ah," said madame, in clear, exact English, "they marry, those two." And she laughed complacently.

"Madame," said the little man gallantly, "you are a wonderful woman. I congratulate you."

"Ah, monsieur?" she dimpled.

"Ah, yes, madame," he bowed. "I should like to ask you one question——"

But the one question was lost. "Psst!" warned madame. "The English governess with her pupil! The pupil, that girl, is in a great trouble. . . . If monsieur will excuse me——"

The little Englishman took up his orchestra seat in the corner. Madame nodded negligently from Albertine to the table beneath her desk, and subsided into her neck.

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Heredity and Sex

BY E. M. EAST

Professor at Harvard University; Author of "Mankind at the Crossroads," "Heredity—the Master Riddle of Science," etc.

AFRICAN travellers agree that no ostrich ever tried to outmanœuvre a danger by sticking his head in the desert sand. This recipe for solving problems was invented by man in order to deal with matters connected with sex. In a world peopled by men and women the subject naturally holds an important position. Every social question arises from, or is linked with, the differences between the sexes; yet for nineteen hundred years civilized nations have tried to manage their affairs posing the while as if the sexual factor were non-existent.

This pretense is passing, and we are well rid of it. We have begun to realize that the subjective dominance of the sex appeal, which shows so clearly in the love interests pervading our literature, drama, and art, is the emotion to be expected of normal people. The mask of apathy is the abnormal, and psychologists have shown that it often cloaks something more inglorious than mere sham.

Sex *is* an interesting subject. One may say this to-day without forfeiting his claim to respectability. It is interesting because apart from its other bearings it holds a prominent place among the objective studies of the biologist. And properly so. Sexual reproduction is the keystone of the whole evolutionary structure. This world would have had a monotonous history without it, not because it leads man to become a "chaos of thought and passion all confused," but because there would have been no such noble animal to disturb the music of the spheres. Our humble planet would have rolled on to its final doom of cold and death with the inglorious record of having produced nothing even as varied and exciting as a jelly-fish or a grasshopper. Variety was the price of life for man, and no one of nature's numerous experiments in propagation permitted the production of such varied forms as did the creation of a new individual by the union of two cells.

The reasons why such conclusions have been generally accepted are numerous. Perhaps the simplest argument is the following. We know that asexual methods of reproduction were not abandoned because they were too slow. In one week a vigorous fungus like the corn smut can produce a number of potential new plants in the form of spores, greater than the total human population during the Christian Era. The fusion of two cells is a distinct loss of time. We know too that spores, buds, bulbs, offshoots, and other similar methods of multiplication are perfectly good means of keeping species flourishing, for numerous sorts which reproduce in this manner are with us to-day. But species which did not adopt sexual reproduction remained lowly and unspecialized, and species which abandoned it abandoned the road of progress at the same time. Why? Simply because evolution moves by steps, by mutations, and these changes are inherited more or less independently of one another. When half-a-dozen mutations occur in a given stock of the asexual type, therefore, that stock has only six chances to escape annihilation at the ruthless hand of Natural Selection. There are six opportunities of fitting into the general scheme of things with the alternative of being removed from the scheme entirely. On the other hand, six variations in a sexually reproducing organism where there is an opportunity for crossing, give two to the sixth power possibilities for survival, or sixty-four all told, through hereditary recombination. It makes a great difference.

Formerly it was thought that species propagating only by asexual methods gradually died out through loss of some

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mysterious sort of vital energy. Why people drew such conclusions in face of the fact that some of the most ancient types show no traces of sex, is an enigma which must be left to the psychologist, but they did. They believed that sexual reproduction meant rejuvenation, a kind of fountain of youth. The idea appears to have arisen because Paramoecium, a one-celled organism shaped like a bedroom slipper, dies under ordinary laboratory conditions after a hundred or so generations of reproduction by division. Given the opportunity, however, these tiny slipper-animals fuse together. The twain become one flesh in physical reality, and afterward return to asexual multiplication with great activity and vigor. Woodruff of Yale and Jennings of Johns Hopkins have given us the true explanation of this strange behavior. The animalculae are poisoned by the by-products of their own life processes. If waste products are removed and new food given periodically, Paramoecium cultures can be kept in a perfect state of health for thousands of generations without conjugation, but conjugation serves as a kind of antidote for bad living conditions. By studying the behavior of the descendants after conjugation, moreover, Jennings found that only certain ones show renewed vigor. It is believed, therefore, that conjugation is not of itself a rejuvenator, but that only those individuals having desirable combinations of hereditary characters profit by the transaction.

Essentially, sexual reproduction is a method of propagation dependent on the behavior of the chromosomes, those minute freight cars within each living cell whose operations with the materials they contain build up the body characters of every organism. When a type is sufficiently simple and unspecialized to go on its way living and reproducing its image by mere chromosome divisions, we say that its propagation is asexual; when a tribe propagates by a fusion of chromosome sets from two cells, we believe that it has taken on the essential features of sexual reproduction.

Nature is not niggardly in her experiments. She will try almost anything, not only once but many times. She believes in giving new ideas a chance. By all the evidence sex has arisen again and again in both the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and the various guises under which the scheme is carried on are almost innumerable. These various expedients, however, are but cloaks for one process, a shifting of chromosome materials in the preparation of the germ-cells and their further recombination at fertilization.

What looks like an origin of sex occurs to-day in the tiny green alga (Ulothrix) one finds as a scum in stagnant water. In this species large fat spores are formed when times are prosperous which need only proper housing conditions to germinate and produce their kind. Under the pressure of adversity, on the other hand, the plant produces starved-looking, lonely little spores which must cast their lot together so intimately as to become one body, before they can start life anew. And among primitive animals a very similar round of affairs takes place.

After the origin of sex the evolutionary trend in both kingdoms was in astonishing agreement. First the germ-cells were like ordinary cells, showing their difference only in the attraction they had for one another; yet even so, there is no harm in calling one the male and the other the female. Afterward germ-cells distinct in form appeared. Still later, types arose in which specialized organs produced the germ-cells. The final step in each kingdom, the mammals and the seed plants, was the protection of the young.

Let us now forget the sex problems of the plants and turn our attention to the higher animals. We may excuse this partiality by two reasons. In the first place, the sex problems of the vegetable world are so complicated that the situation is not quite so clear. In the second place, we are not interested so much in plant biology as in animal biology. Man recognizes his mammalian relationships and he likes to write and talk and speculate about matters that are at least related to his own private affairs.

In most of the higher animals there are males and females. There are hermaphroditic organisms, it is true, where the two kinds of germ-cells are borne in the same individual. There are even animals which are first females because they bear eggs and afterward males because they

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bear sperms. But this unusual type of sexuality is nearly always confined to forms that are parasitic or otherwise degenerate. The tapeworm is a good example. The old Hebrew observation, "male and female created he them," still holds as a fair approximation of the facts; and this brings up the question as to what determines the proceeding. We know *why* there are males and females. We want to know the *how* of the matter.

The subject has been very popular. A century or more ago Drélincourt counted some five hundred dead theories of sex determination, and his theory along with a trail of successors long since has gone to swell the number. It would be unnecessary to mention these speculations here, were it not that their ghosts are so hard to lay. One meets them time and again in modern publications whose authors ought to know better. There may have been germs of truth in many of them, but any spark of life they had was usually so choked with falsehood and ignorance that the theory was doomed.

The advantage of most of these hypotheses, from the standpoint of the originators, was the difficulty of putting them to a critical test. Thus they were useful longer than would otherwise have been the case. For this very reason the idea that the two sexes were controlled individually by the right and left members of the paired reproductive glands, was practically useless. It was killed by the first facts obtained. Let a man with an inferiority complex get started with a compensatory notion of male superiority, on the other hand, and he was hard to refute. Queerly enough, though, in the majority of such theories, the most highly developed sex, the mentally superior sex, or the physically vigorous sex, which was the male of course, was nearly always supposed to produce the opposite sex in proportion to its assumed superiority. No doubt, the originators were blessed with large families of girls. Conversely, Girou, who identified the sex of the offspring with that of the more vigorous parent, must have wished to congratulate himself over a preponderant lot of boys.

We now know that sex in the higher animals is a matter of heredity, and is usually determined irrevocably by the kinds of egg and sperm which meet at the time of fertilization. Unfortunately the word *usually* must be used to qualify the statement, as will be seen later.

The first piece of real evidence on the subject came from a study of human twins. Two kinds exist. There are fraternal twins who look no more alike than other members of the same family. About half of the time they consist of two boys or two girls, the other half of the time there is a boy and a girl. Then there are identical twins, whose features and mannerisms are remarkably alike, and these are always of the same sex. Fraternal twins result from the fertilization of two ova by two sperms, as is shown by the separate sets of membranes enclosing the embryos. Identical twins, since they are both enclosed in one set of membranes, must have their origin in the separate development of the two daughter cells produced by a single fertilized ovum. Where development is not wholly separate such bizarre creatures as the Siamese Twins are formed. It is difficult to imagine how such results could have come about unless sex were determined at fertilization. If it were otherwise, identical twins should consist of a boy and a girl just as frequently as fraternal twins.

In the early part of the present century, when the study of heredity by controlled matings became the popular mode of research in biology, another bit of support to this idea appeared. When an individual, hybrid for a single pair of character determiners, is crossed back with the recessive parent, the resulting progeny are half of the dominant and half of the recessive type. Thus DR × RR gives DR × RR. By analogy one could not avoid suspecting that one of the sexes is similarly a hybrid producing two kinds of germ-cells and the other a pure type producing germ-cells all of one kind, since the sex ratio in so many animals is very close to equality. Several slightly different hypotheses were published interpreting sex in this way, but the first direct proof was put forward by Doctor C. E. McClung, of the University of Pennsylvania, in 1902. A few years earlier a German investigator had noticed an unpaired chromosome in half of the sperm cells of certain insects he was studying.

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He reported the matter, but thought little of it. McClung now found the same feature in the reproductive cells of various animals, and suggested that this odd chromosome element was the sex determiner.

Other American cytologists then began to investigate numerous species of animals, and corroborated McClung's observations in wholesale fashion. In most insects, in many worms, and in all mammals studied, including man himself, the male was the sex determiner. Half of the sperm-cells contained this sex chromosome, which became known as the X Chromosome, and half were without it. The egg-cells all contained it. When a sperm carrying an X chromosome fertilized an egg, a female was produced who had two X chromosomes in each of her body-cells. When a sperm having no X chromosome entered into fertilization an individual was formed with only a single X of maternal origin in the body-cells, and this individual was a male.

In some instances the X chromosome was found to be an unpaired element which at the maturation of the germ-cells passed to one of the daughter cells undivided. Its behavior, therefore, could be studied easily. In other species the X had a mate, a Y chromosome; but even then the behavior of these particular elements during the formation of the germ-cells was different from that of the other chromosomes. As if conscious of the importance of the rôle they played, they hung back during cell division, joining their sister chromosomes at a slightly later stage. The entrance and exit of star performers belonged to them, and they took them.

Here then are several great groups of organisms where the male controls the sex by virtue of producing two kinds of sperm. The female is a passive actor, for all eggs are alike. But nature showed no favoritism. She gave the female an opportunity to show her efficiency at this performance in moths, butterflies, and birds. There the sperms are all alike and the eggs are of two kinds. The determination of sex thus comes about in essentially the same old way.

If sex control is a chromosome function similar in character to the chromosome control of other inherited traits, body qualities ought to be found that are transmitted by the particular chromosome which determines maleness and femaleness. Such a situation has been discovered, not once, but fifty or sixty times. In man, for instance, there are two recessive characters, a blood abnormality called hemophilia and color blindness, where the affliction is more common in males than in females, and where the hereditary transmission is peculiar. They are not transmitted from father to son, nor do they appear in the son's descendants; yet the daughters of an affected man, though normal themselves, transmit the abnormality to half their sons.

This exceptional type of inheritance is understandable if the determiners of the traits are assumed to be located in the X chromosomes, since the distribution of the latter parallels their own distribution. When a color-blind man has children by a normal woman, the sons are normal because their X chromosomes come from their mother. The daughters also are normal because the normal X chromosome inherited from the mother dominates the defective X chromosome inherited from the father; but these daughters will have defective sons whenever those sons get their X heritage from a defective egg, because sons are dependent entirely on the mother for this part of their inheritance.

A similar type of criss-cross, sex-linked heredity, naturally, ought to be found, and is found, in birds where the female is the controller of sex. The best known case is a dominant character, barred feathers, such as are found in the Plymouth Rock. When a Barred Rock cock is mated with a hen of a black breed, the offspring of both sexes are barred; but these in turn produce progeny in which half of the hens are black, though all the cocks are barred. The reverse cross, a black cock mated with a Barred Rock hen gives barred cocks and black hens; and these when mated together produce barred individuals and black individuals of both sexes in equal numbers. Any one ought to be able to work out the way the inheritance goes after the explanations given above. Criss-cross inheritance is an easier puzzle than one of criss-cross words.

In all the higher animals which have

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thus far been investigated, sex appears to be determined at fertilization by the particular chromosome inheritance received. Yet it is well to be cautious. There are still a great many unsolved problems connected with the subject. Sex, in fact, is a precarious proposition; just when one thinks it is mastered, he finds that he is mistaken, as Saint Anthony discovered long ago.

In man the sex ratio varies from 104 to 108 males for every 100 females. We would like to know why, but as yet we have not the slightest inkling of the truth. Under the chromosome theory there ought to be an equal number of male-producing and of female-producing sperms, and if there is no differential viability or fertilizing power between them, the sex ratio ought to be equality. But one must face the facts, and the truth is that there is an excess of males born alive among the people of every race. And if premature births only are considered this excess is sometimes as high as fifty per cent.

Possibly equal numbers of each sex are produced at fertilization, with a considerable proportion of the females eliminated at early stages of gestation because they find this particular portion of the life cycle difficult to pass. Such an assumption would account for the disproportionate number of males at later ages, and also, from the early elimination of feeble females, for the fact that the so-called weaker sex is really the stronger sex and has a lower death rate from birth to old age. The theory is submitted here because it is worth investigating and it is thought that some of our readers may possess the necessary data to confirm or to refute it.

Slight differences in the sex ratio which can be accounted for by selective elimination of the weaker sex do not disturb the view of sex determination through the chromosomes very seriously, but what is one to say of the experiments of Richard Hertwig and of Miss Helen King? Hertwig obtained as high as 100 per cent male frogs when he delayed the fertilization of frog's eggs until they were over-ripe and had taken up large quantities of water. Conversely, Miss King obtained 80 per cent of females, with a mortality of only 6 per cent, by lowering the water content of the eggs of toads.

Miss King also obtained some very strange results in an experiment with a strain of white rats in which the sex ratio is normally 105 males to 100 females. By selection a male-producing strain was originated in which the sex ratio was 122 males to 100 females. Selection in the reverse direction, on the other hand, resulted in a strain of female-producers in which the sex ratio was only 82 males to 100 females.

Not less confusing are the experiments of Riddle with pigeons and of Goldschmidt with the gypsy moth, where a more or less complete sex reversal can be forced by changing the environmental conditions after fertilization has taken place and development begun. Goldschmidt has even found strong-male and weak-male and strong-female and weak-female races of the gypsy moth, in which the various possible matings give different results in both the primary and the secondary sexual characters of the progeny.

Still more of an enigma is a remarkable case of sex reversal reported by Crew in Scotland. It is an authentic case of "functional" sex change occurring in poultry. The word functional should be emphasized, because numerous instances of superficial changes in the sex organs have been found among other animals, even among human beings; but in no case has an individual become both a father and a mother. The facts are as follows: A hen, which had laid eggs and hatched chicks from them, later took on the appearance and behavior of a cock. Mated with a hen, the erstwhile mother became the father of two chicks, one a male, the other a female. A post-mortem examination showed that the ovary had been destroyed by a tumor and male organs had developed.

Our data are somewhat contradictory, therefore; one cannot deny it. But one must expect contradictions. Life is complex. What we have to hold fast is that the two sexual states, maleness and femaleness, are not absolutely mutually exclusive. They are quantitative characters, like many others with which the geneticist has to deal. In numerous spe-

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cies the germ-cells of a particular sex have become male determiners and female determiners respectively in the sense that they have inherited qualities which in ordinary circumstances hold the balance of power in the control of sex. Generally speaking, they cast the deciding vote; but there may be a recount.

Perhaps an illustration will make our meaning plainer. One may think of men or of women as possessing attributes both of maleness and of femaleness. The controlling power which makes one actually a man and the other actually a woman is the inherited constitution. The possessor of one X chromosome is a man, the possessor of two X chromosomes is a woman. And this chromosome distribution has so far shifted the balance of conditions that no environmental changes can reverse it. In some of the lower animals, the balance of the sex complex is not shifted thus far by the particular inheritance received. Under extraordinary circumstances, conditions may be such that the sex is really changed.

In these lower forms where the influence of external conditions is relatively large, there is still a possibility that man may be able to control sex at will. That man will ever be able to control the sex of his own offspring is improbable. The possibility remains, like that of making gold, but the chances weigh heavily against it. And to tell the truth the first is about as undesirable as the second. The one would result in a terrible economic muddle, the other would bring about a social chaos.

When I was a boy we youngsters were led to the family pew twice a Sunday to listen to a dear old patriarch, who gained our confidence by a few well-chosen stories seemingly as empty of morals as a magician's hat, and then, presto, drew out a whole litter of ethical lessons which kept us thinking for at least half an hour. This was not a bad average as boys go, and I am inclined to borrow his method.

I do not wish to strike the pose of one having a message. I merely wish to point out that just such experiments as have led to the detailed knowledge we now possess regarding the evolution and inheritance of sex, have also led to a generalized conception of the way environment and heredity work together in producing the characters of all animals and plants which mature their germ-cells by the ordinary method of chromosome reduction. In other words, sexuality of itself furnishes the means by which the two sexes inherit their differences and, paradoxically enough, it also furnishes the mechanism by which the other characters of all sex-possessing organisms are transmitted. Direct experimental proof has been made on hundreds of species. Most hereditary characters are complex, but they do yield to the same type of analysis; and in sum total these analyses give us a practical genetic philosophy applicable to yourself and myself as well as to the humble beings which serve our material needs.

The application of these genetic laws to evolution on the farm is obvious. Perhaps it is a little more difficult to see their relation to the problems of society without a few hints by way of leaven. As a matter of fact, the rules in both games are the same, but in dealing with human beings we play under severe handicaps.

No one ought to regard himself or herself blameless if they knowingly transmit horrible physical or mental abnormalities to their innocent offspring. There is too much at stake to be apathetic in such matters. Yet I have seen a family of six, each member fearfully deformed, with claws in place of hands, whose condition was the direct heritage of a dominant trait from a mother who did not know—or did not care. Just how many people marked as transmitters of such frightful legacies will stifle their longing for posterity when they know the facts, is still questionable. Presumably it will be a small percentage. But since there has been no general campaign for education along these lines, there is hope. It is a good omen that the physicians are beginning to take an interest in the subject.

There are at least fifty distressing dominant abnormalities of the skeleton, the skin, the eyes, and the nervous system. There are at least as many recessive conditions which are just as bad. What we need first and foremost is instruction for the physician as to what are the expectancies in the several cases. He ought to be able to say to the man with brachydactyly: "Your children will have hands

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that are practically useless, no matter whom you marry." He ought to be able to say to the woman whose family tree indicates that she is carrying feeble-mindedness: "You are playing with fire if you marry a near relative or a man with a similar heritage." And he ought to be given the opportunity to say these things. He is the intermediary between the investigator and the general public in matters of natural science, and our boards of health are in duty bound to see that every family obtains his good offices.

Perhaps we ought to go still further and add to our numerous associations of Daughters and Sons a "Society for the Promotion of Prospective Ancestors." The geneticist yields to no one in his regard for good breeding. Contemplation of the records of fine old family lines brings joy to his heart. He likes to trace the influence of heredity in chronicles of achievement, to note how innate capacity has passed from knot to knot in the network of descent, and how the endowments of different individuals have manifested themselves variously, leaving their imprints now in the realm of business, now in that of science, and again in that of art. But no one knows better than he the fallacies of ancestor worship. One out-cross can spoil a lengthy line of irreproachable ancestors; one proper mating is all that is necessary to produce the real aristocrat. Unquestionably it is better to be good ancestors than it is to have good ancestors.

The old conceit was an arrogant pride in blood, gentle blood which at the worst risked only a slight dilution of its glorious powers by an ignoble union. To-day we put our faith in the germ-cell determiners, the genes. It is rather difficult to become vainglorious and haughty over genes, but if we wish to assume such attitudes over our hereditary blessings, there is no other source from which to draw. And dilution, whether of power or of quality, is no attribute of a gene. The genetic constitution of a distinguished family is likely to be compounded largely of good qualities, hence the high probability of worth among its members; but the degenerate product of a bad genetic combination is not saved by the personal record of his ancestors. Nor, by the same token, is the genetically great damned because his endowments are the choicest gifts from a scanty store.

The mention of feeblemindedness as a recessive trait brings up a second point of sociological interest. It has been debated for centuries whether or not the marriage of near relatives carries disastrous consequences. The records were conflicting. Sometimes there was loss of vigor and comparative sterility. Frequently physical and mental aberrations appeared in considerable numbers. Yet occasionally a family line originated which was characterized by a heritage having an extraordinary social value.

Now we know our way about in this maze of contradictions. These are the tricks played by recessive characters, characters which never relinquish their part in heredity just because they often have to stand behind the scenes while the dominants take the stage.

Man, like other bisexual animals, is usually a complex hybrid. He carries a train of latent possibilities. Happily for the race, some of these traits are good. So far as we know to-day, none of them are lethal when received from both parents as often is the case among the lower animals. But many of them prove undesirable possessions when they come to light, and some of them are calamitous. Now near relatives are likely to be hybrid for the same traits, and if such hybrid kin marry, some of their children will surely be marked with the taint. On the other hand, if no such stigmata are part of the heritage, if the family has a continuous extended history as a high-grade stock, inbreeding is the surest way to make its distinction permanent.

Another important social problem upon which we begin to get some light is that of racial crossing. The three primary races, though named by their skin colors, have taken form because of frequent variation amid isolation for thousands of years. Their genetic differences number hundreds, possibly thousands, each inherited as more or less independent traits. Each race has become efficient biologically in that it is a smoothly running whole, adapted to the environment in which it grew. When we recall then that every additional pair of hybrid genes more than doubles the difficulty of securing just the

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desired combination when we know what we want and can select freely, does it seem wise to gamble on such a forlorn hope for betterment of the human race? It does not. To speak frankly, the advocation of racial hybridization is a delusion and a snare, or rather it is self-complacent stupidity, which is worse. There is no question of race prejudice here, no question of presumptuous superiority. Genetics has answered on quite another basis—Nature's laws.

Hardy, Hudson, Housman

BY GEORGE McLEAN HARPER
Author of "William Wordsworth," etc.

"*Thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field; and the beasts of the field shall be at peace with thee.*"

DID Eliphaz the Temanite promise too much? Can love for man, can love for righteousness, can love for a supreme law or person ever light up the face of this brute nature out of which we have sprung and from which we have never been detached? The force of gravitation has not, so far as we know, been relaxed to save the life of sage or saint. Fire scorches and water drowns the good and the great, the much beloved and the sorely needed. Is it other than flattery to say to any "awful Power": "Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong"? Is it other than self-deception for a sentient being to say to himself: "They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone"?

From the beginning of human time the heart of man has been educated by religion and poetry, equally and often indistinguishably. Twin mothers of "form and fear" are they; twin sisters of consolation, twin daughters of confidence, hope, and glory. A third figure now looms beside these two most ancient guardians of mankind, her feet heavily built, her hands sinewy, and her head indistinctly veiled. She is Science, who has grown with man and been the companion of his childhood; and at last she claims authority equal to that of Poetry and Religion. "We are one indeed," she says.

When Religion had only Poetry as her colleague it was easy for them to agree upon the lessons: "We must teach the Child through his imagination, using him as the measure of all things; God, we must tell him, is a perfect man." It is not so simple now that Science has taken the third chair. Though her head is veiled and her body is rudely framed, she lifts a voice already magisterial, declaring that there are many things to be accounted for besides man and his projections of himself against the screen of his own ignorance.

What is meant by "supernaturalism" I do not know. Probably there are a number of meanings, some of them gross and some subtle, some of them merely anthropomorphic, merely projections of human ideals, others less naïve. All men, no doubt, wish to think and try to think that an Immanent Will throbs through space and time and life, leaving no cranny of the world of matter unbrightened by Its presence, no impulse of the world of energy uninformed with Its purpose,

> "All melodies the echoes of that voice,
> All colors a suffusion from that light."

But wishing is not knowledge; and though it may be that nothing can be understood except on the assumption of an Immanent Will, even this incapacity is a proof, not of the existence of such a power, but simply of our own weakness. And taking for granted the existence of an Immanent Will, three questions turn us pale: Is the Will supreme? Is it conscious? Is it

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kind? Religion and Poetry eagerly answer Yes. Science, or knowledge based on physical observation and on experience that can be tested by repetition, keeps her head veiled, while her active fingers grope patiently among "demonstrable facts."

A most hopeful sign of the times, in this century, when reasonable hope is so rare and precious, is that Thomas Hardy, our great poet and greatest living novelist, the philosopher who has embodied his philosophy in art which in some respects equals real life as a means of demonstrating the validity of moral law, has throughout his work and increasingly in his more recent poems raised and faced these questions. They had been raised before: by the author of that supreme poem, the Book of Job, by the Greek tragic poets, by Lucretius, by Milton. The reply to Job is characteristically Semitic and accords with the teaching of Islam: "I will answer thee," said Elihu, "that God is greater than man." Milton, the most confident and therefore the happiest of all great poets, satisfies himself that the Will is conscious, but fails to show that it is really supreme or really kind. Shakespeare is forced to cry:

> "As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods,
> They kill us for their sport."

Hardy's "Dynasts" and the totality of his other poems have two aspects or fields of interest: they raise these religious questions, and they also, under the guiding hand of what we may call science, record the actual life of men and women in time and space, record them imaginatively, which is to say creatively. His novels also serve this double purpose. Many of the poems are condensed novels; the novels are expanded poems. Excepting "The Dynasts," but not excepting every part of it, Hardy's imagination, in all his works, acts upon material furnished by direct observation. It deals with matters known to him personally, contemporaneous, definitely localized. "The Dynasts," a huge epic-drama, unfolds, crisis by crisis, the delirium of the Napoleonic wars, from 1805 to Waterloo. The material was necessarily taken from books and oral tradition, though even here we find that the scrupulous author has visited and studied many of the places in which his scenes are laid, and that he frequently brings his readers back from the Tuileries or the Kremlin to listen to the comments of Wessex folk known to him in his boyhood. Notwithstanding its enormous range and the magnitude and magnificence of its chief scenes, "The Dynasts" includes little things, and here indeed is the reason why it makes an impression of naturalness. The battles of Ulm and Leipzig, the burning of Moscow, the coronation at Milan, the sea fight off Trafalgar, can hardly be called natural events; they were indeed most unnatural; it was a game of kings, politicians, and one supremely reckless gambler; the dice were human bones. But, as in Vachel Lindsay's "Santa-Fé Trail," the hideous clangor of the brawling horns is broken by the bird singing of love and life, eternal youth, dew and glory, love and truth, so the sweet interludes in "The Dynasts" bring us to the coolness and health of reality. The greatness of this epic-drama is manifold; its scope is vast; its order and proportion are admirable; as an historical pageant it is no less accurate than splendid; in the rightness of its dealing with mean persons in their pride of place it satisfies the moral sense; in describing and transmuting minute details it combines science and imagination as only Dante and Wordsworth, of all Hardy's predecessors, combined them; and still there remain two elements of greatness yet unmentioned, one of them Dantesque, the other unique. The first of these is the power of hallucination, the power of seeing things with dreamlike vividness. An Austrian army creeping "dully along the mid-distance, in the form of detached masses and columns of a whitish cast," Hardy startlingly describes in one line:

> "This movement as of molluscs on a leaf."

In a "stage direction" connected with the retreat from Russia, he writes: "What has floated down from the sky upon the army is a flake of snow. Then come another and another, till natural features, hitherto varied with the tints of autumn, are confounded, and all is phantasmal gray and white. The caterpillar shape still creeps laboriously nearer, but instead of increasing in size by the rules of perspective, it

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gets more attenuated, and there are left upon the ground behind it minute parts of itself, which are speedily flaked over and remain as white pimples by the wayside." This vision of an army wasting away, and getting horribly *smaller as it comes nearer*, is like a nightmare, distinct, terrifying, unavoidable. Insight so natural-seeming and yet so unusual as to be akin to hallucination is shown in the following lines from a chorus before the "Waterloo" Act:

"The mole's tunnelled chambers are crushed by wheels,
The larks' eggs scattered, their owners fled;
And the hedgehog's household the sapper unseals."

The unique element in "The Dynasts" is its philosophy, which permeates all the incidents, yet without lessening their independent values and the sense of reality which they impart. It is Hardy's attempt not so much to solve as merely to state the problem which for shallower thinkers is no sooner stated than solved when they talk confidently about "the hand of God in history." There used to be, and perhaps there still are, university chairs for teaching the Philosophy of History. The world is full of confident interpreters of prophecy, who can tell the number of the beast; Gog and Magog they understand, and the thousand years, and the white horse; the date of Armageddon is not withheld from them, and the wheels of Ezekiel whirl beautifully in their heads. They, and all of us who will not see because we do not feel, have a ready and easy explanation for sin and misery, for poverty and injustice, for cruelty, for the mad folly of war, and the inexcusable baseness of cruelty. Man, we lightly assume, is being educated; life is a school; God is a well-intentioned headmaster. This explanation fails to account for the natural disappointment of the moles and larks and hedgehogs when their little homes are smashed. It leaves much else unaccounted for. Hardy *knows* too much to be satisfied with a slippery formula. The third instructress, who entered so humbly into the presence of Poetry and Religion, but has by this time become a very august personage indeed, though still concerned with little things as much as with great things, forbids him to forget ruined hopes, wasted economies, "white pimples by the wayside." All explanations based on ignorance of the terrible facts of history being denied him, insensitiveness to the pain of man or beast being not one of his mental cushions, his natural and acquired habit being to reason from effect to cause rather than to assume a cause and then admit only such effects as please a comfort-loving soul, Hardy is in a desperate situation when he contemplates theologically the Napoleonic wars, or for that matter any other tragedy which afflicts a single creature. And it is a desperate situation for every pitiful and intelligent person. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when some of our strongest theological conceptions were formulated, sensitiveness to the pain of others was probably less widely diffused among educated people than it is now. Men and women of culture could sit for hours at an auto da fé, and sleep soundly while actually believing in eternal torments as part of God's plan of the universe. We may be more sensitive and may have more troubled slumbers; but the pain is here still, and we ask, Why? Hardy's philosophy is, on the one hand, a metaphysic of earnest wonder. His pity makes him bold. I have seen a timid woman face a big man who was abusing a horse and ask him Why with a courage born of love. With far greater bravery, though with profound reverence, because so much is hidden and the purpose of pain may be beneficent (and oh, how ardently this is to be hoped), Hardy asks for an explanation. He offers none himself with anything approaching assurance. Not for him is Tennyson's bland confidence in

"one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

At the most we have the hope expressed in the last choral song in "The Dynasts":

"But—a stirring thrills the air
Like to sounds of joyance there
That the rages
Of the ages
Shall be cancelled, and deliverance offered from the darts that were,
Consciousness the Will informing till It fashion all things fair."

This is faith reduced to a minimum, but after all it is faith and of the very same

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substance as all other faith, even the most audacious and inclusive. One might ask Mr. Hardy why, having got over the difficulty of having any faith at all, he could not go farther and be a joyful optimist. To put the matter thus is to throw light upon the nature of faith, to indicate that faith is not mere hope, is not blind belief, but the quintessential result of rational conviction, after all. If Mr. Hardy has even the faintest ray of *faith* in the supremacy, consciousness, and kindness of the Immanent Will, it must be because experience and observation (which we have been calling Science, the third instructress) have kindled that light in him; and if the ray is feeble, it is so because the logical balance between arguments for and against faith seems to him only slightly favorable. Even the hoped-for blessedness of distant future ages would be scanty compensation for the ages that have suffered and are *still* to suffer. If any one is displeased at Mr. Hardy's use of the neuter pronoun in the Chorus quoted above, let him reflect that to have used either the masculine or the feminine would have been begging the question, for the chief metaphysical inquiry in "The Dynasts" is whether the Immanent Will is conscious, or, to put it in more usual form, whether God is a person. In his Preface the author says what is no doubt true of himself, though it may not be as true of all "thinkers" as he supposes: "The abandonment of the masculine pronoun in allusions to the First or Fundamental Energy seemed a necessary and logical consequence of the long abandonment by thinkers of the anthropomorphic conception of the same."

Hardy's philosophy, I have ventured to say, is a metaphysic of earnest and, I may add, of distressed wonder. It is also an ethic of pity. The author of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and "Jude the Obscure" cannot justly be termed ignorant of human sorrow and its causes. Nor can it be that life's tragedies touch him lightly. His novels and his poems are alike in this, that they were born of the travail of his soul. In the Apology that introduced his volume of "Late Lyrics and Earlier," in 1922, he has with high self-respect proclaimed the ethical purpose of his writings: "Happily there are some who feel . . . that comment on where the world stands is very much the reverse of needless in these disordered years of our prematurely afflicted century: that amendment and not madness lies that way. And looking down the future these few hold fast to the same: that whether the human and kindred animal races survive till the exhaustion or destruction of the globe, or whether these races perish and are succeeded by others before that conclusion comes, pain to all upon it, tongued or dumb, shall be kept down to a minimum by loving-kindness, operating through scientific knowledge." And he protests that what is alleged to be his "pessimism" is in truth only "the exploration of reality and the first step toward the soul's betterment and the body's too." He tells us also, in the same Apology, that he dreams of an alliance, by means of the interfusing effect of poetry, "between religion, which must be retained unless the world is to perish, and complete rationality, which must come, unless also the world is to perish."

All the foregoing remarks about Thomas Hardy have had a restricted scope and a particular purpose. I have tried to show that knowledge, coming through observation and experience, has in his case cooperated to an uncommon degree with poetry and religion as an inspirer of artistic creation; that his knowledge has determined the character of his metaphysical belief, making it small and weak, but highly respectable because thoroughly rational; and finally that in moral practice his strong desire has been to relieve suffering through an unflinching revelation of its causes. I have as yet said nothing about the very thing that makes him a great artist, his immense relish for life. It is a piece of pleasant irony that a man whose metaphysics are so extremely skeptical, and whose ethical impulses lead him to the contemplation of sin and pain, should nevertheless be a joyous lover of beauty. He is one of those fortunate lovers of beauty who are not dependent upon the gala days and splendid hours of their goddess, not likely to be starved by her petulant whims any more than pampered by her indulgence. They know her in her homeliest attire and are with her at all times. It is not the extraordinary

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alone, either in nature or in humanity, that interests Hardy. He is Wordsworthian in the breadth of his interest in what his master so quaintly called "the goings-on of the universe." All his readers know, or if they do not know they feel, that his descriptions of places are accurate because he has observed in nature the details from which he composes his pictures. Fewer, probably, perceive that these details are nearly always in themselves beautiful and were chosen with affectionate care. This is true also of the traits which Hardy assembles in creating his characters. Even his dangerous, weak, and perverse people are made up of lovable features; and as for his great tragic figures, it is love, not hate, that is their undoing. In fact, the ever-recurring subject in Hardy's poems, even more than in his novels, is the pain that mortals bring upon themselves and one another in consequence of love, and upon this theme he plays in all its varieties, permutations, and degrees. Were he a less enthusiastic admirer of human nature, he would have given more blame to selfishness and less to the antics of mischance. Love, brief in its happiness, long in its disappointment, the loneliness of craving hearts, reverie and the glamour of what is gone, this tragic and yet glorious thing, and one other thing, the deathless beauty of the world, are, it seems to me, the elements of Hardy's art.

Another great writer, whose philosophy was like Hardy's and whose understanding of nature and love of nature were perhaps even deeper than Hardy's, has recently died, leaving a fame which had just begun to grow with leaps and bounds, although at the time he was in his eightieth year. I refer to W. H. Hudson, the author of many books of travel and scientific observation, and of "Far Away and Long Ago," the story of his own boyhood. This is one of those rare and precious pieces of literature upon which the world depends, more than upon any other kind of book, for knowledge of the human heart, a genuine autobiography. It is the record of a wholesome and singularly happy childhood, passed in unusually interesting circumstances, a natural life, untainted with morbidness, and afflicted only with those sorrows that come sooner or later to all. Apart from the information provided in this book, very little is generally known about Hudson's life. But from his numerous other writings it is possible to gather enough supplementary impressions to form a picture of him. Some of the peculiarities which distinguish him from most men are the same as Hardy's. Spending the years of his boyhood on a lonely ranch in Argentina, with haphazard instruction from erratic tutors, he was thrown back upon nature for entertainment and early showed a passionate curiosity about wild life. Human visitors were so infrequent that they too made a deep impression upon him, as if they were rare specimens of natural history. In him were combined the direct and practical observation of an Indian with the scientific interest of a thoughtful, civilized young man; but the field-craft came first and formed the basis. He appears to have accumulated a vast store of information about birds and beasts and plants and weather before he began the systematic study of ornithology or zoology or botany or meteorology. It was an ideal education, with no short-cuts, no imposed theories. The best education is self-education, with just enough guidance to save the pupil from a wasteful groping in blind alleys; and such was Hudson's training. It kept his curiosity alive, kept his appreciation of knowledge fresh and keen, gave him at every point a conqueror's joy.

In a very remarkable chapter of "Far Away and Long Ago," entitled "A Boy's Animism," he tells of a deeper and more subtle experience, which few town-bred and school-educated children can have had. In his eighth or ninth year he began to be conscious of something more than a childish delight in nature, a spirit in nature more impressive, more awe-compelling than any of the manifestations of nature themselves. "This faculty or instinct of the dawning mind is or has always seemed to me," he says, "essentially religious in character; undoubtedly it is the root of all nature-worship, from fetichism to the highest pantheistic development. It was more to me in those early days than all the religious instruction I received from my mother." Similar experiences are recorded by several

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poets, notably by Wordsworth. They have had a great share in some of the most valued peculiarities of modern poetry. The feeling described by Hudson is strong in Hardy. Egdon Heath, in "The Return of the Native," is endowed with a half-conscious life, not figuratively or symbolically, but in deep seriousness and subtle apprehension of a truth. There is nothing merely "literary" about this feeling, either in Hudson's case or in Hardy's. Their relation to nature is the fundamental fact for both of them, the ground of their interest in life, their happiness, their terrors, their sympathies, their knowledge of things and of men, and finally of their philosophy or religion. Emerson, with his Puritan antecedents and background, could distinguish between a "law for thing" and a "law for man." Not so these children of nature. By Hardy, I suppose, as Hudson avows was the case with himself, the doctrine of evolution was welcomed because it furnished a scientific explanation of his personal feeling that all forms of life were related to one another and that one vital force permeated matter throughout the entire scale, from rock and tree to beast and man. With this assurance might each have said to himself indeed: "Thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field; and the beasts of the field shall be at peace with thee." In two of Hudson's books, particularly "A Traveller in Little Things" and "A Shepherd's Life," the barriers between the successive stages of consciousness from low to high forms of existence have been quietly disregarded.

As might have been expected, Hardy and Hudson, being so deeply interested in objects outside of themselves and so devoted to reality, resemble each other in manner of expression. Each writes clearly, simply, and in an original, individual style. Both are so interested in detail, so determined to set forth detail with absolute exactness, that the reader is scarcely aware of the deliberate skill with which every stroke is made to contribute to a general effect. They are alike also in having no easily discoverable political or social theories, no class prejudices, and yet withal having attained an individual philosophy, in which questions are more prominent than answers, a philosophy broadly based upon observation of nature and man, but timid in its conclusions and modest in its claims. What they might have termed supernatural in their own view of the world would by most people be called mere naturalism. No doubt it has failed to supply them with the confident hope of a future personal and conscious existence; but it has given them joy in this life and the material for a sound morality. Surely such a religion is superior to one which saddens this life and perverts the morals of its followers, though giving them full assurance of unending consciousness after death. There are religions of this kind, fanatical forms of Christianity and of Mohammedanism. How remote from a selfish desire for immortality were the joy in nature, the human loving-kindness of Jesus, and his absorption in the common life of his fellowmen, is not enough appreciated, and how inconsistent with some of the theological statements made in his name, and some of the aberrations of conduct that have ensued.

Though Hudson is most conspicuously a student of natural history and Hardy a novelist, their works are in essence poetical. And they are both very voluminous writers. Mr. Alfred Edward Housman, a professor of Latin in Cambridge University, a severe classical scholar and critic, sixty-four years old, a genial companion with his intimate friends, a shy and reticent man in larger company, is the author of two little books of short lyrics, "A Shropshire Lad," published in 1896, and "Last Poems," published in 1922. The small number of these compositions, their brevity, the long interval of time between the two volumes, have been often remarked, and also the singularity of the fact that a refined and learned scholar should have written them at all, considering that for the most part they represent the musings of an unlettered country boy whose friends and comrades are careless farmhands, common soldiers, and men in jail waiting to be hanged. It would have been scarcely more surprising to discover in 1787 that the author of the poems published the year before at Kilmarnock was not an Ayrshire rustic after all, but a professor in Edinburgh. And we may say

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with equal truth that no Shropshire Burns could have harmonized with the vigor and raciness of English song a calm and lucid strain of sadness that has floated down from ancient Greece. While English boys and girls make love and dream of everlasting bliss, a tenor voice from pagan choruses weaves high above their happy tones its pure, undeviating call:

"The living are the living
And dead the dead will stay."

Again and again in these two little volumes what seems at first to be a homely rustic lay is changed by a word or a cadence into a wistful echo of Sappho or Catullus. We think we see a village green beside a village church; when a breath of air fingers the leaves of the sturdy English elms, and lo! they now are "poplars pale" surrounding a broken altar to a forgotten god upon some distant isle in far-off seas. "Eternal beauty," whispers the wind; "eternal beauty—and death that naught can shun."

It is not my purpose to attempt to praise these poems, more than to express my conviction that for poetic beauty in the strictest sense of the term, beauty that in this case depends almost wholly on sound and on those suggestions, now vague and again vivid, which are produced by sound, we must go back to Keats to find an equal quantity of verse by any one poet which excels them. Even less would I venture to explain the grounds of this persuasion. The poems have entered my heart through the porches of my ears. Among this great artist's cunning devices we find unexpected and strangely suggestive checks in tunes that are flowing smoothly; deep words, brought from afar, and set like blazing planets in a Milky Way of simple English; hidden harmonies, through rhyme and alliteration and cadence, which please like the rippling of unnoticed rills. There is space to quote only one of the most effective examples of the consummate technic by which he suggests far more than he definitely expresses:

"And then the clock collected in the tower
Its strength, and struck."

Mr. F. L. Lucas, in a fine little essay on these poems, quotes very happily Meleager's tribute to the odes of Sappho, saying they are "few, but roses." But, I repeat, it is not my purpose to linger in these pleasant fields gathering flowers of beauty.

What suggested to me the writing of this paper was that I perceived, or thought I perceived, a deep relationship of spirit between Hardy, Hudson, and Housman. They are alike in their keen perceptions, their intense enjoyment of the natural world, and their heroic determination not to let the love of life persuade them that life is other than it is or that death is not its ending. They are not pessimists; their appreciation of good is one of their strongest traits, and gratitude is often on their lips. They are honest and brave. In relation to Mr. Housman even more than to Mr. Hardy, all the common irrelevancies about "pessimism" and "optimism" are more than usually inept. He has expressed, moreover, the very essence of Mr. Hardy's life-work, and of Hudson's too, I think, in the following rugged lines:

"Therefore, since the world has still
Much good, but much less good than ill,
And while the sun and moon endure
Luck's a chance, but trouble's sure,
I'd face it as a wise man would,
And train for ill and not for good."

The reader will by this time, I suppose, be able to conjecture what Mr. Housman means when he sings:

"Her strong enchantments failing,
Her towers of fear in wreck,
Her limbecks dried of poisons
And the knife at her neck,

The Queen of air and darkness
Begins to shrill and cry,
'O young man, O my slayer,
To-morrow you shall die.'"

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An Uncharted Course

BY HARRIET WELLES
Author of "Anchors Aweigh," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CAPT. JOHN W. THOMASON, JR., U. S. M. C.

PROBABLY because during the weeks after he received his orders from the Navy Department . . . "you will report for duty in connection with the fitting out of the *U. S. S. Vermont* . . . and in command of that vessel when commissioned . . ." Captain John Olney had more contact than is usual with the junior officers attached to his ship, he came to know them better than would otherwise have been possible.

The executive officer had not yet reported for duty; details which would have been handled by him came directly to "The Old Man," and it was through the incident of the engineer officer's request to speak on a personal matter with his commanding officer that Captain Olney became cognizant of the doings of a new generation with which, before, he had been entirely unfamiliar.

He liked his engineer officer on sight. Young Carson was a quiet, intelligent, straight-glancing boy with a dignified bearing and very blue eyes. His manner was equally direct: "I wanted to ask if I might have a few days' leave . . . sir? . . . No, sir: there's no time coming to me. I've had all that was due. I wouldn't ask if it wasn't absolutely necessary."

Captain Olney, martinet, frowned. "I'll have to know what you class as 'absolutely necessary,' Carson."

Lieutenant-Commander Carson found it difficult to commence; he fidgeted and cleared his throat. "You see, sir, my wife's at Reno, getting a divorce, and things aren't running smoothly for her. She's quarrelled with her landlady over the poor food and uncomfortable quarters, and she's telegraphed me five times in two days to come and straighten matters out for her. I think it's my duty to go and calm her down."

Captain Olney stared at his engineer officer. "I don't believe that I heard you correctly!"

"Yes, sir, you did." Carson laughed nervously. "It *sounds* preposterous to any one who doesn't know Gwladys: she's very excitable and high-strung—goes completely to pieces over trifles. Just now she's terribly upset."

"What's that to you—if you've drifted apart enough for a divorce? She's getting it, I believe you said? . . . In my home State it's no honor to be the guilty one in divorce proceedings!" Hastily he amended: "I speak from hearsay, of course. I'm an inexperienced and thankful bachelor!"

"Reno divorces are different," Carson instructed him. "Neither Gwladys nor I have any criminal grounds—I only consented because she was so miserable with me. Gwladys is eleven years younger than I, and she thinks she's fallen in love with an ensign-aviator of her own age. At first I laughed at her, tried to reason with her and bring her to her senses; but it wasn't any use! After four months of tears at every meal and a persecuted attitude the rest of the time, I gave in. *I can't stand watching a woman cry!*"

"Humph!" growled the captain. "Gwladys has money of her own, I judge!"

"Not a cent! Her people are the kind that have lived always beyond their means, in an endless turmoil of financial bickerings and quarrelling. I first noticed Gwladys through being sorry for her—her mother is so cheap and silly. What *is* the matter with the mothers nowadays, sir? It seemed so unfair for Gwladys never to have a chance."

"Judging from results I'd say that *you*

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took the chance! Who's paying for this divorce?"

"I am, sir."

"Carson," demanded the captain suspiciously, "*are you joking?*"

The engineer officer reddened. "I suppose that what I've said sounds to you like a cheap anæmic pose? Well, it isn't!" Seriously Carson added: "I'm a firm believer in giving people their chance. If they really think that certain conditions will bring them happiness, I'll do anything I can to help them achieve those conditions. I don't mean just Gwladys. *Anybody!* . . . Sir? . . . Yes, I've read what Emerson says about changed circumstances not remedying defects of character—but who am I to judge what might be just around the corner for them?"

"Just how recently," inquired the captain, "did you arrive at this remarkable viewpoint?"

"*Long ago.* My mother was an invalid for several years before she died, and she forgot her suffering in reading all sorts of books on travel and history—but mostly those on philosophy. Ever read any of those old Oriental writers, sir? . . . Well, one of their assertions has stuck in my memory, due, probably, to hearing my mother wonder if any one could speak with such conviction who hadn't some grounds for his assurance; he believed that if, *knowingly*, you slur over, neglect, evade or do badly any duty which definitely falls to your lot here, *you'll have to come back and do it over!* That worried my mother!" He shook his head reminiscently. "We lived on a big isolated Western ranch where you couldn't get help of any kind; the servant class didn't exist. After my mother had read and thought over that mystic's book I've known her to clean the same floor seven or eight times in succession, until not a streak or a blemish showed. 'I've always hated to scrub,' she said. 'If that philosopher is correct, scrubbing is the one thing that I want to have forever behind me.' And that's how I feel about Gwladys: if ever I should have to come back, I don't want to repeat this sordid, miserable business. I'd rather do my best *this time.*"

Captain Olney had a moment of realization as to the reason why hitting below the belt had been adjudged unsportsmanlike. For the first time since command rank had bestowed upon him the power to make decisions and issue edicts he was bereft of comment. Defensively he growled: "Outrageous nonsense——!"

". . . she thinks she's fallen in love with an ensign-aviator of her own age."—Page 158.

The engineer officer flushed. "You see, Gwladys hasn't any foundations to build on: she's a modern product. I thought that when she escaped from her home, she'd develop—but she hasn't." He paused, then added honestly: "Of course it wasn't entirely because I was sorry for Gwladys that I married her: like all modern girls, she was carefully pretty."

"Isn't she pretty now?"

"When you're fond of a person you don't think of that, do you?" Lieutenant-Commander Carson hesitated. "I don't like the paint and shellac women use nowadays: it's a definite retrogres-

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sion to the primitive. I tell Gwladys that instead of sighing for a string of pearls she ought to get a necklace of sharks' teeth; 'any coward can steal from an oyster'!"

"H'm!" commented the captain. "Then you're still 'fond' of her?"

"Yes, I believe that Gwladys has fine qualities—only nothing in her life with me calls them out. She hasn't needed to practise self-denial or courage or consideration or sympathy; her chief emotion has been resentment over her lack of good times as a girl, and a determination to have them now. I couldn't leave her moping around while I was off on this cruise. She and that aviator would get themselves talked about, sure as fate!"

Captain Olney spoke sternly: "You seem to have mapped out your plan of action to the last detail; not a chink left open for help or advice! Now let me tell you something, young man: I consider you to be personally responsible for this whole newfangled muddle. I disapprove of it in every particular. And I won't have scandal and gossip following an officer on my ship—especially the kind of gossip and scandal that gets into the newspapers. Such things are bad for a ship's morale: men don't take orders respectfully from an individual who's proved that he can't run his own affairs. 'Officer pays for wife's divorce so she can marry ensign'—that sort of stuff! If you get the reporters after you I'll ask for your detachment." He stood up to signify that the interview was over. "Your request for leave is refused. And let this end it."

The engineer officer arose; he was very pale now. "I'd dislike newspaper notoriety even more than you would, sir. I'm sorry to have bothered you. Please don't ever think of the matter again."

Unfortunately for Lieutenant-Commander Carson his affairs could not be disposed of so easily: he found it necessary to reopen the subject with Captain Olney: he wanted, he reluctantly stated, to make a monthly allotment from his pay to Gwladys.

"You don't mean to tell me that, after all the rumpus of your Reno divorce, you two have made it up?" demanded the captain furiously. "*Young man!* If there's one thing that I detest it's fuzzy-mindedness——"

The engineer officer hastily intervened: "We haven't any such idea!"

Captain Olney stared at him.

"Gwladys and that ensign won't be able to get along on his pay," explained Carson. "I find that, alone, he can't keep out of debt—so where would he be when he has to pay for a woman's hats and dresses, not to mention her board and lodging? They'll be in constant hot water! So I've decided that, until he gets a raise, I'll make her a monthly allowance. Sort of alimony."

The captain still stared at him.

"You see, sir, if I hadn't failed in my attempt to make her happy she wouldn't be marrying him. And if they began right away quarrelling over money, how much of the happiness she expects would Gwladys get——?"

Captain Olney's power of speech had returned. "I suppose that you're too 'modern' to suggest to your wife that if she wants to make bricks she'd better furnish the straw?"

"The rules of the Pharaohs' time wouldn't work nowadays; you have to take things as you find them——"

"*You* certainly seem to take them *just* as you find them!" roared the captain. "You aren't fit to be an officer if you haven't any more initiative than you've shown! What would you do in an accident aboard ship—sit down and mull over what some Oriental wrote three thousand years ago? Now let me tell you something: if you are making an allotment to that trifling wife of yours because, *at any price*, you're glad to get rid of her, *you're a coward!* And if, as you imply, you're trying to help her build up happiness on such foundations, *you're a fool!* And whichever you are, it's no credit to you! This is the very last word I ever want to hear about such private affairs as yours. Never again speak to me on any but official matters!"

But even as he waved an imperious hand in dismissal, compunction seized him. The lad looked so young and puzzled; his shoulders drooped under the baffling task of doing his best. Captain Olney caught himself wondering if those poet fellows who chanted so yearningly of

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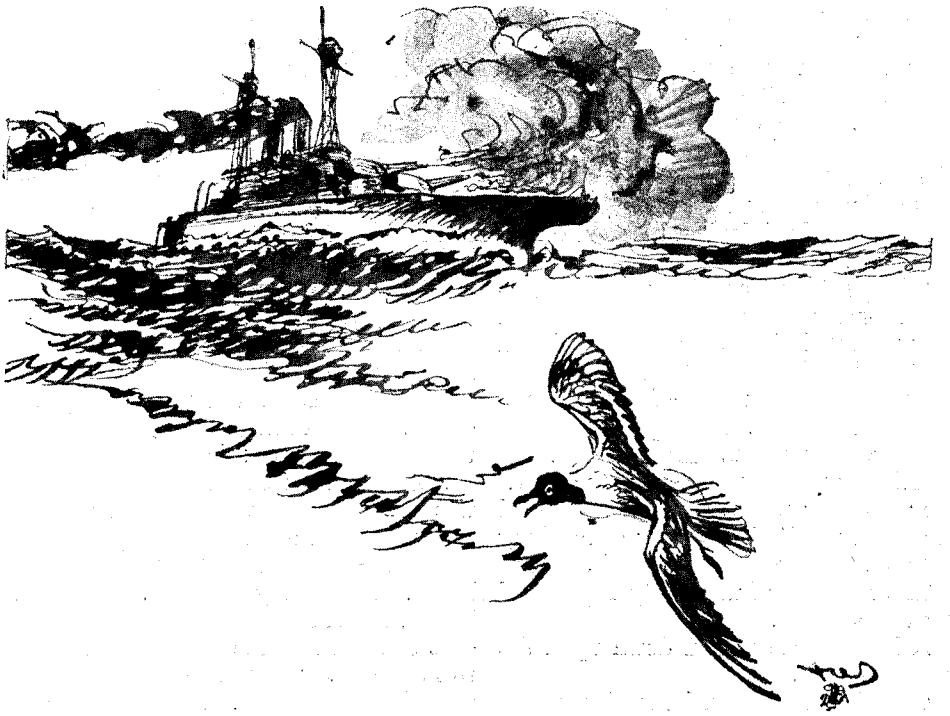
youth really believed that intelligent people regretted so bitterly youth's passing? He doubted it! The heat of the day might have its drawbacks: at least you knew where you wanted to go—but youth! Bah! An uncharted course!

With a definite effort he banished the Carsons from his thoughts. "Human nature's changing or else—as I sincerely hope—that young man and his wife are isolated examples!" was his decision. Then the strenuous final work of getting the ship into commission drove less important matters from his mind. On the day of the official ceremonies he went through the prescribed formalities; accepted for the ship a gift of colors presented by a delegation of club women, a silver service given by the governor and a committee representing the ship's name State; then sped the official guests and put to sea. Life aboard settled down to busy usualness. Drills, inspections, and conferences crowded the days. And after the trial runs and tests had been successfully carried out the *Vermont* joined the fleet and went out to take part in target practice.

Captain Olney had almost forgotten his engineer officer's marital perplexities when fate drew him again into Lieutenant-Commander Carson's complicated affairs. The ship's first target practice furnished the compelling reason.



. . . the *Vermont* joined the fleet and went out to take part in target practice.

"Efficiency in target practice—or the lack of it—makes or mars a ship; it's the decisive thing for which a battleship is created," remarked the captain to the executive officer.

The executive agreed; then self-protectingly let down an anchor to windward: "Of course, with this brand new vessel, and the first time the guns are fired, it's a little different."

"H'm! Perhaps . . . But no ship of mine has ever fallen down in target practice, so I'm not planning for an innovation." He stood up. "Everything ready: fire-control, range-finders, plot-

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ting-room? . . . Then I'll be on my way to the conning-tower."

From that lofty vantage point—in company with the navigator—Captain Olney watched the last preparations on the deck below: the harassed executive here, there, everywhere, appeared, disappeared, reappeared. Above the babel sounded the bugler's clear call to general quarters; a rush of gun crews to the turrets; followed, five minutes later, by officers' call and the taking up of specified positions. The captain, peering down, spied the executive arriving at his post in the lee of a turret, just as the plotting-room telephoned: "Target bears twenty-seven and a half degrees forward of the beam, sir!"

"I hope," commented the captain conversationally to the navigator, "that that new vertical hoist works all right, but I mistrust innovations. I don't like handling the powder in silk bags—instead of the trusty old tin cans. I was growling about it to one of the retired admirals at the club and I said: 'The navy's gone to the dogs!' He answered: 'Sure! It always has and it always will!' Polite way of breaking it to me that I was in the fossil class!"

The navigator indignantly repudiated such blasphemy.

A long silence settled down upon the conning-tower.

Captain Olney peered uneasily toward the turret, whose door, opening from within, was tightly closed preparatory to firing. "It's past time for that first salvo—" grumbled the captain; then clutched at the table for support as a strange, terrifying tremor shook the ship.

There was a moment of appalled stillness, a dull pause, no one moved or spoke; men stopped short, their errands forgotten, their sentences unfinished; the busy deck was galvanized into quietness. . . . Then, as a thin sluggish green film of smoke commenced seeping out from the forward turret the captain sprang for the telephone, to have his tense query: "*What happened?—*" drowned out by the deafening clamor of gongs and bugles sounding general alarm and fire call.

". . . Explosion. Twenty-two men caught in the forward turret—" came the announcement from the plotting-room.

"What ammunition had they?"

"A good deal, sir. . . . And a fifty-pound bag had just gone up on the sponson——"

The captain did not wait to hear more. Breathlessly he made for the ladder, descended, and ran down the deck toward the turret. It was tightly closed, rigidly jammed, portentously still; no voices from within begged release. The guns pointed skyward at extreme elevation.

"Couldn't be worse!" gasped the ordnance officer, working with his men in an ineffectual effort to find some one small enough to enter the turret through the sight-hoods around the guns.

"Get a hose! Force it through! Maybe some one inside there is still conscious enough to pull it down and use it——"

But no help came, and without inner assistance the hose could not be jammed through the restricted opening. Several minutes were lost in the futile attempt.

Captain Olney could not endure another second of inaction nor the sight of the sluggish, slowly thickening smoke.

Suddenly he remembered that there was a tiny entrance in the floor of that turret through a compartment, jammed with electrical equipment, on the deck below. Frantically he ran toward the ladder, went down, made his way forward—to be halted by the executive, running to meet him. "Better go back, sir: the turret's being opened. They'll be taking out the gun crew."

"Who opened it?"

"Engineer officer. He went—*immediately* after the explosion—and wormed his way through the little opening into the turret. The men say he had a hard time squirming through: the space left between the deck and the breeches, when the guns are at extreme elevation, is so narrow. And all the time his head was in the fire and fumes."

"Why the engineer officer? It's outside his duty!"

"*Initiative!* He told the men that he thought there were two more rounds of ammunition in there ready to explode, gave the order: '*No one is to follow me*'—and shut the opening. I didn't get there until too late!"

They were breathless when they reached the turret. In their absence, obeying muffled orders from within, the hose had

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been successfully forced through the sight-hood, the fire extinguished. The door swung slowly back.

Through the opening there emerged an appalling figure with singed hair and eyebrows, a scorched and blackened face; he was clad in smoking fragments and

Through the opening there emerged an appalling figure . . . blankly oblivious of his surroundings, intent only upon his duty.

charred shoes. With his burned hands he tugged at two of the unconscious gun crew and, staggering came forward, blankly oblivious of his surroundings, intent only upon his duty. Carefully he laid down his two charges and started back; then, seeing that a score of men had taken up his task, he paused, groped blindly for support, and—even as Captain Olney sprang to his aid—collapsed limply where he stood.

Later, when the dead and injured were being moved to the tugs which were to carry them to the Naval Hospital, the captain stopped beside the stretcher upon which—ghastly under the bright yellow, picric-acid soaked first-aid bandages—the engineer officer lay, and attempted a husky remark. There was no response.

The captain tried again: "*Carson*——"

A hospital corps man intervened: "He don't hear you, sir! That turret was all afire when he stuck his head into it!"

"I know!" answered the captain, and turned back to the chaos of his ship. Desolately he debated: "And that's the lad I called a coward and accused of lacking initiative!"

Followed then a grim interval. Every day, among the injured at the Naval Hospital, the death list lengthened; each morning the survivors might seem to be holding their own, but one or two would slowly develop the strange hoarseness indicative of internal burns; soon their empty cots were carried out. The ward reserved for them grew roomier and roomier. Captain Olney, viewing their vacant places, grew grayer and sadder; his dreams were haunted by spectres with burned faces and bandaged hands.

His last visit every day was to the room of the engineer officer—there to stand looking down at the lieutenant-command-

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er's swathed head and limp, helpless hands. Carson did not notice his commanding officer but lay staring at nothing with blank, half-closed eyes. The captain was the only visitor allowed to see him—and the sight brought no solace; after several visits he asked audience with the chief doctor and demanded to know why nothing was being accomplished.

"Carson doesn't want to be helped.... Do you know what the only words he's spoken since he's been here were? One of the doctors was trying to persuade him to eat, and all the result he got was Carson's whisper: 'Too tired.' No medicine reaches that."

"It ought to!" asserted the captain stubbornly.

"What do you know about it? . . . The shock your engineer officer had wasn't any ordinary one—that turret must have been an inferno! I hear that he's been awarded a medal for exceptional bravery? Quite right, too! If any one ever earned it, he did!"

Captain Olney nodded. "The medal came to-day. Do you think that if we made a little ceremony of the presentation to-morrow we might arouse him?" Then, as the doctor dubiously shook his head, the captain's unhappiness broke into irritation: "You medicos are a fine lot! You can't even cure a man that isn't sick!"

"He's not only *really* sick—he's getting ready to go," answered the doctor grimly. "Find something that interests him—the rest will be easy; it doesn't matter what the interest is, only so he gets it. As for that medal: present it if you like. I doubt whether Carson'll ever know—or care—that he has it."

Captain Olney returned to the engineer officer's room, made a valiant effort to decide upon the material for arousing interest, chose his own most absorbing preoccupation, keyed his voice to enthusiasm, and launched forth: "You'll be glad to know that the ship's getting back into shape again, Carson. Of course there are inspections and inquiries being held all over the place—that's inevitable!" He paused to glance at the lieutenant-commander's unnoting expression. "The sick lads are coming along well," remarked the captain; then hastily amended: "I mean that some of them are! They ask after you—those who are able!"

Carson showed not the faintest interest.

The captain embarked upon a detailed account of ship affairs, expounding and enlarging upon the daily happenings. Treacherously he repeated several pieces of news told him by another captain recently returned from a visit to the Navy Department. It became amazingly evident to him that Carson was not even slightly interested in the ship or in the service!

Captain Olney paused, cleared his throat, hesitated, came to a baffled halt. . . . *Somehow . . . the brooding stillness of that room was commencing to get on his nerves. It seemed always waiting to creep back, to close over . . . as deep water, disturbed by a stone, tranquilly resumes its calm. . . . What was it that was waiting? . . . And was he an impertinent intruder, a fool rushing in?* . . . He arose and laid a gentle hand upon Carson's shoulder. "I'll be back to-morrow with a surprise for you," he whispered—and fled.

The doctor was right about the presentation of the medal. Captain Olney knew the bitterness of futility when, after the brief formalities of reading the accompanying citation and a letter from the secretary of the navy, he pinned the medal to the engineer officer's pajama coat. Carson's half-closed eyes were dull; he was so evidently beyond the reach of honors or approval that his commanding officer stifled a groan. Outside in the hallway, he spoke fiercely to the doctor: "Don't you dare let him go! There are some things I must say to him! If you know of anything that will help him, *get it!*"

The doctor answered: "In cases like this we're helpless."

Captain Olney, descending the stairs, repeated the word: "'Helpless'! That lad who, all of his life, had made it a fixed rule to help every person who had a real or an imaginary claim upon him—" His unhappiness made him oblivious of a young woman standing by the outer door; not until she touched his sleeve did he notice that she was young, blond, smartly dressed, and that a small hat sat awry upon her bobbed hair. She

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"You're George Carson's commanding officer, aren't you? *How is he?*"

seemed little more than the child for which, at first glance, the captain had mistaken her.

In a choked voice she asked: "You're George Carson's commanding officer, aren't you? *How is he?*"

". . . Dying. . . ."

She swallowed hard. "I've been here every day, but they won't let me see him."

"The doctors are trying to conserve his strength."

"But I'm his wife—at least *I was*, until I made the hideous mistake of thinking that I loved some one else. . . . Why can't I see him? . . . If he knew that I

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was here he'd *make them* let me go to him!"

The captain stared down at her small, tear-stained face, crooked hat, and tumbled hair. "Then you're Gwladys?——"

"Yes. And I want to tell him that I know what a fool I've been." The tears welled into her eyes and ran down her cheeks. "I hadn't *realized* . . . what life without him would be . . . until I read his name . . . in the list of the injured." She sobbed aloud. "I hadn't ever *imagined* . . . what it would be like . . . not to have him to turn to. . . . *He always helps!* . . . I *must* see him . . . and tell him. . . ."

"Tell him what?"

"That I know how selfish and cruel I've been. But that . . . *I'm so . . . sorry. . . .*"

Amazingly Captain Olney found himself agreeing with Carson's description of her: she *was* forlorn and appealing, combining, with her evident need for consideration and protection, an exasperating stubbornness; in the face of refusals and rebuffs from the hospital authorities she had haunted the place, awaiting her chance. At the thought of her tenacity the captain hardened his heart.

"I won't contradict your judgment of yourself! When I remember what you've put your husband through, I don't think that any one owes you much sympathy. However, the shock of that turret fire following his worry over you has knocked the will to live, clean out of Carson. None of us can rouse him. Maybe you can. If the doctor is willing, it's worth a trial. In a world jammed full of selfish, greedy, unintelligent people we can't afford to lose a single one of his rare kind."

But back in the engineer officer's room the captain's experiment seemed a forlorn hope. Carson was oblivious of his wife's presence, heedless of her frightened whispered appeals. To Captain Olney, looking down at the lieutenant-commander's quiet face, at the unnoted medal for conspicuous bravery hanging awry, came the realization that the loneliest of all created things is the soul which is getting ready to go. Desperately he turned to Gwladys: "Say something, can't you?"

She shook her head. For the first time in her life she had encountered something too big for her, something beyond tears. The room was very still with that encroaching stillness which was Captain Olney's particular dread; he wanted to fight it off with some decisive action—but what effort would serve him now? Irrelevantly there came to him the remembrance of that day when Carson—speaking of the old mystics and of his mother's belief in their admonition concerning the retribution dealt out to those who wilfully neglected their tasks here—had admitted that he shared the fear. . . . Should he attempt to reach him now through that? And how?

Outside in the harbor his beloved ship awaited his return; aboard her a Court of Inquiry was conducting an investigation of his administration; by all rights he should be there. But Captain Olney was convinced that unless the one right word could be spoken *now* to his engineer officer, the time for such speaking would be forever gone. He made a supreme effort; his voice held authority: "Carson! Your wife is here! Come back!"

There was a faint movement of the lieutenant-commander's heavy eyelids. Seeing it, the captain repeated his challenge: "Carson! *Come back!* Your wife needs you!"

But the engineer officer was not listening. Captain Olney despondently shook his head.

And then, when he had given up, the miracle happened. Mrs. Carson spoke. She had forgotten herself and all the petty things with which she had filled her life. If her husband was to go, she must help him to go happily—taking with him the memory of her first valiant, unselfish effort. A gentle new spirit rang, wistful and entreating, through her quiet words:

"You mustn't worry over me any more, George. . . . I'll get along somehow! . . . But I want you to know—even if you can't hear anything else—*I want you to know that I love you!*"

When, a few minutes later, the captain paused for a second in the doorway he saw what was to be his one exultant memory of a time of sorrow, strain, and suffering: for Lieutenant-Commander Carson was trying comfortingly to touch his wife's bowed head with one feeble bandaged hand.

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If one hails a gondola here, one finds oneself gliding between a succession of noble old palaces, great and small. The pale-green water laps the bases of their walls and the tall mooring-posts are often painted with the family colors.

Venice

THE NOISELESS CITY

Eight Drawings by F. H. Marvin

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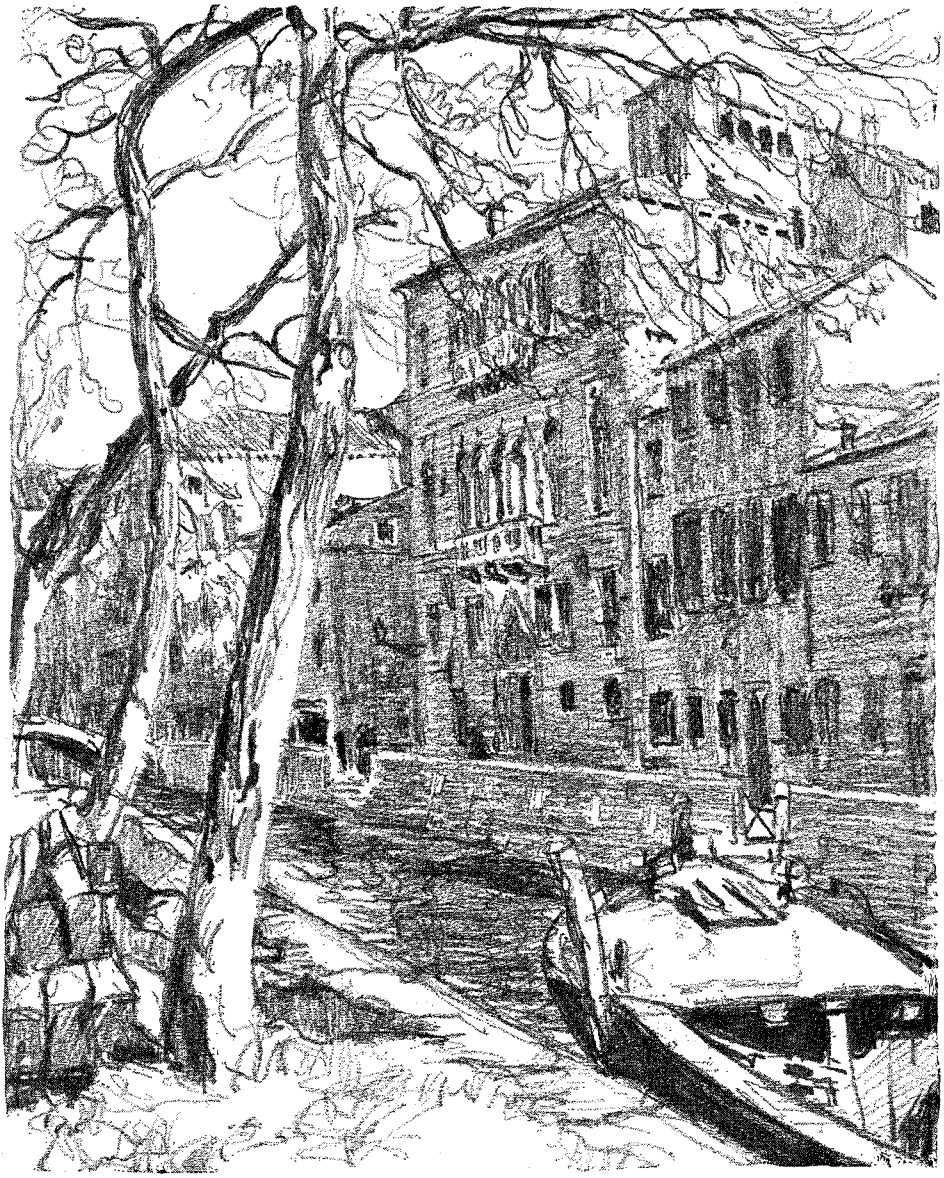

Here, too, even in these narrow canals, we pass many fine old palaces.

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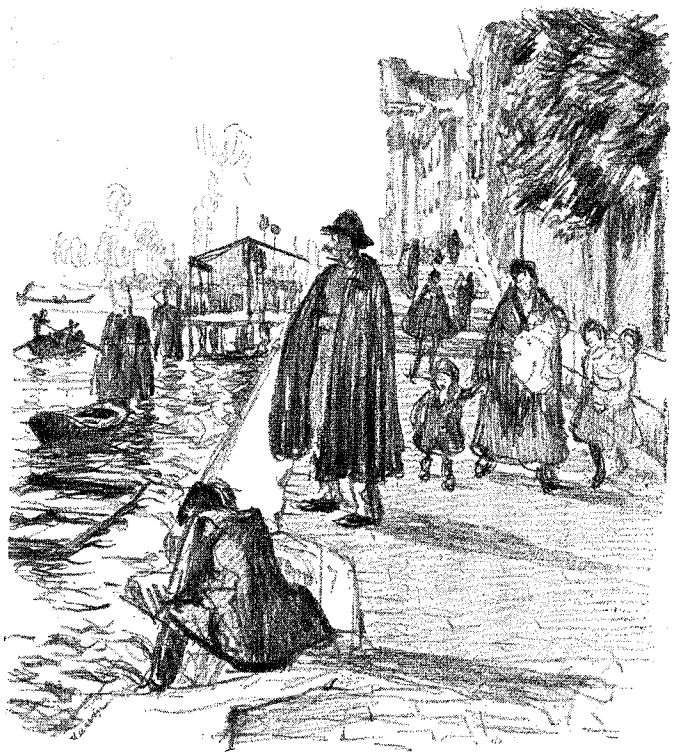
Under the numerous bridges pass all sorts of boats—gondolas and the lighter (and swifter) sandolos, or larger boats ("burche") laden with vegetables from the mainland.



Passing through a dark archway one may unexpectedly come out on the bright and sunny "Riva," bordering the basin of San Marco.

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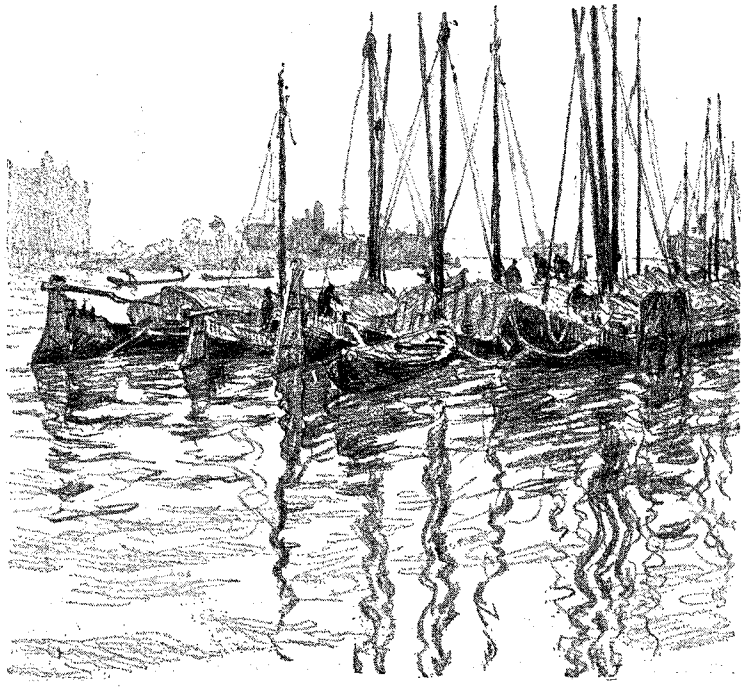

Where occasional steamers come and go, and lumber schooners from the Piave lie at anchor.

It is always interesting to watch the moving life of the wide waterway.

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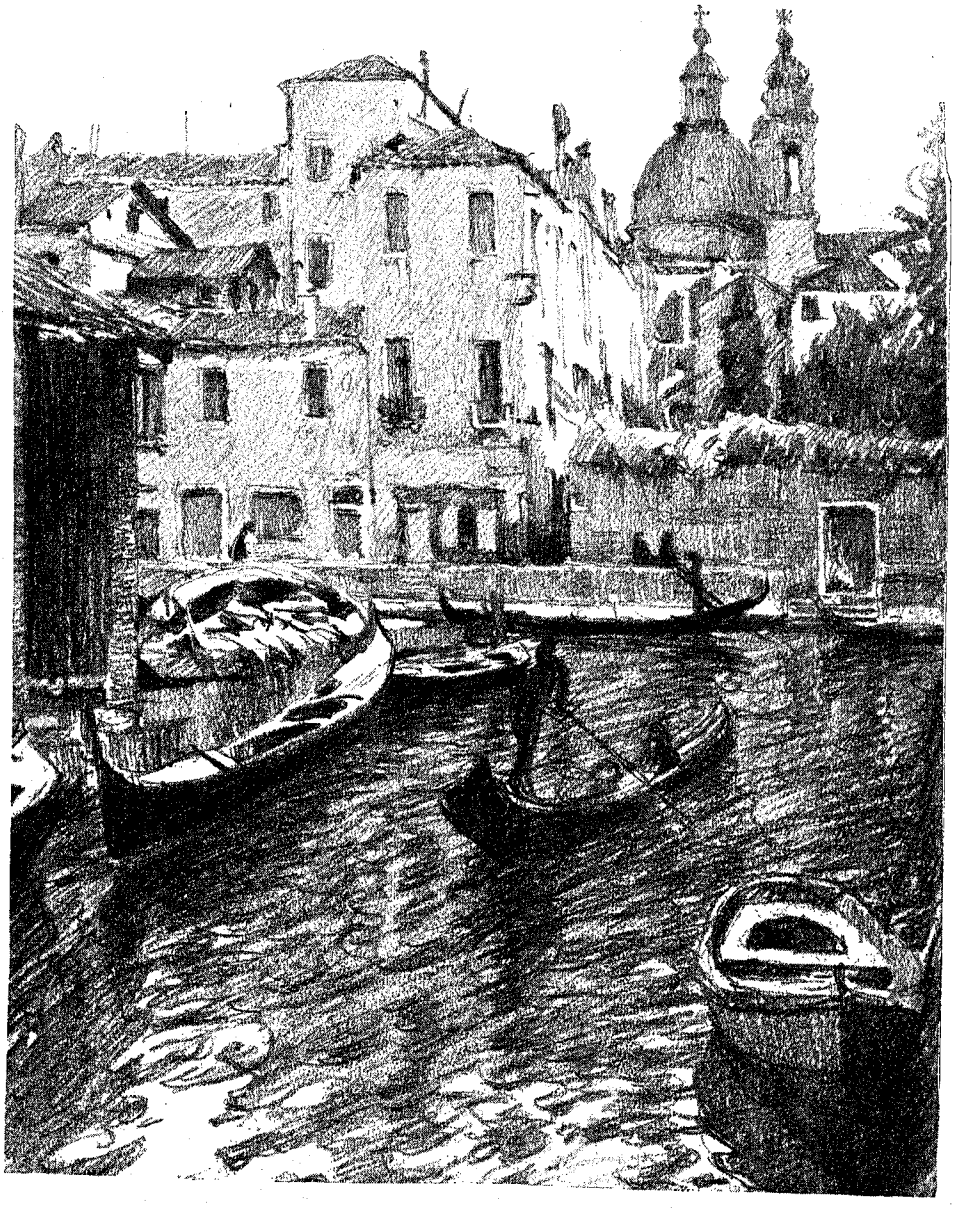

Turning into a side canal, our gondolier gives a peculiar cry of warning as he rounds the sharp corners.

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After numerous turns, perhaps as the canal widens, we shall see before us the broad expanse of the lagoon, and, if we wish, we can go on out over its calm surface, on past Murano, with its glass factories, and still on for mile after mile to far away.

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The Lost Story

BY CLARKE KNOWLTON
Author of "The Apollo d'Oro"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GRACE DRAYTON

"All things that seem
Are but
One dreamer's dream."
—CHIYO.

I SET down the facts as he gave them to me—the facts that seem infinitely more important than any explanation. If you are a materialist, you will say that it was all imagination, only imagination—the confused dreaming of a little boy; but after all are you sure? And of what are you sure? In our sordid preoccupation with the dull type of earthly experience what do we know of a reality not included between that capital letter termed birth and the strange hieroglyphic which lurks, forever enigmatic, the last of printed symbols?

It may have been purely accidental that he told me about it on the eve of his departure; it may have been something more subtle by far. Certainly, if he had been asking for bread, I had given him a stone. But how was I to know? So many young business men from distant cities descend upon one in New York armed with letters of introduction and a desire to see the sights. How was I to sense that this one differed from the others, unless it were that he seemed more presentable and had a rather nicer sense of humor?

After he was gone, I cursed my own lack of discernment. There were people I might have had him meet, other things than dancing, theatres, and an occasional studio party. Also, I was to remember again how Margaret Owen had summed him up that first night at the Lido-Venice. "I like him," she had said. "Bronze wings." But I had put that down to the fact that Margaret was a woman and hence rather inclined to be influenced by such things as brown eyes, stalwart shoulders, and a certainly very well tailored back.

He came around that last evening, so he said, to thank me for having been decent to him during his somewhat protracted stay in the city. He found me ostensibly at work on a story, but in reality—since it wasn't going—hoping that the young sculptor chap with whom I was sharing a studio would return to give me an excuse for stopping work under pretense of arguing about the exact proportions of the open fire and whether it might really be large enough to keep me from actually freezing without irreparable damage to the army of mummified clay figures with which the place was thronged.

I explained about the story and said that I welcomed the interruption. I even mixed a drink to prove it.

"I'll tell you a story," my guest volunteered when the drink was ready. "Though it really is only the imprint of a story."

"The imprint of a story?" I asked as I pushed forward a ponderous armchair. "Sit down."

He slumped into the chair, taking care not to spill his drink. "Yes. Like yours, it wouldn't come clear," he said.

"How well I know that feeling!" I seated myself on our second-best chair. "Makes suicide seem advisable."

He smiled at me, and I noted again that this man smiled with his eyelids; they crinkled up in the most engaging way, and when he opened them suddenly the brown eyes sparkled with little flickering golden lights that seemed to be falling sparks from a previous and private conflagration.

"I can only tell you of it," he said, "by telling you of the impression it made on a little boy."

"Would it be indiscreet to ask if you

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were the little boy?" I questioned stupidly.

"That little boy is gone," he said. "He certainly is not I; nor are his memories mine." For a moment he was lost in revery. "And yet," he suddenly burst out, "if you made fun of him I'd want to fight you."

"I won't make fun of him."

"It seems odd," he said slowly, "that people didn't make fun of him. They might have so easily. Mighty decent they were—those good people—considering——"

"Begin at the beginning," I urged.

"There is no beginning."

"The little boy had a beginning!"

"The little boy had a beginning that came too soon."

The little boy used to sit for hours, staring into space—Page 177.

"How do you mean?"

"He arrived in this vale of tears a couple of months before he was expected."

"So?"

"But he insisted on staying."

"He seems to have had determination from the very first."

"Yes. Even his enemies would have granted him that," he said meditatively.

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"Enemies?"

"Did you ever see Jackie Coogan?" he asked, irrelevantly it seemed to me. I replied that I was a perfectly loyal American.

"Well, there is a picture of this little boy—it must have been taken when he was about three—might remind you of Jackie Coogan."

"Yes?"

"Same big, dark, solemn eyes . . . wistful little mouth. . . . He had on a black velvet suit." For a moment my companion remained silent; then he contined: "It all must have happened before he was five—they moved away from there when he was five—and he must have been well over three when they first heard of the story that was to cause them all so much trouble. Shall I tell you about it as I have pieced it together?"

I said that there was nothing would please me more.

"The descriptions of the little boy will be those of other people, for of course many of these incidents have been told me."

"I understand," I said.

He took a long drink from his glass, set it carefully on a nearby table, leaned back, closed his eyes for a moment, and then, opening them, began abruptly. And this is the story that he told me:

"One day he came running to his mother, very much excited. 'Mama,' he cried, 'there's a white horse out front.' His mother was very busy—she was always very busy. 'Well?' she said casually. He tugged at her skirt. 'Hurry, mama. If we follow him maybe he'll show us the other one,' he begged. 'What other one?' she asked. 'Why, mama, the one I used to ride.' How aggravatingly casual grown people can be! 'The one you used to ride? When?' she inquired, looking at him for the first time. She saw his eyes cloud. 'Mama, didn't I ever ride a white horse?' he asked.

"'Not that *I* ever heard of,' she said. What she meant was that if he had ever ridden any kind of a horse it had been without her knowledge; also that the matter would bear investigation—men being what they are.

"'But, mama,' he said earnestly, 'if I didn't ride a white horse, what about the chickens with the pretty tails?'

"'The chickens with the pretty tails? What chickens?' They might be a clue.

"'Mama, they was chickens, wasn't they?' he said.

"'I don't know, precious—were they?' she asked with the subtlety of the serpent.

"He raised his hands and spread the fingers wide. 'Mama, theys tails went like this,' he explained.

"'They did?'

"'Yes, mama, and they was pretty—so pretty. And the lady was pretty too.'

"'What lady?'

"'The pretty lady.'

"'What pretty lady?'

"'Why, mama, don't you know about the pretty lady?' he asked in surprise.

"His mother admitted that she didn't.

"'Mama, the one that used to play with the prince.'

"'Oh,' cried the good woman, enlightened and reassured. 'One of those stories your grandmother has been reading to you.'

"'No, mama.'

"'Yes, dear. It's in a book.'

"He raised his eyes earnestly to her face. 'Are you sure, mama? Is it in a book?'

"'Yes, dear. Run and ask grandma to read it to you!'

"'But, mama, the white horse will get away.'

"'It doesn't matter, dear. The horse out front doesn't know anything about the other one. You'll find out about him in the book. Go ask grandma!'

"But his grandmother didn't know. She wanted to read him about Cinderella and the Prince, though he told her it wasn't that. He listened with dignified condescension—a little boy has to humor grown-ups. When she had finished he shook his head. 'No, grandma, I knowed it wasn't that!' he said, but when she questioned him about the story, he couldn't make her understand. 'Grandma,' he said solemnly, 'I guess we'll just have to read 'em all until we come to the right one.'

"Very kind she was—that old lady. Day after day she read to the little boy; story after story she read; she read every book that she had ever read to him in the

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past. Sometimes after one or two pages he would shake his head. 'No, it's not that,' he would say, and they would try another. 'But how,' asked the old lady one day, 'do you know it's not that?'

The little boy shut his eyes and entered the parlor.—Page 177.

"'Because, grandma, I would know.'

"'But, dear, you can't tell me the story.'

"'Grandma,' he pleaded, 'I knowed it—all of it; and if you was to commence it I'd know it again. . . . I—I would, grandma!'

"'But how did it go?'

"The little boy passed his hand across his forehead. 'I—I'm forgettin'; all the time I'm forgettin'. Grandma, if we don't find it soon, I'm afraid it will all be gone.' But when they finished the last book, they hadn't found the story. . . .

It seems perfectly natural that the grandmother should have wearied of the subject. 'You see,' she remarked brusquely, as she laid down the book, 'it's not in the books.' . . . The little boy sat very quiet for quite a long time; at last he said unsteadily: 'But, grandma—if it's not in the books—won't I ever know?' The old lady said afterward that the eyes he raised

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to hers were terrible to behold—the eyes of a child lost in the dark corridors of hell, remembering the light. She said they nearly broke her heart. 'Good gracious, child!' she cried, 'if it means as much as that to you, we'll find it if we have to read every book that was ever written.' But they never found it, and soon afterward the grandmother went away."

At this point in his narrative, my guest picked up his glass, held it up absently toward the firelight, then set it down untasted. I wheeled the statue of a lady from within whose gray wrappings faint but alarming noises had been issuing to a position somewhat more removed from the fireside. "He wasn't the first who has failed to find it in the books," I remarked as I returned to my seat. But my companion did not seem to hear me: it was some minutes before he roused himself and continued with the tale:

"The little boy used to sit for hours, staring into space, trying to remember. All by himself—out on the porch—sometimes on the attic stairs. His head used to ache. . . . Oh, those efforts to remember, and always so futile, so very futile; it never came that way.

"The next time he questioned his mother she referred him to his father. 'Papa,' he asked one night at dinner, 'will you find out for me about the story?'

"'What story?' asked his father.

"'You know, dear,' said the boy's mother; 'the one about the pretty chickens and the prince.'

"'No. I don't know,' returned the father, surprised.

"The mother winked at the father with an expressive nod toward the little boy. 'Of course you remember!' But she was not quite quick enough; the little boy saw her, and always he remembered that wink.

"'Oh, yes,' said his father quickly—too quickly. 'I'll find out about it to-morrow—sure thing.' They hoped the little boy would forget, you see. But he didn't forget; it was far too important for that.

"Night after night he'd be waiting for his father. 'Did you find out to-day, papa?' How his father must have regretted that promise! Uncle Ned said that they ought to have beaten it out of the boy then and there; but they didn't, not then. . . . The father even took to going to the Public Library and looking up all sorts of queer stories, but he never found The Story. At last, the little boy began to lose confidence in a parent who would evade, repeat, change stories every time he told them. The little boy decided that he would have to find out for himself.

"The books were kept in the parlor—two bookcases of them. But the parlor wasn't a safe place. In fact, it was a terrible place. The parlor was guarded by an ogre—a terrible old man: he stood in a gold frame on what must have been a sort of easel in the corner—the corner across from the books. They said it was the portrait of the little boy's grandfather. The eyes followed, followed, followed one about; they forbade one, terrified one. The old man seemed about to reach out an awful hand and seize one by the hair if he so much as turned his back. Clearly it was impossible to get at the pictures in the books with those eyes watching one. Hence . . . the obvious thing to do . . . put out those eyes. But how?

"The little boy thought of it a long time—he'd never dared go into that room alone. Finally he got his mother's scissors, the big ones, and stole down stairs. The house was very quiet. Yes, the old man was right there as usual. The little boy shut his eyes and entered the parlor. He bumped into a chair and fled wildly to the kitchen. But he went back—the persistence of the little devil!—he went back, and, without looking at the old man, he pushed a chair across to the picture-frame. Shaking all over, he climbed upon the chair. He almost died of fright when he opened his eyes and saw those other eyes so close, so very close. He slashed out wildly with the scissors. He cut and cut and cut, crying all the time. The first black hole where the eye had been appeared even more horrible than the eye. When he got down, the upper part of the picture was in shreds.

"They found the floor strewn with copies of magazines, the wrecked picture, and no trace of the little boy. When they discovered him behind the stove in the

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kitchen, he sobbed out an unintelligible story about papa—the story—the books—that old man—and a white horse.

"'The kid lies so!' said Uncle Ned. 'If he were mine, I'd teach him a lesson.'

"But they didn't punish him then. It always seemed odd that they didn't punish him then: he'd expected to be punished, expected his father to be angry—his father had an incomprehensible liking for that old man. It seemed that they always punished him when he didn't expect it. Perhaps, they didn't punish him because they were taking him that night—as a surprise— to the circus—that marvellous circus. For a while he forgot all about the story.

"They were standing in front of a lion's cage when suddenly he tugged at his father's hand and pointed excitedly toward a cage of monkeys. 'Papa,' he cried, 'papa, look! They was in the story, papa. They was, they was! And, papa, the walls of the house was all like the insides of mama's coat.' (The brilliant foreign material with which his mother's new coat was lined had fascinated the little boy.) 'And, papa,' he went on when they saw the golden chariot, 'it was like that too. It was, papa!'

"For a long time afterward, in playing circus, he seemed to have forgotten the story. Then, one night, Uncle Ned came into the house swearing. 'That kid of yours is the damnedest little liar!' he said. 'If you don't teach him to tell the truth soon, he'll never learn.' The father and mother exchanged glances.

"'What's he done now?' questioned the father.

"'He met me down at the gate and asked me where my horse was, and when I said I didn't have a horse, he said I did, because he'd seen it.'

"They sent for the little boy.

"'What's all this about Uncle Ned's horse?' asked the father.

"'Papa, Uncle Ned had a horse.'

"'Uncle Ned never had a horse.'

"'Papa, Uncle Ned had a horse,' reiterated the little boy very earnestly.

"'You see?' said Uncle Ned.

"'Son, you mustn't tell lies. Uncle Ned never had a horse.'

"'Papa, I remember when Uncle Ned had a horse—not a white horse: my horse was white, but Uncle Ned's horse was—was—his wasn't white!'

"'Nonsense, Uncle Ned never had a horse.'

"'Papa, my horse run over Uncle Ned's horse, and the pretty lady laughed.'

"'You see?' cried Uncle Ned angrily.

"'Dear, you just dreamed that,' interposed the mother.

"'No, mama. Uncle Ned had a horse.'

"The father took the little boy by the shoulder. 'Son,' he said, 'that isn't so!'

"'But, papa, it is so. Uncle Ned had a horse.'

"'What'd I tell you?' angrily proclaimed Uncle Ned again.

"'I'm sorry, son; but if you insist on lying I'll have to punish you.'

"'But, papa, I tell you Uncle Ned had——'

"'Don't you say that again.'

"'Papa, Uncle Ned——'

"'You come with me!' said his father sternly.

"'Son, tell papa that Uncle Ned didn't have a horse!' entreated his mother as the little boy was dragged from the room.

"'But, mama, he had a horse. . . . Mine was white and his—' The door closed behind them.

"They say that when the little chap stood defiantly in front of the big man with the whip, alone in that upper room, the mother came and beat on the door . . . it was locked. She heard the small voice say: 'Papa, why do I have to be a little boy?' She heard the man's voice say: 'Do you still insist that Uncle Ned had a horse?' and the familiar: 'But, papa, he had a horse!' Then the fall of the whip, swish, swish, swish, very loud in the painful silence. Then angrily a voice choked with humiliation, desperation, and tears: 'Don't you dare hit me again!' Swish. The sound of a scuffle, hard breathing, swish, swish, swish. And then, one single, long, loud wail—at last.

"When the door was opened the little figure lay huddled on the floor. . . . They couldn't get him to open his eyes: he was so rigid, so unresponsive that they would have thought that he was unconscious if it hadn't been for the great racking sobs that now and then convulsed the little body, forcing their way

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relentlessly through the tight-clinched teeth. . . . They put him to bed.

"Before morning fever set in. By the time the doctor got there he was delirious—no doubt about it this time; he was delirious for many days. They never referred to the whipping—not even Uncle Ned. Perhaps it had to come! There were mornings when he woke quite normally. One morning his mother, delighted at the apparent improvement, cried: 'Good morning, Roger dear!'

"'My name's not Roger,' he protested.

"She did not contradict.

"'My name never was Roger.'

"'What is your name, dear?' She sought to humor him.

"'It's—it's—' The clouded look she had learned to fear settled across the little face. 'I—I don't know. . . . Mama, I don't know. . . . It's all going away. Mama, I can't see the pretty lady's face no more.' He beat his hands on the bedclothes. 'Mama, mama, her face is gone.'

"She took him in her arms. 'There, there,' she soothed.

"'Mama!' he implored, 'does I belong to theys or to yous?'

"'To me, dear!' she cried bravely, gayly—as only a good woman can be brave with terror clutching at her heart.

"The crisis arrived on Christmas Eve—it happens more often than one would expect in life. There was some kind of singing down the street—carol-singers, perhaps. The little lad sat up in bed. With an ecstatic expression on his face, he cried: 'Mama, they's comin' for me; I can hear them. . . . Mama, mama, I'll see the chickens, the pretty chickens.' It was the last time that he ever spoke of them."

My companion ceased speaking; the firelight played strange tricks across his face. A log in the fireplace settled noisily in the quiet of the room. I waited. "The pretty chickens with the spreading tails!" he said softly as though to himself.

"'Tall peacocks pass
Across the grass,
And trail their
Tyrian draperies.'"

I quoted under my breath from Murray Sheehan.

He shot me a golden glance. "Perhaps, turkeys," he said.

"I insist it was peacocks."

"Perhaps."

"But," I questioned, "do you remember nothing of the story, yourself?"

"Only this," he said leaning forward, "that everything was very, very beautiful, very bright. There were no shadows there. And the people seemed made of light." He rose and reached for his overcoat. "There is something reminiscent of it in Botticelli's painting. I remember Botticelli because"—he smiled at me—"once, when the little boy grew up, he did a very foolish thing."

"Yes?"

"He took a year off and went 'round the world."

"He did?"

"In search of something—anywhere—that would compare with the lining to a coat."

"And of course he never found it."

"He never found it. . . . Sometimes almost . . . there were moments——"

"Yes?"

"In India, in China, in Egypt, in Rome."

I helped him on with his coat. "What happened then?" I asked as we shook hands.

In the doorway he turned and the eyelids crinkled up a moment, then opened blindingly to the golden light. "He came back and joined the Rotarians and the Boosters Clubs."

"I don't believe it," I called after him as he disappeared. There floated back to me a line—a line in which there was laughter and something else that might have been despair:

"Nobody ever has."

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The Madness of Gamaliel Sevenoaks

BY ABBIE CARTER GOODLOE
Author of "The Trafficker," "Darius and Alexander," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY HARRY TOWNSEND

OLD SETH SNOW stuck his quill pen behind his ear, twisted himself about on his high stool, and took a squint at the slim back of the young gentleman rapidly making his way out of the glass-partitioned counting-room.

"He's a chip off the old block, Jabe," he said.

Jabez Ruggles, who sat on the stool next to Seth's, looked up an instant from the invoice he was copying, gazed reflectively after the personable young man disappearing in the direction of the Neptune wharf, where his father, Mr. Ephraim Sevenoaks, was waiting for him, and grunted a dissent.

"Can't say ez I see it, Seth," he objected. "He ain't seasoned. Old Ephraim warn't never *green*, like G'maliel. Too much Salem, I'm thinkin'. The old man's goin' to send him out to China—and a good idea, too. Four years in this countin-house's enough. He ought to see th' world a bit. He's young and innocent and thar's a power o' things to larn in this wicked world," said Jabez with a sigh, and bent to his task again over a sheet of the company's paper with its wide, red-inked margin and new letter-head that stood out in clear characters at the top.

EPHRAIM SEVENOAKS & SON
MERCHANTS
CHINA AND MEDITERRANEAN TRADE

In the right-hand upper corner was the imprint of a scudding hermaphrodite brig and beneath it the facsimile of the house flag—two five-pointed white stars on a red field. Up to a month before, the firm had been *Pinton & Sevenoaks*, but at that time Mr. Ephraim Sevenoaks had bought out old Joshua Pinton, and had made young Gamaliel a full partner in the big overseas trading business.

Mr. Sevenoaks had felt what he feared was an almost ungodly pride and elation on the day he had entered Gamaliel as junior partner. However, not only his affection but his business sense had approved his action, for during the twenty-one years of Gamaliel's life he had never disappointed his father's ambitions or thwarted his plans, and daily did Ephraim offer up thanks to the stern God he worshipped that the one indiscretion of his youth had had no evil results for his son.

The one indiscretion of Ephraim's youth had been his hasty marriage with Miss Evelina Gwathmey, of Louisville, a sister of Mr. Darius Gwathmey. Ephraim had met the gay Southern charmer on one of his trips to Kentucky for the purchase of tobacco and, for the first time in his life, lost his head as well as his heart. Evelina had flouted his New England prejudices and broken his traditions. Then she had died. That was when little Gamaliel was two years old.

Ephraim had named his boy for Mr. Gamaliel Instone, his neighbor and closest friend. They had the same religion, the same inhibitions, and the same business interests. When Mr. Instone determined to follow the trend of big shipping ventures and leave little old Salem for New York, he convinced Ephraim Sevenoaks that his business, too, would prosper by so doing, and induced him to wind up his affairs at the New England port and remove himself and three of his most trusted clerks to New York. Little Gamaliel was left behind to be brought up, safely and sanely, by his maiden aunt, a notable exponent of the most austere traditions of Salem society.

Both Ephraim and Mr. Instone pros-

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pered mightily in New York, and when young Stephen Instone and Gamaliel were about seventeen or so, Mr. Sevenoaks sent for his son, and the two rich merchants built homes side by side in St. John's Park and settled down to a sober enjoyment of their children and their comfortable fortunes. The two houses were just alike externally and of the chaste Salem style of architecture—Mr. Sevenoaks didn't approve of ostentation. And he wanted his life and Gamaliel's to be as plain, as austere, as different from other rich men's lives, as his house. He jealously maintained the simple customs he had brought with him from New England: early to bed and early to rise; prayers at night and church on Sundays, fair weather or foul; supper—no newfangled dinners in the evening; little company and no dissipations. In those days, when hard drinking was an almost universal custom, Gamaliel had never so much as tasted a glass of wine.

Ephraim had secretly expected some revolt from this quiet life on Gamaliel's part, but none came, and he realized with heartfelt gratitude that Evelina's son had inherited none of her flightinesses and inconsequential gaiety and irresponsibility. Gamaliel was as sober, as unemotionally businesslike, as religiously inclined, as even Ephraim could have desired. He was also handsome and undeniably shy. He shunned the girls—even Faith Sawyer, whom he had known from childhood. She was down from Salem on a visit to Miss Dorcas Instone, and showed a repressed but unmistakable interest in him. This interest had been secretly noted and approved by Ephraim. Faith was a most suitable partner for Gamaliel, in his opinion. She was capable and quiet, with a chilly, Madonna-like beauty that struck him as just the thing for Gamaliel and the very type he had meant to marry himself—before he met Evelina. Every day he had intended to speak to Gamaliel on the subject. It was time he was thinking of getting married.

As Ephraim watched the young man coming toward him from the counting-house, the thought again crossed his mind that he would certainly broach the idea to him and see how he took it. He would do it that very evening, he resolved. Ephraim suddenly felt old and tired. Decidedly it was time to plan seriously for his son's future and the perpetuation of his line.

During supper there was much talk of ships and cargoes, stormy weather and slow and fast voyages, but it was not until the conclusion of the meal, when the serving-maid brought in the silver tray set out with a pot of fragrant Young Hyson, a plate of nimble cake, and a squat, bamboo-covered jar of fiery Canton ginger, and left the gentlemen to themselves, that Ephraim broached the matter uppermost in his mind.

"I've been thinking, Gam," he began, puffing meditatively at his cheroot, "that it's about time you saw the other end of our business. Now that you are a partner, you ought to go out to Canton and look over our affairs there. Eighteen months aboard ship and in the Orient. What d'ye say, boy?"

Gamaliel reflected an instant before replying. It was a way he had.

"I'll go, of course, if you say so, sir. But, frankly, I'm very well contented here and I don't care about going out—unless, in your opinion, it is absolutely necessary."

Mr. Sevenoaks looked at his son from under his bushy white eyebrows. Somehow he was vaguely disappointed. It was tremendously satisfactory, of course, that Gamaliel was a cautious, quiet, home-loving youth—none of your roistering young dandies like Tony Willetts or Skiddy Van Broeck—but, by Jupiter, Gamaliel talked like an old man!

"Well, in my opinion, it *is* necessary!" Mr. Sevenoaks brought his fist down on the table. "A young fellow like yourself ought to jump at the chance of seeing the world from the deck of a fast-going merchantman!"

Gamaliel sighed a little and looked slowly about the handsome, firelit dining-room.

"I'll go if you say so, sir," he said reluctantly, after a long pause, "but I'll miss all this confoundedly"—he looked again around the familiar, charming room—"and—and church of Sunday morning, and I know I'll hate the hot countries—I like cold and snow, as you do, sir."

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Ephraim's heart went out in sympathy, but this was no time to humor Gamaliel's likes or dislikes.

"Can't be helped, Gam. You've got to go—best get it over and settle down."

Gamaliel looked at his father. "Just what do you mean by 'settle down,' sir?" he inquired gravely.

Mr. Sevenoaks moved uncomfortably in his big chair. He found it rather difficult to explain the matter he had in mind to this clear-eyed, unimpassioned young gentleman. He took the bull by the horns.

"What do I mean? Why, gettin' married, of course. What should I mean? I'm gettin' old and I want to see my grandchildren."

Gamaliel colored to the roots of his fair hair.

"But I don't like—petticoats—sir." He made a faint grimace of repugnance.

"Like 'em or not, Gam, we can't get along without 'em." Ephraim smiled sardonically. "Fact is, it's time you were marrying, and there's just the girl for you, ready and waitin'."

Gamaliel blushed again, looking not a little bewildered and disgusted.

"I don't know who you mean——"

"You don't? You haven't noticed that Faith Sawyer——?"

"Faith Sawyer! You must be mistaken, sir." Gamaliel spoke coldly.

"Mistaken! Fiddlesticks! You've only got to ask her and she'll fall like a ripe plum——"

Gamaliel recoiled, shocked to the bottom of his proper soul.

"If it's the same to you, father, I'd rather not discuss——"

"It isn't the same to me," interrupted Ephraim grimly. "You'll sail on the 21st as supercargo of the *Belisarius*, with Captain Dover. You two'll get along famously, Gam, or I'm much mistaken. And I'll send old Jabez Ruggles along. He knows the ropes and he'll look after you until you cut your eye-teeth.

"Captain Dover'll fetch a course out by way of Cape Horn and you'll come back t'other route—the Coromandel Coast and Sumatra for pepper and benzoin. You'll take out sixty thousand Spanish dollars, Gam, and you'll bring back gamboge and cinnamon mats and bamboo ware besides the Canton cargo of Padre Susong and Young Hyson. It'll all keep you busy as the devil. You'll be gone eighteen months, or more, and I won't have you gallivantin' around the globe without an anchor to windward. Get things settled before you go, boy—get the girl to say she'll marry you when you come back. There's no use discussin' the matter further—my mind's made up."

Gamaliel rose quietly.

"Very well, father. I'll ask Faith now, since you wish it."

It was Mr. Sevenoaks's turn to feel slightly bewildered. He had meant to plant the idea in Gamaliel's young head, hoping that, by the time the *Belisarius* was ready to sail, affairs might have somewhat shaped themselves. This instant and prosaic submission to his wishes surprised, and faintly alarmed, Ephraim. But, he reflected, perhaps it was better this way. From a purely business point of view a lack of sentiment was an admirable thing. Gamaliel would attend to his duties as supercargo with an absolutely single mind.

He got up slowly and, going over to one of the arched cupboards which flanked the fireplace, swung back the diamond-paned glass door and took from the lowest shelf a decanter of Spanish wine and two tall-stemmed, crystal glasses.

"We'll drink to your—your future, Gam," he said.

"No, father, I'd rather not, thank you. I'd like to keep my brain quite cool." Gamaliel spoke sedately.

Again Ephraim looked at his son curiously. "As you will," he said at last and replaced the decanter on its shelf.

Gamaliel went into the hall, got his silk beaver and greatcoat and put them on. He looked very handsome in them.

"I won't be long, father. I'll tell you what she says, if you'll wait up for me." Gamaliel spoke astonishingly from the threshold.

Ephraim nodded. "All right, Gam—I'll wait up," he said and as the young gentleman disappeared he told himself comfortably that a girl would have to be a fool not to take so good-looking a young man and the only child of Ephraim Sevenoaks. Besides, he felt sure that Faith was in love with Gamaliel. He

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sat contentedly before the bright fire making plans for his son's future, smoking his long cheroot, and now and then taking a sip from the cup of hot, fragrant tea.

"They'd better live here for a while, then I'll set 'em up in a home of their own," he mused. "I like the girl, too. She's got good sense. She'll appreciate Gam."

He crossed his knees, leaned his head against the high back of the chair, and slipped off into a pleasant doze. In just a half-hour Gamaliel put his head in the dining-room door.

"It's all right, father," he said. "She won't have me."

Mr. Sevenoaks awoke with a start.

"Won't have you? What the devil d'ye mean—'won't have you'?"

Gamaliel came, dusting the powdery snow from his beaver and greatcoat.

"Just what I said—she won't have me. It's snowing—first snow of the winter, and it's going to be a fine one!"

Mr. Sevenoaks grew very red in the face. He waved away Gamaliel's remarks about the weather with a choleric hand.

"Why won't she have you?" he demanded. "She must be crazy! I'd have sworn the girl was in love with you—a flirt like the rest of 'em!" He smiled bitterly.

"No," said Gamaliel after an instant's pause, "she isn't a flirt. She says—she says she *is* in love with me."

"Then why the—!" Ephraim checked himself in time. "What's the matter with her? What in thunder does she want? A clean young fellow like yourself, who's never hung around the petticoats! Got a notion you're like the others?—entangled with some woman——?"

"Oh, no," interrupted Gamaliel. He looked reflectively into the fire for an instant, then turned his clear young eyes on his father. "It's the other way 'round—it's because I *haven't*—that's what's the matter—don't you see?"

Mr. Sevenoaks put his hands on the arms of his chair and half raised himself up. His face was purple.

"See? No, I don't see! And don't talk foolishness to me, Gamaliel! What ye drivin' at? Tell me plain out—what's the matter?"

"*That's* what's the matter—I *haven't* been in love. I've *not* been entangled with a woman. She says that I don't love her—that I don't know what love is. And she's right, father. The whole thing is rather distasteful to me. I only went to please you, you know."

Ephraim looked at his son, speechless with amazement and indignation at the turn things had taken. It dawned on him that he would never understand women. Evelina had always been an irritating mystery to him, and now this girl—! This girl, with her cold, Madonna face, her chaste eyes, was—was actually—! Good God! What was the matter with the women?

Gamaliel got up and, going over to one of the windows, drew aside the curtain and looked out at the thickly falling snow.

"It's going to be a fine, dry snow," he said delightedly. "I have an idea that Canton won't have anything to show me as beautiful as a snow-storm!" He sighed and went back to the fireside and sat down again. "And now that my marrying has been disposed of," he said cheerfully, "we might talk business. I'd like to know exactly what you wish me to do and see in China. You'll give me letters to old Swithin and the others, of course. I'm confoundedly glad to be going out with Dover. Old Jabez is all right, too. He'll be a big help—I want to make a success of my first try as supercargo!"

Ephraim looked at his son again, shook his head a little, and settled down to business. They talked for two hours, but Faith Sawyer's name was not mentioned again.

II

CAPTAIN DOVER emerged from the chart-room of the *Belisarius* and looked about him uneasily. He had fetched a course from Sandy Hook to Paramaribo, thence to Rio, and then, by way of the Falklands and Le Maire Straits, past Cape Horn. For weeks they had had dirty weather—ice and snow and hail without end. The *Belisarius* had been lashed by furious gales, buried under mountainous seas, her spars and rigging shrouded with ice, and her crew half-frozen and worn out by frantic exertions.

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For once Gamaliel had had his fill of zero weather. He had begun to dream of the comfortable mansion in St. John's Park, of the warm, bright rooms, the ease of the old life. He, with the rest of the wearied, frost-bitten crew, had heaved a long sigh of relief when at last they had entered the warm, steady trades and found themselves running northward, bound for Christmas Island and a cargo of copra. They had left the Marquesas a day and a half behind them, and the *Belisarius* was being languidly propelled forward through the deadening heat by a light, variable wind. But even that had failed in the last hour. There was something sinister, menacing, in the tense quietness of the air, suffused by a misty sunlight like powdered gold—as though all the winds of heaven had withdrawn somewhere below the darkening horizon, to marshal their forces and leap with fury upon the unprotected ship.

Gamaliel, lounging at ease with Jabez on the quarter-deck, was suddenly aware of danger. He looked at the captain anxiously interrogating the sea and sky.

"Anything wrong, Captain Dover?" he called out.

Dover hesitated before answering, flinging another uneasy glance skyward and then across the strangely heaving, oily sea.

"Everything's wrong!" he said at last. "Falling barometer, no wind, and an ugly cross-swell. It's unnatural—and, in these parts, whatever's unnatural is dangerous."

Gamaliel, followed by Jabez, went forward and joined the captain.

"I've got the best ship afloat, and men don't live who can handle a vessel better than the crew of the *Belisarius*," said Dover proudly, "but it's my belief we'll be in luck to get through this alive," and he looked anxiously again at the darkening horizon. "I wish with all my heart, for your sake, Gamaliel, that we were safe anchored off Whampoa, in sight of the stinking paddy-fields!"

As he spoke, a puff of sultry air sprang up from nowhere and slapped the listless sails with a sort of playful fury. A jagged streak of lightning slit the mass of lowering clouds on the horizon, ripping them from top to bottom, and from out the livid wound thunder belched and roared. In an instant the anxiety and indecision of Captain Dover's attitude had changed to furious energy. Gamaliel, fascinated, watched him strip his ship. He stood on the weather side of the quarter-deck, holding to the mizzen-rigging and giving his commands in quick succession to the man at the wheel, to the first mate, and to the seamen, many of whom had been lying, half-clothed, about the decks.

The sky was now an inky black. An angry darkness was rapidly enveloping the unfortunate *Belisarius*. The wind, whose approach had been heralded by short bursts, was now roaring from every quarter of the compass, seemingly concentrating in gusty rage on the driven, rocking ship. Now and then Captain Dover was swept clean off his feet, keeping his hold on the rigging only with the greatest difficulty. Above the tumult of the wind could be heard the booming of canvas and the piercing whine of straining cordage, and suddenly the foretopsail and jib went overboard with a crash that seemed to rend the vessel from stem to stern. Almost at the same instant a mountainous sea struck the ship and broke into boiling foam upon the decks, and in this churning welter of storm-tossed water and wreckage Gamaliel and Jabez, holding to the mizzen-rigging with the captain, clung and struggled together.

Through the darkness and howling gale the *Belisarius* plunged forward like some driven monster, now sticking her nose into a black abyss of swirling waters, now staggering backward, trembling and heeling over as she pitched against the solid mass of some formidable, uprearing wave. As the fury of the wind increased, the seas rose higher and higher, breaking clean over the three men still clinging together in a life-and-death struggle. A vast, indistinguishable noise of crashing spars, shouting sailors, and creaking timbers added to the horror of the wind and rushing waters.

A thousand thoughts crowded incontinently into Gamaliel's mind—pictures of the safe, warm house in St. John's Park were projected, as though by magic, on the inky blackness of the surrounding atmosphere; memories of his boyhood in Salem, of Sunday church-going, of the

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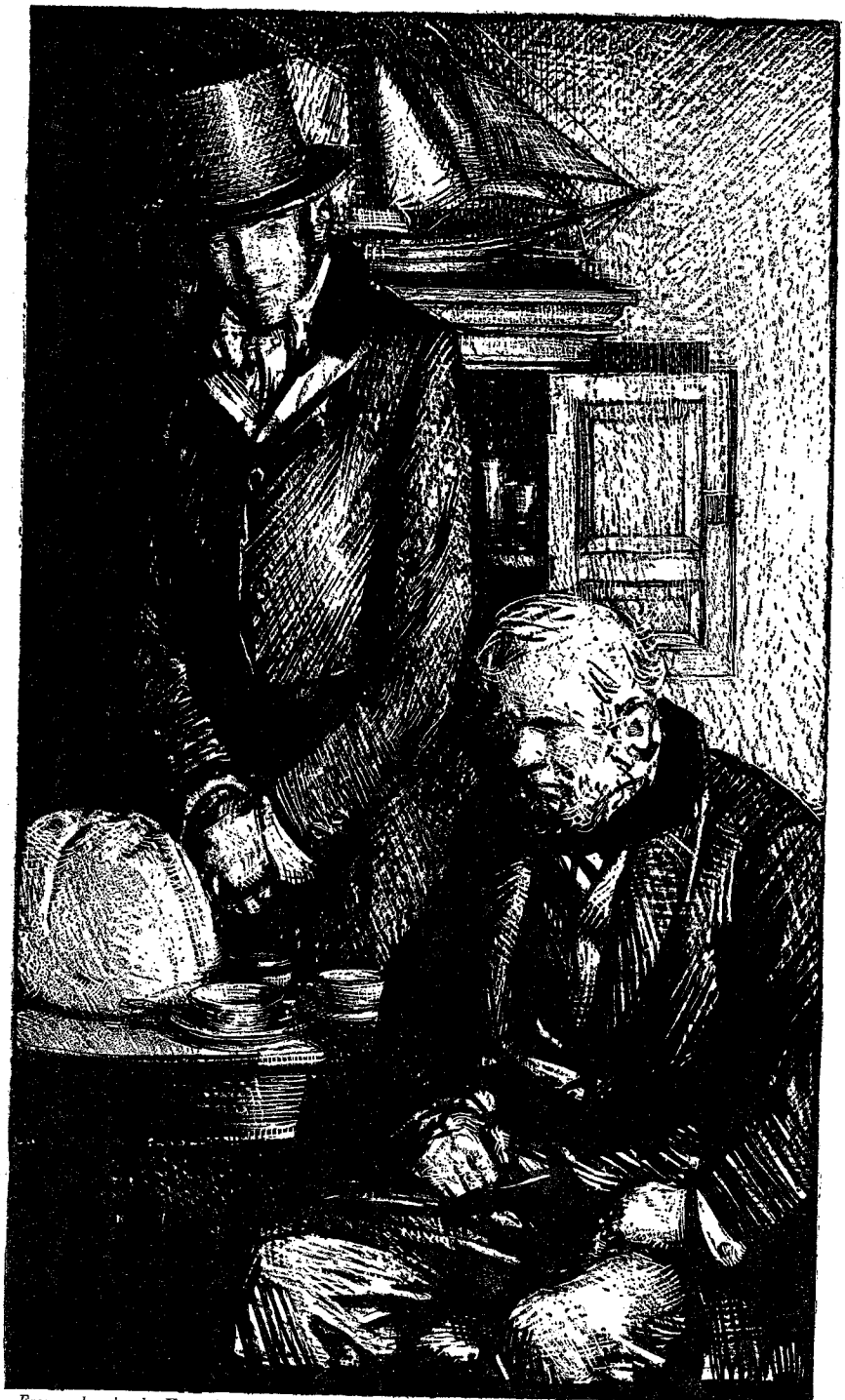

From a drawing by Harry Townsend.

"Why won't she have you? . . . I'd have sworn the girl was in love with you—a flirt like the rest of 'em!"—Page 183.

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crowded Neptune wharf, of all that intimate, dear lost life pressed bitterly upon him. . . .

Suddenly he was conscious of a lull in the storm. It was as if all the turbulent air about him had been drawn away by some gigantic suction-pump, and then, in one terrible instant, there came from afar the percussion and repercussion of sound and all the treacherous wind came rushing back bearing with it incredible masses of water that boiled away over the ship's rails into the inky blackness of the heaving ocean.

To Gamaliel it seemed as though the whole sea had flung itself upon him. Knocked down, breathless, gasping for air, he told himself that now, indeed, the end must come. With a mighty effort he struggled to his feet and wiped the water from his salt-stung eyes. A sudden crooked flash of lightning rent the darkness, and he gazed about him. As he did so, another sea, still more mountainous, reared itself in unconquerable fury above his head. Gamaliel felt a crushing blow, his bleeding hands were torn from their hold, he staggered, fell forward, engulfed in the onrushing waters, and knew no more.

III

When Gamaliel recovered consciousness, he opened languid eyes upon a tranquil, moon-drenched world. He was lying on the smooth, crescent beach of a little island and at his feet rippled the quiet waters of a lagoon, encircled by a coral reef that, in the moonlight, cut the water like a silver scimiter. On its outer edge the white surf of the ocean beat melodiously. At the far, curving tip of the reef there was a narrow opening, and Gamaliel surmised that he must have been borne through it, into this haven, on the crest of some towering wave. The thought came mistily into his tired mind that he had died in the fury of the storm and come to life in some island paradise. He tried to move his bruised and spent limbs, gave up the attempt, and turning over with a groan, slept again from annihilating fatigue.

When he next awoke it was with the sensation that some one was gazing at him. A warm sun was beating down upon him, tempered by a breeze fresh with the freshness of the early day and the salty tang of the ocean. Slowly he lifted heavy eyelids. Beside him, bending over him, watching him intently, sat a girl. Her silky black hair was drawn away from a low, broad brow, and hung down upon her bare shoulders in a thick plaited tress interwoven with scarlet flowers. Dark, thick-lashed eyes gazed at Gamaliel, while deep-cut lips parted over dazzlingly white teeth in a smile as he returned her look.

At her glance Gamaliel's exhausted nerves leaped to life. The blood rushed to his pale cheeks. He had never had a woman look at him like that. He tried to rise, but the effort only made him sink back with a groan. To his horror, the girl quickly slipped one slender arm about his shoulders and, pillowing his aching head against her firm, young breast, drew him gently up the beach into the shade of a grove of cocoanut-palms.

For a scandalized instant Gamaliel resisted, and then, suddenly, a most delicious, soothing sensation invaded his tired body and mind. He abandoned himself to the girl's embrace with a sigh of contentment. A tingling delight swept over him. He closed his eyes in an ecstasy, to open them again, a moment later, on the delectable sight of the girl sitting once more beside him and smiling—smiling at him her slow, enticing smile. She broke off a large leaf from a palm-tree and waved it to and fro above him while she murmured seductively, the strange, liquid vowels slipping effortlessly over her scarlet lips. Gamaliel's enchanted eyes turned lazily to the booming ocean, where the dark-blue water curled over the coral reef in dazzling white bursts of foam, then back to the dusky, cool grove of trees.

Suddenly, at the far end of the grove, another girl appeared. At sight of Gamaliel she stopped, evidently stricken with surprise and fear. She looked like a startled faun, Gamaliel thought, and then wondered how he had come by such a comparison. He couldn't remember ever having thought of a startled faun before. The girl beside him fluted something to the intruder, who disappeared, and almost instantly returned with a wooden bowl of

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cocoanut oil. With it they rubbed his stiffened limbs, and Gamaliel, who on his seventh birthday had kicked his old nurse, Mehitabel Blake, in the shins for trying to wash him, now welcomed luxuriously the touch of feminine fingers on his aching body.

He must have dozed, for when he next opened his eyes he was languidly astonished to see a dozen or more girls ringed about at some distance, regarding him with flattering curiosity and amazement. They were lithe, brown creatures, flower-decked, bare of shoulder and bosom, the fibre of some tropical tree clinging in a fringe about their slender limbs.

With a sudden movement the girl beside him sprang up and addressed the onlookers. Her manner was imperious, her soft voice took on a commanding tone. She stamped her foot, now and then, as though to enforce her words.

"She must be a princess—the princess of this island," Gamaliel told himself and thrilled with a gorgeous satisfaction at the thought.

When she had finished speaking, the girls moved slowly forward, dropping, one after the other, to the ground before Gamaliel, kissing first his hands, then his feet. Embarrassment overwhelmed him for an instant, but it passed quickly and an intoxicating sensation of delight swept over him. At a signal from the girl beside him, the brown nymphs—again Gamaliel wondered how he had come to think of such fanciful beings as nymphs—disappeared into the forest and he was left alone with his princess. His sun-filled eyes scanned the ocean, where not a sail was to be seen, not a sign of life was visible. A thrilling delight invaded his whole being. For the first time in his life he was *free!* What had he to do now with ships and cargoes and all the slavery of trade? The *Belisarius*, the hellish fury of the storm just passed, the icy blasts of the Southern cape, the drab counting-house on Neptune wharf, the austere house in St. John's Park, the pale, ineffectual beauty of Faith Sawyer—all his former life seemed to be receding from his consciousness. It was as though a brilliant, opaque curtain was slowly unrolling between his present and his past, shutting out not only all sight of, but all interest in, that obscured, forgotten time. Gamaliel was filled with a strange, exotic feeling—an apotheosis of the senses, hitherto unknown, undreamed of. . . .

The exquisite hours of the morning were succeeded by a languorous noon. The girl who had brought the cocoanut oil, and whom the princess addressed as Bala, returned with a flat, round basket poised gracefully on her head, containing delicious fruits for which Gamaliel knew no name. There were also those with which he was familiar—oranges, dates, pines, cocoanuts—but more delicate, fresher, of a richer flavor, a more heady aroma than he had ever encountered before, and after the feast, in the golden warmth of the afternoon, he slept again, the princess beside him, waving the glistening palm-leaf.

He awoke to find her gone. Sitting up, startled, he saw her afar, disporting herself in the blue waters of the lagoon, swimming, diving, darting about like a mermaid, thought Gamaliel. Suddenly she caught sight of him, and as she swept up and forward on the crest of a white wave she laughed and called to him, the water falling from her beckoning arms in an iridescent shower. Gamaliel gasped, and the words "Venus Anodyomene" flashed into his dazzled brain—he didn't know from where. Was he going mad, he wondered? If so, it was the most delectable thing that had ever happened to him. He sprang up and, running to the blue water, plunged in.

Together they swam across the lagoon to the coral reef and sat on its edge, their feet dipping into the curling waves. And suddenly, moved by some sweet, irresistible impulse, never felt before, Gamaliel put an arm about the girl's slim shoulders. She turned her face up to his and their lips met in the first kiss he had ever given a woman.

So this was life! He felt like some great discoverer, for, more than any island, any continent, he had discovered life itself and love, which is the life of life. Sitting there on the ocean's edge, gazing athwart the sparkling, pellucid air—an air that had never swept the Neptune wharf—he envisaged a new existence. So all the rest of his life would pass, in such enchanted days, he told himself delightedly. Good God! to think that he would have

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missed all this in that cold, dreary Salem or unspeakable New York! He smiled in utter content and closed his dazzled eyes. . . .

In the late afternoon they swam back. On the crescent beach they found Bala waiting with a message—apparently a disagreeable one—for the princess. Her eyes flashed as she listened to the girl, and again she stamped her foot in anger. Then she threw her arms about Gamaliel's neck, and with a sullen, imperious gesture motioned Bala away. Gamaliel, sunk in languorous delight, wondered idly what it might all be about and continued to gaze out at the blue, swelling ocean.

Suddenly, through the dense forest at their back, came a strange, pagan, disquieting music, the sound of beating drums and shrill, reed-like wails. As it drew nearer and nearer, Gamaliel's pulses began to beat fast and unevenly with the fast, uneven rhythm of the music. The girl sprang to her feet and stood in front of him with a protecting gesture as from all sides scores of savages rushed forward. Like the girls whom Gamaliel had seen, the island men were handsome, beautifully formed creatures, but far more wild and barbaric looking. For a moment he stood motionless, appalled by the savage warriors who gazed at him out of menacing eyes beneath lowered brows. Then an immense, a hitherto unsuspected courage surged magnificently through him. He felt that he could annihilate them all.

"If I had a derringer, I'd shoot the brutes!" thought Gamaliel—he who had never shot a cat or a canary in his life. He remembered longingly the rack of firearms in the chart-room of the *Belisarius*. In the torn garments that remained to him from the shipwreck there was not so much as a penknife.

While Gamaliel was thinking, the princess was vehemently haranguing her warrior subjects, bending them slowly and sullenly to her will. In a few minutes, obedient to her orders, they began bringing forward stumps of trees, logs from the edge of the forest, and fashioned of them a rude sort of dais. The princess motioned Gamaliel to ascend the improvised throne. She followed him, throwing herself down at his feet with a magnificent gesture of abandonment as she laid a protecting arm across his knees, and at her command the islanders circled around, doing obeisance to Gamaliel Sevenoaks. Again a great elation, a consuming sensation of power swept over him. He knew now how kings and potentates feel at the homage of their subjects. . . . At the princess's command they brought him food and a deep, pearly shell full of a sweetish liquid. The girl held it to his lips, and Gamaliel, who had never drunk a glass of Malvoisin or Amontillado in his life, drained the bowl of powerful native liquor to the last drop.

The short tropic twilight was suddenly eclipsed and the thick, odorous gloom of the night illuminated by bonfires here and there. One, at the far end of the island, beyond the coral reef, streamed oceanward, a beacon of flame. The drums, which had been quiet for a time, began once more their insistent, uneven rhythm. Squatting figures sprang up and circled madly about in the flaring firelight, bending, strutting, swaying. Gamaliel gazed, torn by strange emotions such as would once have sickened his puritanical soul. Here and there, on the edges of the throng, forms arose and whirled away into the darkness. From the depths of the forest, once so still, now throbbing hideously with unseen life, came strangled cries. The drums beat more and more demoniacally—as though to marching thousands—and as the night hours wore away, the fires along the beach flared and sank, their ragged pennons of smoke floating up to an outraged heaven. . . . From beyond the coral reef came the long roll and crash of the sea. . . .

Gamaliel's dazzled senses reeled. He felt himself a king, ruler of these affrighting barbarians. Leaning forward on his throne, he shouted imperious commands, hoarse imprecations. Gamaliel was magnificently, uproariously drunk. Suddenly he rose to his full height. The girl at his feet sprang up, too. He pointed to the far end of the atoll lying silver-bright in the moonlight and together they made their way through the groups of dancers, whirling more and more slowly, past sleeping men and women, fallen upon the ground exhausted with fatigue, overcome by the strong liquor, away from the insistent, monotonous noise of the diminishing drums,

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into the fragrant silence of the tropic night. . . .

The new, unsullied day was beating up the eastern sky as the *Belisarius*, storm-wracked but unconquered, rounded the far end of the island. A moment later her anchors hit the water and she rode at ease beyond the blue lagoon and curving coral reef.

In the long-boat that put off immediately sat Captain Dover, Jabez Ruggles, and a round dozen of able seamen armed with businesslike muskets. Captain Dover surveyed the island they were approaching through a mariner's glass.

"There isn't a sign of life, Mr. Ruggles. There's no use looking for him, I suppose," he said despondently.

Jabez shook his white head.

"I ain't agoin' to leave these parts without makin' a thorough search fer G'maliel. Dead or alive we've got to find the boy and take him back to his father. Someway I've got a feelin' he's on one of these here islands."

"But if there are savages, Mr. Ruggles——"

"They ain't all man-eaters by a long shot. I know these islands." Old Jabez gazed slowly about him with a curious, reminiscent look in his faded blue eyes. "I been hereabouts afore."

"Wait!—Good God! I see savages—up there—in the shade of those big trees—dead or asleep!" Captain Dover handed the glasses to Jabez and turned to the rowers. "Hurry up, men!" he urged.

The long-boat swept around the end of the encircling reef and, riding triumphantly the crest of a big wave, drove through the narrow opening into the quiet waters of the lagoon. Captain Dover jumped out and ran up the shelving beach, followed by Jabez and eight of the armed sailors. As he ran he looked about him in astonishment. Far to the eastward he could make out the ashes of expiring fires and the huddled, inert forms of savages. Nearer him, but farther up on the shore, in the shade of a giant cocoanut-palm, lay two figures quite alone, and as he drew closer he saw, with a shock of gladness and amazement, that one of them was Gamaliel—Gamaliel, safe, but unconscious, fast asleep, his fair, boyish head pillowed on the shoulder of a dusky savage.

"Glory be to God—it's G'maliel!" quavered old Jabez.

Captain Dover turned to the men following him.

"Quiet!" he commanded, and laid a finger to his lips. They stole forward noiselessly.

"We'd best try to wake him, I guess," he whispered to Jabez as they stood looking down at Gamaliel. But Jabez laid a restraining hand on Dover's arm.

"No," he said. "Tell one of the men to fetch that piece of sail-cloth in the bottom of the long-boat. We'll take him away without wakin' him ef we can—he mightn't want to come ef he—wuz—awake——"

"Mightn't want to come—?" Captain Dover's astounded glance interrogated Jabez.

"It's—it's a sort o' madness—that's it—a sort o' madness. I've seen sailors ez had it—when the ends of the earth call. You can't drag 'em away—it's stronger than they air. A madness—" His voice trailed off into silence and he looked slowly about him at the waving, burnished palms, the green depths of the still forest, the curling tongues of white foam licking the edges of the coral reef, at the blue bend of sky above, at all the sensuous, appealing beauty of the strange world around him.

He heard a sound. The girl had opened her dark eyes and sat up. At sight of the men before her she uttered a smothered cry, and Gamaliel awoke too. He sprang to his feet, looking in amazement at the company about him.

"God be praised, we've found you, Gamaliel!" said Captain Dover, and he stepped forward, hand outstretched.

For an instant Gamaliel hesitated, looking dazedly from the captain and Jabez to the girl who stood beside him regarding him desperately, terror in her eyes. She made a quick movement and threw her slim arms about Gamaliel's neck.

Jabez gave a groan. He went close to Gamaliel and laid a trembling hand on his arm.

"Come away, Gamaliel! Come back to the ship with us!"

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The ship! A raging despair filled Gamaliel's breast. They wanted to take him away—to make him leave all this he had so lately gained—this paradise, this new world of eternal ease, of passion, of all delight! Never would he go back!

"Will ye come with us, G'maliel?"

For answer Gamaliel shook off the old man's appealing hand, tore the girl's arms from about his neck, and, lunging forward unsteadily, aimed a blow at Jabez—Jabez who was trying to take him back to the ship! But as he did so, his uplifted hand was caught and held. Captain Dover had sprung forward, pushing Jabez behind him, and had seized Gamaliel's hand in a firm grip.

"Don't make a row and wake up the savages, Gamaliel! Will you come quietly or shall I have to knock you senseless?"

"Will I come? Never, damn you!" screamed Gamaliel, and he lunged forward again, trying, in a passion of rage, to wrench his hand free from Dover's iron grasp. For an instant the captain struggled with him, then suddenly releasing Gamaliel's hand, he drew back and let him have it on the point of his chin. It was a shattering blow, and a sickening jolt went through the boy. A million stars swarmed before his closing eyes. He stumbled and fell forward, unconscious.

At a signal from the captain, four of the sailors picked Gamaliel up and lifted him to the stretcher. Jabez and Dover took their places on either side, the remaining four seamen, with cocked muskets, closed up the rear, and the little procession started for the long-boat.

As he walked quickly forward, Jabez gazed down thoughtfully at the young, unconscious head over which a vast experience had swept with the suddenness and fury of a storm. And, some way, he felt it to be as sad as inevitable that already the boyish face was altered, a strange, new maturity stamped upon it. The innocence, the ignorance of life which Jabez had once so deplored in Gamaliel, now seemed to him a rarely beautiful, a rarely desirable thing. A melancholy surprise invaded his whole being.

Suddenly he felt an irresistible impulse to look back. The girl was still standing on the beach, gazing after them, the tears running down her cheeks. For a moment Jabez, touched by the sight, halted, his old heart contracting with a curious pain.

"A madness!" he whispered to himself, "a madness!" Then, with an effort, he turned his eyes away, faced about, and fell into step again.

Red Geraniums

BY ELIZABETH DILLINGHAM

I WONDER why they always grow
In window-boxes, green and prim.
They have a need of winds, to blow
Their scarlet skirts less neat and trim.
How can they flaunt their gypsy grace
In such a crowded, narrow space?

It must be rather hard, for flowers
That are a blend of blood and flame,
To spend the warm, seductive hours
Being respectable and tame.
Born to dance wildly on a hill,
How dull must seem a window-sill!

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Closed Roads

BY J. HYATT DOWNING

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD HOPPER

THE land about me lay drenched and sodden. The clouds, blurred by the late November evening, hung low to the ground, heavy with their threat of rain. Somewhere, in the darkening distance, a dog barked loudly, once, and then fell silent. I shook the reins and slapped the jaded livery horse smartly, impatient with the weather and the mission which kept me out in it. Weather affects me, even though I am a machinery man, supposed to be as unresponsive to such things as the iron stuff he sells. And discounts for cash strike the pit of my emotional existence.

My work, that trip, had been entirely harmonious with the gray, depressing days which followed unendingly upon each other's heels. I was collecting long overdue bills from farmers in a country where they hadn't had a crop in three years. The company didn't want to carry the accounts over and was taking what it could get—generally a mortgage on a few head of thin milch cows and work stock.

The rutted, ungraded road I was following turned in, at last, through a sagging barbed-wire fence. The gate, one of those three-wire affairs attached to two sticks and held upright by wire loops, fastened to the posts, was down. Beyond, the dull outlines of farm-buildings loomed through the thickening dusk. There were no lights. The structures seemed a natural part of the vast, sweeping distances of prairie.

I had to drive carefully through the yard to avoid rusted heaps of old, worn-out machinery and bits of broken boards and tangled coils of wire, red with weathering. A pig, thin and underfed, was rooting at the white fluff of a dead chicken. To the sagging barn, half covered with straw, I was directed by the sound of blows being struck on metal. There I found my man, working on a wagon-tire. He paused in his pounding when he saw me, though he said nothing in answer to my greeting. I jumped out of my buggy with that hearty only-got-a-minute manner we salesmen always have, and introduced myself. He nodded, and after a moment went back to his work. A team, hitched to a wagon, stood with drooping heads near by. It was then that I first noticed the boy. He was standing quite still in the wagon-box, holding the reins in hands blue with the cold. He wore an old sheep-lined coat, too big for him. It was fastened tight at the throat with a large safety pin. He regarded me with a steady, unsmiling gaze. Nor did he answer my bluff "Hello there, son." There was something in the boy's face that held me, a gravity far beyond his ten or twelve years, a delicacy of line and feature, a sensitive mouth which, I thought, might be handsome when lighted by a smile. "Son," I said, "you're going to lose money on that coat if you don't sell it pretty soon." I was immediately sorry, for his eyes fell, and he fumbled nervously with the lines.

"Go unhitch." The boy, in response to his father's command, pulled up the heads of the scrawny team, and drove them slowly to the barn.

It was late when I finished my business with Mr. Bartels. His condition was so much like that of all the others, I could have told what he had to say before he spoke. Except that he seemed a little more despondent. He had little. His wheat had gone for next to nothing because the banks forced him to sell at an unfavorable time. Cholera had killed half his hogs. Because of the protracted drought there was little alfalfa; as a consequence most of his milch cows were going dry. "I'm takin' another hundred and sixty of hay land," he said. "And wild

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hay's pretty sure—if a prairie fire don't come along." And so I didn't ask for a mortgage on his few head of stock.

True to the tradition of the country, he asked me to spend the night. (It was a long road back to town. Might be bad in the dark. Better stay.) I thought I even detected a faint eagerness in his voice. Poor devils, it's lonely out on that God-forsaken prairie, month after month. I agreed; but it wasn't the roads or the drive so much. I really wanted to see that boy again. I've always liked kids.

Mrs. Bartels, slender, faded, smiled when her husband mentioned my name and told her I was to stay all night. There was, I thought, a light for a moment in the fine, dark eyes, and the ghost of beauty about the settled patience of her mouth. She busied herself with preparations for supper while Bartels and I went into the sitting-room. Other than the air-tight stove and two or three creaky rockers, there was only one article of furniture in the room—an old organ with yellowed keys, from many of which the facing had been chipped, leaving only the wood beneath. But there was about that organ an air of use, as though it came daily into contact with loving hands. An old carpet, its warp showing through at the seams, covered the floor; and the room, like the kitchen, was immaculately, almost terribly, clean. Presently the boy entered the kitchen, and I heard him talking in whispers to his mother.

We ate supper in the kitchen. Mr. Bartels asked the blessing, giving thanks for the favors of God. Favors! You can't laugh off that kind of religion. It was one of those wordless meals, so common to farm homes, whose only sound was the scraping of knife and fork on the thick tableware. Mrs. Bartels stood back in the shadow by the stove, or hovered near our chairs, passing the bread and potatoes. I tried a word or two, but they fell dead in that numb silence.

The meal finished, Mr. Bartels and I went into the sitting-room while his wife and Danny (I heard her call him that) washed and wiped the dishes. I gave my host a cigar, and he smoked it in careful enjoyment, holding it between thumb and forefinger as though he feared it would break.

When Mrs. Bartels and the boy came in we sat for a while without speaking. Danny perched, tense, on the edge of his chair, his thin, sensitive hands clasped between his knees. His large, luminous eyes never left my face. I was a being from the outside, another world, where the stream of life flowed instead of trickled. Presently his mother spoke with timid pride: "Can't you play for the gentleman, Danny?"

I caught a quick look between the parents, a faint smile from Mrs. Bartels, half apologetic, and from her husband a heavy frown. The boy hesitated, glancing questioningly at his father. I leaned forward. "I'd certainly like to hear you play, Danny." Expectantly, I moved my chair from in front of the organ.

But the boy went into the bedroom. He came back with a violin-case under his arm. He was taut with excitement, and his fingers trembled as he unfastened the clasps of the old black box. The violin itself was new and shiny. "My mother bought this," he said, holding it tenderly in his hands. It was a simple statement of fact, and the first time he had spoken, yet I had a swift vision of the pennies, dimes, quarters, hoarded, one at a time, from the milk and egg money. It was obviously cheap, but no Stradivarius could have meant more. Then Danny began to play.

I know more about tractors than I do about music; but it seems to me that any dub can *feel* certain kinds of music. Danny's was of that kind. The notes were full and round and, I thought, he played without hesitation or uncertainty. But he seemed ill at ease and kept glancing at his father.

"Play that piece you heard on the graphophone at the drug-store, Danny," said his mother softly. And then from the boy's violin came the hauntingly sad melody of what I afterward found out was Massenet's "Elegy." And with the first strain all Danny's nervousness left him, his eyes looked toward some unseen distance, his small body relaxed, and the bare room was rich, filled with the most wonderful music I ever heard. It ended on a lingeringly wistful high note, and with it his arm fell, and he stood for a moment with drooping head. I was out

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of my chair and patting his shoulder, and I think my eyes were moist.

"Boy, that's great! Wonderful! You ought to go to one of these music schools," I found myself saying excitedly. It was so unexpected that, for a moment, it lifted me out of machinery.

"He'll never go to no music school and be a long-haired damn fool." I turned. Bartels was talking with a sort of suppressed fury. "There never was a fiddler that was worth his salt. They're all alike. Don't I know?"

"There, John, there," said the soothing voice of Mrs. Bartels. "Danny, I expect it's your bedtime."

We sat for a time. Just sat. Bartels was lost in bitter brooding. I said I guessed I'd go to the hay, and Mrs. Bartels showed me to a room where Danny was already asleep on a narrow cot.

The next morning when I got ready to leave I called Danny around a corner of the house and put a ten-dollar bill in his hand. "Buy some music, kid," I said. "And say, I was just joshing about that coat, you know." I kept hold of his thin little hand for a long time, and drove away at last, feeling more depressed than ever before in my life. And as I took the long, cold drive back to town I remembered the sweet, rich notes of Danny's violin and the wistful, perplexed face of a little boy.

"Son, you're going to lose money on that coat if you don't sell it pretty soon."—Page 191.

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II

I ALWAYS like to remember faces. In my business it is almost as necessary as that peculiar thing which most people call salesmanship, and which is mostly hard work. You know every one feels that in some way he is rather more important, that there *must* be some outstanding quality of individuality about him.

I was attending a convention of agriculturists. It was one of those hot, sticky afternoons in the latter part of July, and a sort of settled apathy hung over the meeting. There seemed to be a hopelessness in the speakers' voices, a recognition of the inevitable futility of anything they might do. Crops were bringing less on the market than they cost to raise, and going lower. It was pretty depressing. I listened for a while, and was just about to get up and go out when a young fellow in the audience began talking. They asked him to take the platform, and I got a good look at him. He was rather young, twenty three or four, I guessed, and hard times were stamped on every garment he wore. But there was something in his voice that commanded attention. A quality of contempt, of scornful amusement, that instantly quieted that group of muttering farmers.

"This meeting was called to outline a definite programme of resistance," he said. "So far there hasn't been anything done to cause the public to think we even want more for our produce. It has been just a moan meeting. And it seems to me that's typical of farmers everywhere. We talk about organization!" Here the youth laughed scornfully. "Organization! Without exception every co-operative society we have established has been a failure. Why? Because we hire incompetent men to run our stores and elevators, men that reputable business concerns have probably kicked out long ago. I'm a farmer, and I haven't any sympathy for myself nor for you. There never was a group of farmers that could hang together long enough to achieve any important result. We plant all the sun will give us time to get in, hire a lot of expensive help to get it harvested before hail strikes, raise a bumper crop, and sell it to a glutted market in America in competition with the world. But we continue to weep and plant corn and wheat."

Then, abruptly, as though too angry to continue, the young speaker turned and left the platform. The farmers looked at him curiously as he passed, but, I thought, without resentment. He sat down near me, and I went over and held out my hand. "Hello, Danny," I said. "Did you buy that music?"

He looked at me questioningly for a moment, and then a quick smile of recognition broke over his face. I was right, back there on the farm so many years ago. There was a certain beauty about the boy's face when he smiled. But it was an unhappy face. There was a bitter droop to the corners of the mouth in repose, and his large, dark eyes were sombre. "Let's get out of here," I said. "It's hot."

Presently, over a couple of cold drinks in a near-by drug-store, he answered my question. "No, I didn't buy music. Your ten dollars bought some fence-posts and a wire-stretcher. What is Schubert compared to the practical utility of a wire-stretcher? And, besides, my father hated music, you know."

"I always wondered why."

"Music," Danny explained, "was linked, in his warped mind, with everything evil. His mother, so my mother has told me, was married to a bleak old Scotch Presbyterian, who believed all beauty on earth a lure of the devil. She left him. Ran off with a young German musician, and they never heard of her again, and never lived down the disgrace. I think she did the right thing. If my mother had left my father right after I was born, or, better still, before, every one would have been happier."

I was embarrassed and ill at ease. "How is your father?" I asked, seeking to bridge the bitter silence that fell between us.

"Dead. He died about four years ago. It was the first happy day I ever knew in my life."

"Oh, no!" I broke in, startled for a moment out of caution.

"Why not? Why, it was like a dark cloud had drifted out of the sky. It *felt* like sunlight."

"I think your father missed his aim in

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With the first strain all Danny's nervousness left him . . . and the bare room was rich, filled with the most wonderful music I ever heard.—Page 192.

life. Seemed to me he wasn't cut out for a farmer."

"He wasn't. He'd ought to have been a preacher. He'd have been happy giving 'em hell."

"Do you ever play any more, Danny?" I asked.

"Sometimes. I play a lot for my mother. She enjoys it and understands it. It's about the only pleasure we have. We're swamped with debts, you know. Debts that I don't seem to be able to get out from under. In one way, and only one, my father and I were alike. We were both misfits."

"You don't like farming, then, Danny?"

"I've hated it from the first day I can

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remember. When I was a kid the only spot I liked on the farm was a place where the willows grew, down around the windmill. I used to go there, when my father wasn't about, and lie on my back and listen to the wind in the willows, and watch the white clouds sailing by in the sky. I expect you think I must have been kind of nutty." He glanced at me with a shade of defiance in his eyes.

"Not a bit, Danny," I answered warmly. "Why, as a matter of fact, I like to do that sort of thing myself, even at my age. And in a kid— Say, how's your mother?"

"Not very well, I'm afraid. She's worked so hard, like most farm women. Only she got nothing for it, not even appreciation from my father. Farms kill women like my mother. I wish to God I could do something for her," he burst out passionately. "I wish I weren't a farmer!"

Silence again. "Well," he said at last, "what have you been doing all these years? I've never forgotten that ten-dollar bill."

"Oh, I've been shunted about the country like most travelling men. Here, there, and everywhere. Not much fun in it. Say, how'd you like to go to a show? They have summer vaudeville in St. Paul, and there's a fellow that plays the violin up at the New Palace. I hear he's good."

"Fine. Only, you see, I haven't—" His face flushed with embarrassment. "These clothes are pretty bad."

"Oh, forget it, kid. They look as good as mine. Come along, Danny. I don't get a chance to go round with young fellows much. We old codgers mostly have to herd alone." I wanted him to feel that he was doing me a favor. "We'll go get something to eat first."

The show, when we got there, was neither good nor bad, except for one number—the violinist. I guess I'm susceptible to fiddles. That kind of music gets under my skin and makes funny krinkly feelings run up and down my spine. Danny sat in a sort of daze until the fellow finished playing, and then I saw his eyes were moist. When we got back into the street he walked along with his head down until we reached the hotel. Then I heard him say, more to himself than to me: "Happiness!"

"What's that you said, Danny?" I asked.

"I was thinking about that fellow who played to-night. He's happy. He couldn't be anything else. Doing the thing he loves, and the thing God intended him to do. I guess there couldn't be any greater reward in life than that."

"Well, kid, things may start breaking right for you, first thing you know. You never can tell about what's around the corner."

The boy didn't answer, and we sat thinking our various thoughts. I have been sorrier for few people. There is only one kind of person that belongs on a farm, and that's the person who is bred to it, or just naturally loves it. Loves the smell of the ground when the plough turns it over; loves to watch hogs grow and do the things necessary to make them grow; likes to get up with the dawn and hit the ball until dark. Some people are as unfitted for a farm as a race-horse is for a dump-wagon. Danny was one of them.

"The trouble is," he resumed at last, "I'm just travelling a narrowing road that's going to peter out some place into nothing. It's a closed road for me. I work hard," he burst out in a kind of defensive passion. "Look at my hands!" He held them out before him, hard, cracked, and soil-grained. "But I can't make things come out. I've tried to use both my head and hands. By God, I've tried. But it's no use. My father had a quaint little expression." The ghost of a smile lifted the corners of his mouth. "'You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.' Neither, I suppose, can you make a good farmer out of a half-baked musician. I won't talk about it any more. But, oh! I wish I weren't a farmer."

III

When my company made me field manager I ceased visiting farmers. I missed it in some ways. I've a great many friends among farmers, and sometimes I yearn for one of those dinners I used to get—biscuit dumplings floating in a sea of rich chicken gravy, great slices of

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honest-to-goodness bread, moulds of quivering jelly, potatoes boiled in their skins. And don't think all farm homes are like Danny's. Most of them are happy homes; plenty of love and sunshine and kids. By golly! they're the hope of the nation, these big farm families.

I did see Danny once more. My work carried me pretty much all over the civilized globe, and some of it that wasn't so civilized. We're a sizable outfit, and my firm had decided to open up a branch distributing point in China. I was ordered to go to Hong Kong, organize, and get things going. It's a way my people have. Some day I expect to hear the Old Man say: "Ever hear of Timbuktu? Nice little place. Go there and teach 'em to raise wheat and not so much hell."

So I packed a grip with my "other" suit, stuck a tooth-brush in my vest pocket, bought a ticket a mile long, and got on a train for San Francisco.

It was my first sea trip, and that boat, the old *Yoshihara*, certainly looked big. I went aboard, primed with Ladysill's Cure for Seasickness. That was the only thing that made me sick. If I hadn't taken it I'd have been all right. But, as it was, I spent the first two days in my cabin, just able to get my head up to a porthole once in a while. But after that I was fine. Couldn't have wanted to feel any better.

I remember the first day I came up on deck. Every one was sitting around in these canvas-covered chairs, their steamer-rugs pulled up over their knees. The boat moved as smooth as silk, and everything was a dead silence except for the steady pounding of the big screw. A few gulls still followed around, swooping from blue sky into bluer water. I strolled along the deck a couple of times until I found my chair. I hadn't smoked since I came aboard, and now I thought a cigar would taste pretty good. But next to my chair was a young lady, the kind whose pictures you see in the metropolitan newspapers. She had one of those short, straight noses, an upper lip that curled a little bit, and a dimple in the middle of her oval chin. Her forehead was straight, broad, and low. She had corn-colored hair, and if she had been foolish enough to have bobbed it, it would have filled a bushel basket. Next to her sat a solid-looking man with a close-cropped gray mustache. She talked to him now and then, and from her tone I guessed two things: that he was her father, and she could wind him around her little finger.

"Madam," I said, "would you mind if I smoked this cigar?" She looked at me and smiled. After that I wouldn't have cared if she'd have said no. But she didn't. "Please smoke," she said. "I know how cross daddy is if he can't have his cigar when he wants it."

So I thanked her and lighted up, looking at the sea, which slowly rose and fell as the ship ploughed through it.

I was fortunate enough to be placed at her table for meals. The old gentleman, her father, didn't say much. Just sat drumming on the table with his fingers. Every once in a while he'd glance at his daughter, shrug his shoulders, and sigh rather helplessly. I smiled. It seems to me there is no greater tyranny than that exacted by a spoiled and much-loved daughter over a worried and indulgent dad. She had only to lay her pretty hand over his, smile into his eyes, and the old chap would melt. Once I heard her say: "Be good, Daddy. I won't ask you to do it again."

Just then the orchestra came in, and I saw her eyes following the figure of a tall young fellow with a violin-case under his arm. As he adjusted his chair and turned, I recognized Danny Bartels. He looked older than when I had last seen him back there in St. Paul, much older. Yet, when his eyes hunted for and found the little girl at my table and he smiled, I thought it was the same rather wistful smile of the little boy I remembered. Danny Bartels! And so, I thought, a part of his little dream came true, anyway. At least he was doing the thing he had always wanted to do. But, somehow, I had always imagined him playing in concerts. I rather had believed that in some manner the boy would have a big piece of his cake. Well, a ship's orchestra was something. Better, anyway, for Danny than ploughing corn.

I couldn't help watching the face of the girl as the orchestra began playing. Never once did she take her eyes from them. Her father fidgeted in his chair,

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a heavy frown on his handsome old brow. So, my thought ran, papa is against this thing, whatever it is. Just then the music ceased, and a little hush fell upon the diners. Danny had risen and, advancing a step or two, began to play. Not to the people listening so raptly at the tables, but to the girl who sat near me, looking at him, it seemed to me, with almost hungry eyes. Ah, the boy could play. There was something in his music that was hard to define. Loneliness, I guess. It brought back with a rush the little parlor with the battered organ, the faded carpet, the warp showing through at the seams, and the ceaseless Dakota wind outside, tugging at the windows. When he had finished he was rewarded with a gust of hand-clapping. Danny bowed, stiffly, and took his place again among the orchestra. I glanced at the girl. Her eyes were alight and shining. Suddenly, I felt old and tired and done. There had never been anything like that for me.

I didn't see the boy that night. Somehow, I didn't want to. Presently, I knew, he would come up on deck, and that little girl with the pert nose and wide, cool brow would be waiting for him. What right had I to horn in on their happiness? It was a night made for lovers if ever I saw one—and twinges of rheumatism in old duffers my age. So I went to my stateroom and listened to the ceaseless pounding of the screw.

The following day was clear and sunny, a crinkling ocean with the light dancing on the water in flashing little disks. Some of the men, stalking up and down the deck like myself, began to speculate on the speed of the boat. I guessed, from what they said, that the old tub had her foot in her hand and was making good time of it. And just then Danny and I saw each other at the same moment. He came up with his old smile and hand outstretched. "Well!"

"Well?" Two men can get over a lot of ground with those simple words.

"How you running, Danny?" I asked.

"Oh, all right." He stopped smiling and glanced for a moment out over the water. Then, as though he wanted to get on to some other subject, he asked me quickly about myself, and what I was doing on the ocean. I answered him, and then brought the conversation straight back. I knew he wasn't as interested in me as I was in him. "It's a long way from Dakota, Danny, and this isn't farming."

He was quiet for a little spell as we tramped, side by side. Then: "My mother died and there wasn't anything to stay for."

All I could think of to say was: "I'm sorry. I didn't know." Suddenly it occurred to me what this must have meant to the boy. He had loved his mother. He used to play for her alone in that bleak little house in Dakota. The two had been closer, I expect, than even most mothers and sons are. I glanced at Danny. The old brooding look was in his eyes. "So I got out," he went on. "Just any way. There wasn't anything left really. The farm was covered with mortgages. Even the personal property. The day after mother was buried I drove to town and saw the banker. I told him I had tied the horse to the hitching-post at the side of the bank, and then walked out. I had money enough to get to St. Paul. I guess you think that was pretty cowardly."

"A good deal depends upon the person, Danny," I told him. "With some, I would say yes, it was pretty cowardly. With you, perhaps not. It's a matter of being fitted for the job. I guess you would never have been a farmer."

"What a blind fool I was," he broke out passionately. "Why didn't I do it before? I could have taken my mother to St. Paul, and even if it was too late for anything else, I could have made her comfortable at the end. She wouldn't have broken her heart with work that never seemed to help. Do you remember that café we ate in that time in St. Paul? I got a job playing in their orchestra. It was then that I found out I'd never be much, if any, better. Just a fiddler in one kind of eating joint or another."

"Why?" I asked.

"Too old. Oh, I had a few dreams when I went there. They lasted until I met a Hungarian who played with the Minneapolis Symphony. I can hear him say it yet: 'The soul? Yes. The fingers? No.' Too stiff, you see, and I was past

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. . . swiftly the throb of music beat soothingly upon the ears of that fear-maddened crowd.—Page 201.

the time when I could ever make them supple. Oh, well!"

I hated that tone. "It seems to me you haven't such a lot to beef about, Danny," I said, sort of short. "Lots of young fellows would be tickled to death to have your job, going about, seeing the world, doing the thing you like, and, if I'm any judge, a girl that——"

He stopped me with a look. And then I got sore. "There's a trick in this, kid," I blurted out at him. "It isn't quite straight. Here you are, making good money. You're young, and even if you're not going to play for *all* the Victrolas in the world, you've still got a lot of interesting life ahead of you. Why, what you've got is the most precious thing given a man—youth! And last night, down there, I watched that little girl. I

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was at the same table with her, and I can still recognize the real article when I see it. Pretty a little thing as ever I saw. And here you're acting like the world was all flooey. Take a brace for yourself."

I glanced at him out of the corner of my eye to see how he'd take the gaff. His face was bleak and hard. "Sorry," he said shortly. "I guess I couldn't make you understand. Excuse me a moment." He left me abruptly, and I saw him join the girl I had just been discussing. "Well," I thought to myself, "what are you going to do with a damn young fool like that one?" I tramped up and down the deck, talking to myself, saying a great many things that all men of my age say at such times.

I flung myself into my deck-chair at last, fuming, and watched those two infants stroll up and down, up and down. She seemed to be doing most of the talking. She'd glance up into his face, anxiously, I thought, and speaking rapidly. Every once in a while Danny would shake his head. And then, when she wasn't looking, his eyes were on her hungrily. It was too deep for me. I quit looking at them.

The next day I got into conversation with her. She'd seen me talking with Danny, I guess, and an old chap like me with a red face and heavy watch-chain looks kind of harmless. I told her that I'd known Danny nearly all his life, and right off, somehow, I felt that my acquaintance with her covered about the same period. She was that kind of a girl. She told me her name was Jean Hathaway, and that she was making the trip with her father, who was going to Hong Kong on business. She hesitated a little at this last bit of information, and her cheeks were suddenly stained with color.

After that I saw her nearly every day for a few moments. We got to be friends. Once I made a remark about Danny's not being a great violinist. All she said was: "How utterly ridiculous!" The next day she said, just as though we hadn't stopped talking: "It doesn't matter whether he's a great musician or not; he's a very exceptional man." I agreed to the last part, but suggested that it might make a lot of difference to Danny. "Yes," she said. "That's the bother of it!" Ah, I thought, how many, many things that explains. He'd swim the ocean for her if he thought he was great; but as he knew he couldn't be, he wouldn't have her. I fell to wondering how it would come out. It couldn't last long—not with a girl as proud as she was. Yet, if Danny happened to be talking with me and saw her come on deck with her father, he'd stop right in the middle of a sentence, and never take his eyes off her until they had disappeared down the deck. Then he'd go on talking, not realizing, I suppose, that he'd stopped. At one of these times I said softly: "Don't you like her, Danny?"

He jerked around at me. "What?"

"Don't you like her?"

He answered, almost in a whisper: "No, I don't like her. I love her."

"Then, for God's sake, why don't you tell her so?" I almost shouted.

He sighed a little, and began explaining in a patient, tired kind of voice: "Can't *you* see? Her father knows. He's got sense. What *right* have I to love her? I'm a dub musician. I'll never be anything else. She's always had all that life could give her, except the bitterness. What sort of life would she have with me? She'd have heartache and failure. She's young and had everything she wants. She thinks she wants me, too. This is the second trip she's made with her father on this boat—the second *round* trip, I mean—and it's got to end soon. It's too much to ask of a man—too much." Then he turned and walked away, head down.

The third night out from Hong Kong I thought I'd suffocate. The air was heavy and hot and *thick*. The barometer was falling, and I heard the captain say we were in for a blow. I walked the deck late, watching the stars gleam on the purple field of the sky. I couldn't get Danny out of my mind. Everything had sort of misfired for him all along the line. And yet, I felt sure it would come out all right. Youth is likely to be tragic about such things. Maybe that's what makes it so wonderful. When, at last, I went to my stateroom it was close and hot, and smelled like fresh white-lead paint.

I don't know when I got to sleep, but I know when I awoke. I was sitting

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straight up in my bunk. It seemed to me that I had been *thrown* upright. I was still conscious of a sort of shock all through my body. And there was ringing in my ears the awfulest sound I ever heard. And in three seconds it came again, a sort of gigantic, tearing cry. It was exactly as though the *ship* had screamed. The second time I was thrown from my bunk as I was getting out. Blindly I reached for trousers and coat, got into them somehow, and made my way to the deck. Hell was loose there. I heard a sailor say quickly to another as he ran by: "The guts are out of her!" Then the deck gave a sudden jerk, and I sprawled flat on my face. I was near a passageway, and people began to run and stumble over me before I had a chance to get up. I crawled out of the way as best I could on all fours, listening for the sound of the turning screw, but I couldn't hear it. I commenced to lose my head a little, but the sight of a man sitting gravely beside me on the deck trying to put a woman's number-four shoe on a number-ten foot brought me back to my senses. I took a great deal of satisfaction in jamming my foot into his rear as I sat. That saved me, and I was all right the rest of the way. The officers were sloshing about, yelling: "It's all right, gentlemen, it's all right. Perfectly safe."

But it wasn't all right. The boat was listed badly, and going farther over every second. Men were whimpering and women screaming. Then there was a deafening noise below, and my head banged against a brass railing. The next thing I knew the distress signals were going like mad, rockets, whistles, God knows what. The boat crew were calling: "Steady, steady at the boats." I became conscious of another sound, high and clear and piercingly sweet. And then others, and swiftly the throb of music beat soothingly upon the ears of that fear-maddened crowd. Its effect was noticeable immediately. Jean Hathaway's father was standing beside me, and noticing me, he said; "That, sir, is magnificent." People took time to get into the boats instead of falling in. Men hung back to help the women and children. Instead of a senseless mob, we were, suddenly, human beings.

The waves were running high, and they were having trouble to keep the boats from being smashed like egg-shells against the side of the vessel as the davits swung them out. Mr. Hathaway had disappeared when I turned to speak to him, and in his place was the captain, pointing to a vacancy in the last boat. "But here," I yelled above the noise of the smashing waves: "Those fellows playing there. We can't leave them, you know." He only pointed to the boat, and I could see just one spot big enough for another person to crowd into. I still hung back. (My head was full of Danny and that violin of his, going all the time.) The captain gritted at me from between white lips: "Get in, damn you, or I'll knock you in." Somehow, I was in, the davits turned out, and the boat swung clear of the ship's side. It touched the water, climbed a big wave, and we were free. Somebody was sobbing wildly in the back of the boat, and a heavy masculine voice kept saying, over and over: "There, honey, there." It was Jean, her brown hair tumbled about her shoulders, her face buried in her father's arms.

The sailors fell on the oars, and the distance between us and the great, looming bulk of the ship swiftly widened. Still, over that seething stretch of tumbling water, came the clear, high note of a violin. The darkness fell like a curtain between us and the ship. Suddenly the music ceased, and there was only the rushing wind and the vast, heaving bosom of the sea.

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The State and Religious Teaching

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WE have been left a great heritage in Greece, in Rome, and in Jerusalem. It is our task to make this heritage our own. Modern civilization rests on three foundations, laid by the men and women of antiquity. Without them our life and institutions have little meaning. Our traditions go back to them.

The foundation in Greece is a triple one. No one thinks of this ancient country without calling to mind the beautiful buildings on the Acropolis at Athens. Greece, above all other nations, laid the foundations of Art.

Another Greek contribution to modern civilization is philosophy. Every schoolboy knows the story of Socrates—his poverty, his skill at asking questions, his trial, his cup of hemlock. The mantle of this great teacher and thinker fell on Plato, who has left us the best of his master's thought in his own writings. A third Athenian, Aristotle, when joined with Socrates and Plato, forms a triumvirate of Greek philosophers, whose influence has touched every generation that has succeeded them. These men made philosophy a science.

A third root of modern times is embedded in Grecian soil. It is literature. The father of narrative prose is Herodotus, who told the story of the Greco-Persian wars. The first scientific historian is Thucydides, the author of the Peloponnesian War. Moreover, the Greeks invented the drama. What was once a goat song and dance became the tragedy of Æschylus. Greece laid the foundations of literature as well as of art and philosophy.

We recognize the value of this legacy. Every pupil in our schools, on the completion of his sixth year, knows about the Greek heritage. It is a part of our elementary-school curriculum. It is also stressed both in high school and college. No educator would ignore it in building a curriculum. It is needed both to explain our present and to enrich it.

Greece and Rome offer a marked contrast. The one is a small peninsula, jutting down into the Mediterranean Sea; the other a vast territory, completely enclosing this sea. The one is fairly uniform in temperature; the other has all the varieties of the torrid and temperate zones. The one has a homogeneous people; the other, many tribes and races. Rome, by reason of her extensive territory, her pronounced seasonal changes, her variety of soil and climate, and her heterogeneous people, had a most difficult problem in the field of government. In the solution of this problem, however, she surpassed all nations of antiquity. Her Cæsars and senators, her generals and tribunes, are known to-day wherever books are read. Her unconquerable legions kept the invaders at bay and preserved order at home. Traders came from far and near over roads the marvel of to-day. The lanes of the sea were kept open by her indomitable galleys. Everywhere there was order; always there were courts. In the practical art of government, Rome was without a rival.

Closely akin to this achievement is another no less important. This second contribution was law. The little city on the Tiber had done more than acquire territory and take on the ways of an empire. She had developed principles and formulated rules that govern man in his social relations. That she was conscious of the importance of this work is evident because from time to time it was recorded in permanent form. The record that was most complete was authorized by Justinian in the sixth century. The Justinian code put the stamp of this mighty people on all subsequent time.

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It is interesting to note that one of the aphorisms embedded in American political writing is found in the great Roman documents. This is "All men are created equal." Again, the jury principle which we appraise in unmeasured terms can be traced from the Theodosian code of the Romans to Normandy, thence to England and finally to America.

We believe this contribution to modern civilization is very significant. Every boy and girl who completes the sixth grade in our schools is taught to enjoy this heritage. Those who study beyond this grade have their attention called many times to this legacy. To understand the contribution of Rome helps us understand our own life and traditions; to enjoy it makes our vision broader and our sympathy richer.

We now pass from Greece and Rome to Jerusalem, the home of the third factor in modern civilization.

In ancient times there was a great nation in the valley of the Nile. At the same time, another lived in the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates. Between these two ancient seats of civilization was Jerusalem, the holy city of Palestine. The international highway between Egypt and Babylonia led through Palestine. Therefore, the Jew always met the travellers between these ancient countries. Whether they were pleasure-seekers, business men, or warriors, they passed through his land. In this way the Jew became the most cosmopolitan man of antiquity. He garnered the thoughts of the ages.

The Jew was a dreamer. He was also thrifty. Being so, he could put his energies to the solution of the problems of the eternal. By and by he came to the conclusion that God was not peculiar to any place, nor to any tribe or nation. He was Jehovah, the God of all.

Hand in hand with the revelation of this great truth was the question—how to approach him? From the days of Abraham, this question was one on which the Jew deliberated. As he learned from time to time how to relate himself to Jehovah, the springs of religion began to rise within him. In the course of the centuries great religious experiences were registered in his heart. To him was revealed the great principles that govern the adjustment of human conduct to the Supreme Will.

The Jew has recorded his religious experience and achievement on parchments, a great number of which have been bound in a single volume, known by everybody as the Bible. This book, written by Jews and for Jews, is the richest treasure in the field of religion in the world. It has brought spiritual peace and comfort to untold millions. The road over which the Jew travelled to find God has become a great world highway whose milestones are prayer and vicarious service.

Jerusalem has left us the legacy of monotheism and religion. The story of how the Jew made this fortune, the value of which is inestimable, is not open to our boys and girls on the same easy terms as the Greek and Roman. Not only is the evolution of this contribution to our civilization largely denied our youth, but the real product itself is poorly handed down. This fact naturally follows. The complete comprehension of any fact hangs on an understanding of how it came to be. Our present has been a becoming. To know the source of things and the story of their development adds to our thorough mastery of them.

But why is the Jewish contribution to modern civilization so hazily present in our life and so poorly understood by our time?

One reason is the existence of such a large number of religious bodies, each of which is more or less suspicious of the motives of the others. Many of our churches trace their history back to the sixteenth century; others are of later origin. The break which came in the Catholic Church under the leadership of Martin Luther is a significant landmark in church history. It introduces the Protestant era, in which we see a multiplicity of religious groups and a period of suspicion and mistrust among them. Emphasis in this period has been too denominational, too much on externals, too much on the letter. In the effort to preserve an organization and a name, the larger interests of individual and social adjustment to God have been neglected. The history of "my" church has received more attention than the weightier matters of the law.

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Another reason for our failure adequately to receive our religious legacy is the fact that the modern state has taken over education as one of its functions. In America, as well as in Europe, schools were the children of the church. From the fall of the Roman Empire to the beginning of the Protestant era, education was regarded primarily as a religious responsibility and function. Among the first in modern times to point out the civic value of schools was Luther. This emphasis received momentum from two sources: first, the conception of individual responsibility to God; second, the belief that the people should vote and participate in government; that is, democracy.

It took about three hundred years for these two principles to transform educational practice. Of course, if the individual was responsible to God, then he ought to be equipped to meet this duty. The least indispensable equipment was the ability to read and understand the Bible. He could know his religious obligations and how best to meet them in no more commendable way. Again, the idea of democracy in government rested on an intelligent electorate. The voter must understand the constitution of the state, the working of the lawmaking body and the courts, campaign issues and party history. He must, therefore, be a reading voter.

Democracy greatly accelerated the movement to make education a civic function. Our schools in colonial times were established, maintained, and administered largely by the church. In 1850 there were over six hundred academies in America, with two hundred and sixty-four thousand pupils. Almost all of these institutions were erected by the church. What is true of academies is also true of the early colleges. Of the first nine colleges established on our shores, eight were built by the church. In 1860 there were two hundred and forty-six colleges in the United States. Only seventeen were state institutions. Both the academies and the colleges sought to prepare men for the ministry and for spiritual leadership. The secularization of schools began when the political emphasis became paramount in society. This was in the eighteenth century. In our country this emphasis was clearly evident at the time of the American Revolution and has become more and more dominant since the establishment of our Constitution. Of the five commonly recognized strands which make up the cord of society—home, school, church, business, and state—it is now apparent that the last-named one has more generally touched our citizenship than any other. It has taken over the schools and made them civic institutions.

Momentum has been added to the secularization of our schools by the peculiar character of our modern industrial system. This is a third reason for the indifference to our religious heritage. Since the coming of the industrial revolution of the eighteenth century, great stress has been given to matter. Machinery has supplanted the human hand. It is an age of steel. We have harnessed the lightning, tunnelled the hills and mountains, bridged the streams and rivers. We don't walk; we ride. We standardize everything. We talk about atoms and electrons. We note the victory of dimes in business and chronicle the erection of the tallest skyscrapers. We rejoice when our country makes up the longest train of cars. We are glad when our railroad mileage exceeds that of any other nation. Mechanical power conquers. Steel gives the victory. Matter receives the emphasis.

For almost two hundred years the machine has displaced the hand; the material has crowded out the immaterial; matter has choked the spirit. Into the stream of life we have failed to pour the waters of fraternity and love, peace and good-will. In fact, we have not built a technic so comprehensive and complex for human relationships as we have for the adjustment of matter to matter. Is it small wonder then that Jerusalem has been neglected and that our religious legacy is a thing of indifference?

And because of this situation we try to produce character by training that is largely rational. We have excluded from our public-school curriculum the study and in most cases the use of the Bible and religious literature. What was considered a few generations ago as fundamentally essential in education has been supplanted by an attempt to develop ration-

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ality in the pupil. Education of this type has produced a society against which grave indictments can be made. What is true in Indiana is in all probability typical of the nation. In this state our penal institutions are filled with inmates half of whom have not reached their majority. Sixty-two per cent of our entire population are not identified with any church. Boys and girls begin to drop out of Sunday-school at the age of twelve. At fourteen, twenty-five per cent are gone; at twenty-one, ninety-two per cent are gone.

In the presence of this indictment, we cry out like the conscience-stricken group to whom Peter preached: "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Certain principles must guide us in making an answer: first, the separation of state and church; second, the freedom of conscience in matters of religion; third, the responsibility of the home and the church for religious education.

Everybody knows that modern industry has greatly changed home life. It has taken the wage-earner to the factory and shop. It has put a severe test on domestic intimacies and companionships. Home has not broken down; it has been seriously crippled. A recent study shows that the most telling cause of immorality among young working girls is the disintegration of the home. That great unused power, prayer, is too seldom drawn upon at home. There are too few priestly fathers. Wives cannot be bread-winners, mothers, and religious teachers all at the same time. It is not enough that children come into a home; they must receive here in this elemental institution the legacy bequeathed to them by Father Time, the riches of our religious heritage.

Closely bound to the home in this matter is the church. Since the secularization of the schools, the church has too often said: "Education is no longer our obligation." On the other hand, the state has said: "On religious matters we have nothing to say." As a result of these positions millions in America reach maturity without any real religious training. The church must rededicate itself to its most important and fundamental task—handing down from generation to generation the spiritual torch of the ages. Under our present order, the church holds sovereignty over faith, one of the greatest resources of the world. To give instruction in religious education, our churches generally are poorly equipped both in buildings and teachers. Their supreme challenge to-day is to provide the means and measures for putting America in touch with our religious heritage.

There is nothing in the principles guiding this discussion to prevent the state from co-operating with the church and home in religious education. Among the ways this may be done is to give the schoolroom a reverential tone and atmosphere. Every schoolroom, therefore, should be well constructed, immaculately kept, and artistically decorated. A child will respect a room of this kind. When he does so, the state has begun to co-operate with the church and home in religious education.

Another factor which the state can contribute is the teacher. Her appearance and bearing should command respect. She should be identified with one or more organizations whose purpose is to build character. The most important organization of this kind is the church. There are other agencies that champion brotherhood and vicarious living. Affiliation with these is commendable. Mere membership in any of these organizations is not enough. A teacher should be sufficiently active in the community in moral and religious work that her aims and ideals along these lines are obvious to any observing citizen. This makes possible the most effective teaching in the world—teaching by example. Religion is caught as well as taught. The state can most effectively co-operate with the church and home in handing down the religious heritage by the selection as teachers of men and women who typify the highest and best in manhood and womanhood.

As the schools became more and more civic institutions, the use of the Bible as a part of the curriculum became less and less prominent. The complete secularization of the schools has almost wholly eliminated the Bible in connection with them. Many have felt that this was the logical consequence of the adoption of the principle of separation of church and state. It is not necessarily so. This principle in essence is that no religious organization or group shall use the state in order to fur-

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ther its own ends. It is a buffer against the selfish aggrandizement of the machinery of the government for denominational purposes. It is not a principle directed against the use of the Bible in the schools. In fact, there are features about this book that recommend it for a place in the curriculum.

To begin with, it is a library of excellent literature. For beauty of expression, sublimity of thought, and emotional charm, few poems excel the Psalms. In fact, Biblical poetry well meets Milton's requirement—it is simple, sensuous, passionate. The Proverbs are bits of wisdom, terse and pungent, the like of which has not been produced by any other people. There is no drama with a more noble theme than the Book of Job. It is fertile in invention, full of emotional climaxes, and adorned with beauty of expression. The Biblical short story, of which the Book of Ruth is an example, is still one of the finest in all literature. Notwithstanding the literary excellence of the Bible, makers of readers and other text-books too rarely draw from it for their selections. If the writers of school-books would incorporate more of the Bible in their texts, our boys and girls would, as they moved from grade to grade in our school system, become fairly well acquainted with it as literature. This would be a distinct contribution of the schools in an effort to hand down our religious heritage.

In its influence upon literature and its effect upon our speech, this wonderful book has been and continues to be "the well of English undefiled." Professor Cook, of Yale, declares that the King James Bible is the chief bond which holds united in a common loyalty and a common endeavor the various branches of the English race, and more than anything else it tends to make perpetual that loyalty and that high endeavor. Another Yale professor, Doctor William Lyon Phelps, expresses his estimate of the Bible in this striking paragraph:

"I thoroughly believe in a university education for both men and women; but I believe a knowledge of the Bible without a college course is more valuable than a college course without the Bible. For in the Bible we have profound thought beautifully expressed; we have the nature of boys and girls, of men and women, more accurately charted than in the works of any modern novelist or playwright. You can learn more about human nature by reading the Bible than by living in New York."

To recognize the Bible as a great literary production and to make selections from it a part of the school curriculum is a third way the state can co-operate with the church and home in passing on the Hebrew literature to the youth of to-day.

A movement that is making great headway at this time is to release pupils from the public schools on the request of parents or guardians for as much as two hours per week in order that agencies already organized for the purpose may give them instruction in religious education. A record of their attendance is kept and credit for their work is given by the schools. An arrangement of this kind makes it possible, not only to teach historical and literary phases of the Bible, but to give instruction in its moral and spiritual values as well. It is a significant fact, in view of the large number of our religious organizations, that seven-eighths of the teaching given to released pupils is exactly the same. It is too early to appraise the results derived from this plan for religious instruction. No serious objection has been raised against it. In some schools where the platoon system is in operation, play periods are frequently used for this purpose. The principle, however, is the same. The movement in general is another way in which the state can co-operate with the church and home in bringing to our boys and girls the valuable but long-neglected principles of the Jewish religion.

A very similar practice has started in our State colleges and universities. Schools of religion have been built by private citizens or by churchmen, or both, in close proximity to the State institutions, to furnish the students in the tax-supported school an opportunity for additional religious instruction. This instruction has been put on a collegiate basis and has received credit by the State school. The Missouri Bible College, founded in 1896 by the Christian Church, has offered courses in religious education which have

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been accorded credit by the State University. Similar religious foundations have been established in Illinois and Kansas, and their courses are approved for university credit. This seems a commendable practice, and it might well spread all over the Union. It makes possible the co-operation of the state with the church and home in religious education, and offers under proper regulation a right of way to Jerusalem free from danger.

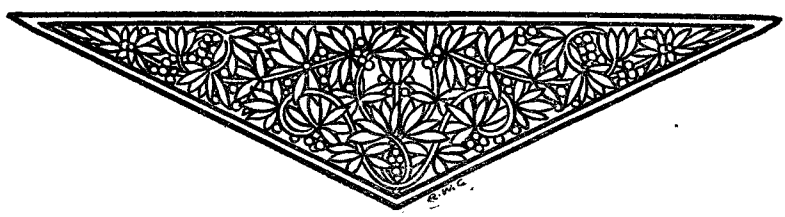
The tax-supported educational institution, with its complementary private or denominational school of religion, can offer to students the opportunities for religious education on a par with the traditional church college. It makes possible a return to conditions which existed before the secularization of the schools, but under different agencies. In many cases the church college of to-day has sheared its curriculum of courses distinctly religious in character and depended on rationalistic instruction for the development of spiritual leadings. This secularization process has not infrequently been applied to the faculty. As a result, instead of a group of choice personalities who know and enjoy the world's legacy in Greece, Rome, and Jerusalem, and delight in depositing it in the innermost vault of the soul of youth, we too often find a body brought together for their erudition and scholarship alone. Notwithstanding this situation, the fires of religious emotion have been kindled in many hearts in our church schools, and leaders trained within their walls have exerted a tremendous influence in making our society wholesome and pure. The maintenance of these institutions is a marked compliment to the spirit of high devotion and sacrifice of godly men and women.

The demand made by the state for an intelligent citizenship does not go far enough. Mere knowledge does not insure a citizenship that respects law and order, that knits together the threads of maladjustment in domestic and social relations, or that heals the misshapen and leech-bitten units in our body politic. Learning alone will not build a technic adequate for the problems of any generation. We must have an intelligence established on faith, built in prayer, and nourished by good-will. We must have an intelligence so intimately bound to God that every citizen has written on his heart:

"If I forget thee, let my right hand forget its cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth."

We must have an intelligent citizenship that is righteous.

American children will receive their inheritance. The outlook for this joyful consummation is reassuring. We are training spiritual minutemen for the cause of religious education. The signal-fires for a mighty effort are burning; a spiritual renaissance is imminent.



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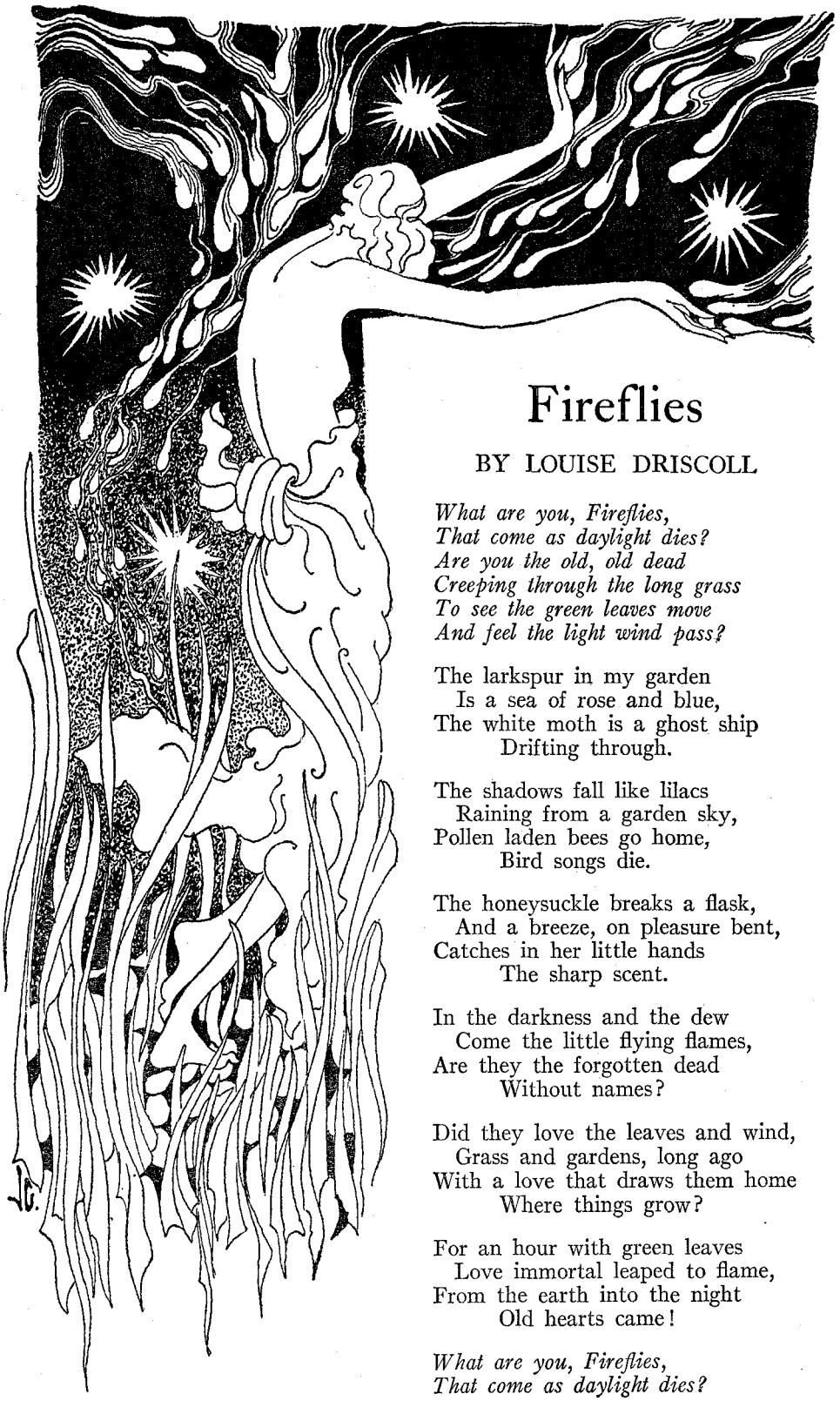

Fireflies

BY LOUISE DRISCOLL

What are you, Fireflies,
That come as daylight dies?
Are you the old, old dead
Creeping through the long grass
To see the green leaves move
And feel the light wind pass?

The larkspur in my garden
  Is a sea of rose and blue,
The white moth is a ghost ship
    Drifting through.

The shadows fall like lilacs
  Raining from a garden sky,
Pollen laden bees go home,
    Bird songs die.

The honeysuckle breaks a flask,
  And a breeze, on pleasure bent,
Catches in her little hands
    The sharp scent.

In the darkness and the dew
  Come the little flying flames,
Are they the forgotten dead
    Without names?

Did they love the leaves and wind,
  Grass and gardens, long ago
With a love that draws them home
    Where things grow?

For an hour with green leaves
  Love immortal leaped to flame,
From the earth into the night
    Old hearts came!

What are you, Fireflies,
That come as daylight dies?

Decoration by J. Castellanos.

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AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

YESTERDAY I read a new volume of American poems which I confidently recommend, being certain that nine out of ten will share my admiration. It is called "The Home Road" and was written by the late Martha Haskell Clark. She was the wife of the secretary of Dartmouth College, and Professor Curtis Hidden Page, in his introduction, speaks of "her charming, vital, and typically American personality." I envy those who had the privilege of her friendship; she must have been an extraordinary woman. I especially commend the poem called "The Villages," because such a poem seems to be acutely needed at this moment, to remind us of something eternally and profoundly true in human nature. With reference to the metrical skill displayed in these verses, I cannot do better than quote Professor Page:

> They are always strongly lyrical. If any adverse criticism may be made on them, it is that they almost too easily and naturally, for present-day taste in metrics, "sing themselves." But just possibly that may be a criticism not on the poems but on present-day taste, which is certainly for a day, not for all time. Such poems as these have a permanent appeal, to readers that love lilting song for its own sake, to hearts that love at once the open sky and the roofed-in fireside.

I advise those who prefer free verse to rhyme, or squalor to beauty, not to buy this book. They won't like it.

It is worth remembering that the ten leading living British poets are metrically conservative; they are—well, name them yourself.

Mr. Stark Young, the accomplished dramatic critic of the New York *Times*, is the author of a book on the theatre called "Glamour." Even if one does not agree with all of his pronouncements, this work is worth reading for the sheer beauty of its style. There is displayed a command of the resources of the English language which is especially welcome at a time when so much "criticism" in America is written in slang. Mr. Young's long chapter on Duse is a particularly fine appreciation. I wish I could have seen one-tenth as much in her interpretations as he saw; perhaps I could, if my knowledge of Italy, of the Italian language, and of Italian dramatic literature were one-tenth as much as his.

The New York Theatre Guild opened their own building in April, with one of the best of modern plays—Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra." The rise of this Theatre Guild is the most astonishing and the most encouraging thing in American dramatic history. And yet I believe its initial success is owing to luck, to one individual's chance shot. There was a little group (semi-professional, semi-amateur) of actors called The Washington Square Players, who had the usual experience of bankruptcy, though in this instance it is possible that their downfall was one of the innumerable war casualties. In the New York *Sun* for March 28, 1925, Alexander Woollcott, in a highly interesting article on their rise from obscurity to fame, says:

> When the first Guild meeting was held in 1919, they had $500 in the bank and access to the Garrick Theatre, which had not had a success in it for so many seasons that it usually stood idle and the superstitious Broadway managers would have none of it.
>
> From that nervous beginning the Guild has so grown that its subscribers—those who at the beginning of each season buy seats for each of the six plays the Guild is pledged each year to give—now number more than 14,000. Its fame has so spread that it is known in Buda Pest and Vienna and Dublin and Paris as no American theatre was ever known before. Its scale of operations has so expanded that besides its new theatre it has four other New York playhouses under at least temporary control. And it has so grown in resourcefulness and skill that the best of American playwrights are beginning to bring their manuscripts to its door.
>
> At first these were offish and suspicious and the Guild was fairly driven to depend on the playwrights of other lands. Indeed the wags

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insisted that the new theatre should be named either the Hungarrick or the Buda Pesthouse. But all this is changing and I think the day may not be far distant when the very fact that the Guild stands there equipped for (and committed to) disinterested production will inspire the writing of some great plays just as the existence and perfection of the Moscow Art Theatre moved a shabby country doctor named Tchekhov to write the finest plays of his age.

There have been innumerable theatre companies started, whose members have had ability and ambition; most of them have been regarded by the multitude with indifference. It is just the other way with the New York Theatre Guild in 1925. If this organization selects a play, its choice is in itself a magnificent advertisement. "Theatre Guild Production" means just about the best thing in New York. How did this come about?

The first play put on in 1919 by the Theatre Guild was Benavente's "Bonds of Interest." It ran three weeks, steadily lost money, and apparently the company was going the way of all flesh. But one day Lawrence Langner was window-shopping on Fifth Avenue. Some years before that he had belonged to a debating team in England of which St. John Ervine was a member. Looking into a window at Brentano's, Mr. Langner saw the book "John Ferguson," and being attracted by the name of the author on account of his personal acquaintance, he bought the book and recommended it to the Guild. Any manager in New York might have produced it, but no one believed in it. The new Theatre Guild put it on as their second production; it had an enormous success; it gave the Guild prestige, and best of all, it filled the treasury to the brim. It made the company independent; since the first night of "John Ferguson" they have never known either mental or financial depression. They followed it up with John Masefield's "The Faithful," the performance being one of the worst bores I have ever had the bad luck to witness. But after the success of Ervine's play, they could have mounted even worse things than "The Faithful," and still been solvent.

Therefore, I take off my hat to the man who picked "John Ferguson." He performed a great service to modern drama —for if it had not been for that one choice—well, here is one of those rare instances where we can all be thankful for what was, rather than for what might have been.

And what a magnificent performance! Not to my dying day shall I forget Dudley Digges, as he revealed all the degradation of talkative cowardice.

Since that time, the Guild has made few errors in choosing plays; and it has worked several miracles, two notable instances being "Heartbreak House" and "Back to Methuselah." *I hope some day it will conduct a genuine Repertory Theatre.*

It has given encouragement to dramatic art everywhere; and if the citizens of other American cities have no opportunity to see good plays, it is their own fault. But better times are coming; to take only one instance out of many, the recent opening of Miss Jessie Bonstelle's Playhouse in Detroit is significant.

Visitors to New York who wish to know what plays to see and what ones to avoid cannot do better than read the "Tips on Amusements" contributed to *The Wall Street Journal* by the veteran critic Metcalfe. His list of plays is *rewritten every Monday noon*, and his prefatory remarks are as sensible and penetrating as his condensed comment on each play.

The English literature of the Restoration (1660–1700) has always seemed un-English in its pornography; historians have explained it as a reaction against Puritan suppression. The dramatic critic, Charles Belmont Davis, in *The Herald Tribune*, calls attention to the disquieting fact that the present season, 1924–25, has rivalled the filth of Restoration drama, and also hints that we may be in for a restoration of Restoration plays. If this is true, I hope we may be honest enough, as Mr. Davis is, to state the reason for this sudden interest in historical revivals. It is absolute cant to talk about their wit and charm; there is more wit and cerebration in one play of Shaw's than in the entire Restoration drama.

Furthermore, it is always assumed, and probably correctly, that any play which is denounced as immoral and comes near to being suppressed without quite achieving it, will instantly become popular. Who are the men and women who prove the truth of this assumption? Why

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should people, who care nothing about a play until it is branded as immoral, then flock to see it? They are really Peeping Toms, who are delighted to find that they can peep legally at five dollars and fifty cents a peep.

Mr. Metcalfe, in *The Wall Street Journal*, foreseeing the tide of indecency which is about to engulf New York, makes a point that ought not to be forgotten. "In the general rejoicing let there be a little sympathy for those managers who have been deterred by their self-respect and sense of decency from putting on plays of a certain kind which have always been at their command. They have lost money they might have had. The other managers who have refrained only from fear of the authorities may now go as far as they like."

The most healthful of all antiseptics—laughter—has recently disposed of two rotten plays. Certain misguided persons, supposing that filth was all that was necessary, mounted two impossible productions, at which, according to the New York critics, the audiences howled and guffawed in derisive damnation.

That acute interpreter of American life, Ring W. Lardner, has risen from the ranks of the fun-makers to the deserved dignity of a Collected Edition of his Works. And although some of the earlier pieces are surprisingly unequal in merit, there is an abundance of good things in every volume.

Edith Wharton's new novel, "The Mother's Recompense" has for the basis of its plot the same tragic material used by Guy de Maupassant in "Fort Comme La Mort," and by Maurice Donnay in "L'Autre Danger." A man wishes to marry the daughter of his former mistress. Mrs. Wharton's book, while not so good as her masterpiece, "The Age of Innocence," is valuable for its pictures of New York and especially for its analysis of the mother's state of mind. In "A Son at the Front" a father was the protagonist; here it is a mother. Some may find this prolonged analysis too minute for their taste; to me, everything Mrs. Wharton writes is sufficiently rewarding.

Thomas Boyd's collection of war stories, "Points of Honor," confirms my first opinion of him, formed when I read "Through the Wheat." No books take me closer to the ranks of our fighting men. No one writes more honestly, or with more impartiality. He has chosen to omit the humor which is characteristic even of war, perhaps because he found war a serious business. But although there is no humor, there is an undertone of irony, which is perhaps best displayed in the tale, "A Long Shot."

Scott Fitzgerald shows more potentialities in "The Great Gatsby" than in any of his preceding books. It is not a completely satisfactory story, but there is uncanny insight. He might easily have become a caterer; he is an artist.

Sheila Kaye-Smith proceeds on her triumphant way with "The George and the Crown." I know of no living novelist, except Thomas Hardy, who mingles nature and human nature into so perfect an amalgam. The remarkable thing is that she is as successful in the Channel Islands as she is in her beloved Sussex. The island idyl is a beautiful interlude. She displays extraordinary skill in fashioning her hero. He is a non-heroic hero who carries our sympathy from beginning to end. Such men are the salt of the earth.

"The Clutch of the Corsican," by Alfred H. Bill, is a first novel, and shows decided promise. It is a romance of the last days of Napoleon but quite different from the manufactured conventional type.

"The Cruise of the Cachalot," by F. T. Bullen, recently reprinted, is on the whole the best account of a whaling voyage I ever read. It is prefaced by a superlative compliment from Rudyard Kipling; but his enthusiasm for the book will be shared by all who love stories of the sea. Its fidelity to fact increases its value without decreasing its charm; and it has none of the tiresome metaphysics of Herman Melville.

To those who love to travel in remote and dangerous places vicariously, let me recommend Rockwell Kent's astonishing narrative, "Voyaging Southward from the Strait of Magellan." I have sailed around the Horn many times in books, and in like fashion have I often proceeded through the Straits. I have always vaguely imagined what the *land* was like between the Straits and the tip of the

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Horn, and wondered why brave fellows who love perilous adventures had never gone there. Manifestly the same idea had occurred to Rockwell Kent, only he turned the dream into reality. This is a thrilling story, and the numerous illustrations from the author's hand add to its piquancy.

"The Life of John L. Sullivan," by R. F. Dibble, handles this hero as Lytton Strachey manhandled Manning. It is a highly amusing biography of the most popular pugilist of all time. John L. was a fighter who loved to fight. To-day it takes more diplomacy to get two heavyweights into the ring than to organize a League of Nations.

Mr. Dibble's book entertained me prodigiously; perhaps it is lucky for him that Sullivan is dead. I wish in enumerating the various battles of the Strong Boy of Boston, the author had given him a little more credit for the greatest victory he ever achieved, the conquest of his thirst. . . . Let me recommend all who are interested to read Vachel Lindsay's poem, "John L. Sullivan."

Another very diverting book is "Twenty Years on Broadway," by George M. Cohan, written in Broadway dialect. *Speed! Speed! and then More Speed!* has been the chief characteristic of Mr. Cohan's work as a dramatist. Well, that is also the ground quality of this autobiography. It is a headlong, breathless dash from obscurity to fame; written by one from whom no secret of success is hid. Years ago I saw Mr. Cohan in an American-flag-song-and-dance-show called "The Yankee Prince." I found it a colossal bore. However, the house was jammed to the last inch, and apparently the audience or vidience loved it. *I* rejoiced when Mr. Cohan raised his game from his heels to his head—I have never enjoyed any American play more than "The Tavern." I cannot yet see why the critics attacked that piece so savagely. It seems to me one of the most original, one of the most brilliant, one of the most humorous of our native dramas. In addition to its outrageous mirth, it has an atmosphere of poetry and romance and wonder and mystery. I would go a long way to see it again.

Scribnerians who share my opinion that Louis Tracy's "The Wings of the Morning" is the most exciting novel ever written, will be glad to know that a sumptuous quarto edition has just been published, embellished with colored illustrations.

Several questions of good usage are brought to the front by my correspondents. S. K. Ratcliffe, the accomplished English critic, wonders if "like I do" is a recent vulgarism, and uncommon in America. No, to both queries; but I hate it. Mr. Ratcliffe continues: "Certainly in England 'like' is getting everywhere; the so-called educated do it. Harold Laski sounds it in his lectures with aggressive force! . . . Well, anyhow, vile as it is, it isn't so villainous as 'different than,' which is now universal in America. When, I wonder, did it begin? You and a few others, if you will enlist the colyumnists . . . ought to be able to abolish it. But perhaps not. Think of F. P. A.'s lifelong war upon *whom is he?* And, by the bye, why don't you stop your countrymen from writing, always, 'his ilk'? . . . what has it to do with him and his class or kind?"

A professor of English writes: "If you abominate 'angle,' in the sense—unknown till these later years, and I believe not yet known to the dictionaries—of *point de vue*, or *Standpunkt*, I wonder if you couldn't make a good paragraph of it for one of your SCRIBNER articles."

Alas, I may have, among my numerous errors, been guilty of this one. But it is an error, and henceforth——

1925 marks the four hundredth anniversary of the first printing of the English Bible by Tyndale, and the two hundred and fiftieth of the first Oxford Bible. The best way for every American to celebrate the occasion is forthwith to buy an Authorized Version IN BIG TYPE. One reason adults leave off reading the Bible is because they do not know that it is possible to buy an English Bible in a volume no bigger than many a novel, and yet with enormous black type, as big as that in pulpit tomes. The ordinary flexibly bound Bible, with tissue-paper, and small, thin, pale type, is a discouragement and even a danger to eyes that

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have looked on the world more than thirty years.

With reference to the word *vidience*, which, at the suggestion of Mr. John M. Shedd, I advocated in a recent number of this magazine, I am surprised to learn from the Chicago *News* of April 29 that "the word *optience* for a movie assemblage is already in general use, in the Middle West at least." I have never heard or seen this word until now, but I give it a hearty welcome into the English language.

R. H. Pitt, editor of *The Religious Herald*, Richmond, Va., claims priority over Mr. John M. Shedd for the coinage of the word *vidience*.

About five years ago I called attention in *The Religious Herald* to the fact that we did not have a word corresponding to audience which would describe a company of people who were gathered to see, as audience describes a company who were gathered to hear. This provoked quite an entertaining correspondence and Dr. E. W. Winfrey, a Baptist minister of Culpeper, nominated vidience to fill the vacancy.

Score one more triumph for the Baptists!

I am pleased to get this genial note from the Virginia paper, because in my youth there was a Congregationalist journal of the same name, in Hartford. I used to set type (outside of school hours) in the office. The paper became famous for its howling typographical errors and misplacement of paragraphs. One day, in the column "Ministers and Churches" there appeared in the proof sent to the editor, "Lillian Russell will wear tights this winter." How it got in there no one knew. As this was the climax of a long series of misfortunes, the editor was so disgusted that he crossed out the line, and wrote on the margin, "Such is life." When the paper appeared, it contained among the news of the clergy, the item about Miss Russell, followed by the editorial comment, "Such is life." Such indeed, it was—and is.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Hugh de Boyedon not only enter the Fano Club in a veritable blaze of glory, but they give to members, future members, and Scribnerians the following valuable and interesting information. Let me urge club members and prospective voyagers to Italy to write at once, as I am doing, to Professor Mabellini. Mrs. de Boyedon writes from Perugia:

I want you to know about our most interesting visit of several hours to the magnificent Biblioteca Federicia at Fano: it is smaller in size but equal in interest to the Mazarin Library in The Institute in Paris. The collection of priceless books, rare manuscripts, gorgeous bindings, and old documents is wonderful beyond anything I can express and we owe the greatest debt of gratitude to the director and curator, Professor Cavaliere Adolfo Mabellini. He went to the greatest pains to show us everything of interest and to explain the countless treasures of the great library (for there are more than a hundred thousand volumes). Among the great treasures are all the household files of the Malatesta family, the autographs of nearly every Pope since the sixth century, thousands of letters from the great cardinals of the church, and many gorgeously illuminated manuscripts. Professor Mabellini had never heard of the Fano Club, nor SCRIBNER'S, and he was intensely interested when we told him about both and especially about your interest in Fano. He begged me to ask you and other American professors to get in touch with him and said anyone interested in the great library in Fano would receive a warm welcome there and be given every facility to examine or study the books and manuscripts. This charming and intellectual Italian gentleman has devoted twenty-eight years of his life to cataloguing and looking after the library and nearly lost his life when the old part gave way and he was caught in the falling walls. He is so full of information, so gentle and kind and courteous and seemed so touched that we stayed so long and evinced such interest. I do hope other Americans will go to see him and the magnificent collections he so gladly shows to interested visitors. Would you (if possible) send him a list of members of the Fano Club and some of your own writings and have some of our big libraries get in touch with him? I should think the Biblioteca Federicia would be priceless to students of all history pertaining to the early and Middle Ages in history: and may I ask all members of the Fano Club to send Professor Mabellini a word of greeting and encouragement for his is a lonely life devoted only to his precious books, and the greetings of my young country to this lonely man would cheer him greatly?

Mr. William A. Watts, regretting that the idea did not occur to him in time for the Bok prize competition, suggests as the best means of preventing war, a union of all the owners of Ford cars. "Nothing else is so truly and universally American. They are everywhere and where one Ford lays down its bones two Fords grow. It is rumored in California that the astronomers on Mount Wilson have discovered a Ford in the spectrum of Betelgeuse.

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. . . No combination of munition-makers, Wall Street bankers, or other worshippers of Mars could successfully combat the sentiment and dictum of the Embattled Ford Owners of America." *Fords, unite!*

The *Ohio State Journal* nominates for the Ignoble Prize the Slouchy Sock.

> In the long list of ugly features that come into view when men grow careless in their attire, slouchy socks seem to have a commanding lead over all others. No other bit of untidiness seems to upset so completely all harmony or to be more wholly inexcusable. . . . It seems to have a perfect right to first place. Just why men grow careless in that way is not easy to understand. Skillful artisans have fashioned many conveniences for preventing that display and they are for sale on all hands at modest prices.
>
> Just now some unthinking promoter of style is seeking to induce young men to adopt slouchy socks, deliberately cast aside the ready-to-wear garters, or the safety-pin, that comfort bachelors know and appreciate, and let their socks hang loose, wrinkled above their shoes, the perfect picture of slouchiness. And, more's the pity, there are young men willing to adopt the change and call it style. It's the newest thing, so it must be adopted, by those who prefer change to harmony and slouchiness to order and arrangement. The young men still insist on faultless linen, trousers creased to perfection, hats folded and wrinkled to meet the extreme test, neckwear that is art or near art, then spoil the picture and ruin the appearance with slouchy socks. And this development comes at an unfortunate time, as all custodial institutions the state has are crowded to the limit.

Let me add that I am in hearty accord with the Ohio editor on this question. I am not a hidebound conservative, but we want no new wrinkles of this kind.

Remember when you are in England, never ask for garters; ask for sock suspenders.

Miss Reba White, of Villa Park, Illinois, nominates for the Ignoble Prize

> Expensive, hand-decorated greeting-cards. They cost a lot of money and you hate to throw them away . . . there's no more room in the table drawer—you have a cleaning-out fit on, anyhow . . . they are not suitable for framing . . . they are too conspicuous for grocery-lists . . . you can't palm them off on poor relations for the sender's name is usually engraved or hand-lettered prominently . . . they are too stiff for the children to cut out on a rainy day. . . . The plumber is calling "A piece of cardboard for gaskets?" "Sure, take these!"

Henry T. Praed, of Yankton College, South Dakota, nominates for the Ignoble Prize "the fellow who works the cross-word puzzles in the news sheets while the rest are waiting for the paper." This should be a capital offense.

Doctor John A. Holland, of Tuckahoe, nominates for the Ignoble Prize not only the boxes, but the whole Metropolitan Opera House, because of the stage's low visibility. "I have seen some cussing wrecks after a performance. So why not include the whole Opera House in your nomination? And pray that some day there will be built in New York a home for 'opra' that will give every one a dignified return for their money."

One is to be built. Yet I must say that I never had bad luck at the Metropolitan; I have sat in every part of the house (not at once), and have also stood, seen, and heard.

When M. Antoine consented to become director of the Odéon in Paris, the first thing he did was to sit down in every doubtful chair and delete those from which a good view of the stage could not be obtained.

Miss Beulah Strong, of Florence, has the hardihood—she is a long distance away—to nominate for the Ignoble Prize Boswell's "Life of Johnson." Well, well! One of the greatest individual benefits derived from the establishment of the Ignoble Prize is the enormous relief when some one releases a thought that has been for years gnawing at the vitals—if a lady may be said to possess something so material. She continues: "And when you suggest pictures of still life as candidates, would you not be willing to restrict these to 'those no gentleman's dining-room should be without'? and the equally offensive groups of flowers in high detail for the same gentleman's drawing-room? I think you must wish to exclude Chardin from this category; and some of our modern painters—Vollon, Chase, Emil Carlsen; to name but a few—have done their best work in decorative composition and in expression of tactile values in the form of still life."

My Scribnerian colleague, Royal Cortissoz, should answer this question; as for me, I never saw a picture of still life that I cared for.

Edmund Roberts, of Johns Hopkins, nominates for the Ignoble Prize "all

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librarians who talk out loud in libraries, including even the somewhat more thoughtful ones who confine their chattering to the anterooms." I never met a librarian who had a loud voice, but perhaps it was because he didn't get a chance.

My remarks on the English blackbird have drawn responses from many sections of our country. *The Ohio State Journal* declares the English blackbird to be a thrush. I don't care a thrush what you call him; by any other name his song would be as sweet. Mrs. C. W. Twining, of Oswego, Oregon, insists that our redwing blackbird deserves more credit than I assigned. "His tones are like those given out by the oboe stop of a pipe-organ." J. S. Prout, of Fishkill, sends me an interesting and valuable article that he contributed to *Forest and Stream* on December 24, 1884, called "Acclimation of Foreign Birds," in which he insists, reasonably enough, it seems to me, that in importing birds like the nightingale and the skylark, we should turn them loose in our Southern States, instead of exposing them to the fatal rigors of a Northern climate. On September 9, 1910, Mr. Prout returned to this theme in a letter to the New York *Times;* it is now a pleasure to give him and his excellent suggestion the opportunity of speaking to the most select and cultivated audience in the world. With all my heart I hope that some one or some organization will adopt Mr. Prout's plan, and then perhaps we can in America enjoy the greatest natural singers in Europe, just as we have long had at the Metropolitan Opera House the pick of the cultivated ones.

I wish also to add a word of commendation to Mr. Prout himself. He is ninety-one years old, and is still eager to see this experiment tried. "So far as I know, I have as yet made no convert," he writes me. Well, here is one.

October 3, 4, 1926, will be the seventh centenary of the death of Saint Francis; and the blessed town of Assisi, where I spent a memorable day in April, 1912, will be filled with pilgrims. Foster Stearns, of Boston, writes me a letter on this subject that is of such general interest that I wish to present it to Scribnerians.

Mr. Johannes Joergensen, the Danish man of letters, who is now a resident of Assisi, has started betimes (in 1923) with the organization of a "Comitato Religioso per le onoranze a S. Francesco d'Assisi nel VII centenario della sua Morte." The latest number of the Committee's very characterful little periodical, "Frate Francesco," brings the happy announcement that at a joint meeting held on March 14, it was voted to unite the Religious committee and the Civil committee organized by the Sindaco, under the presidency of the head of the former, Professor Pennacchi. The Sindaco made an excellent speech, "ricordando come il giungere al Centenario divisi avrebbe segnato di per se l'insuccesso e la vanità d'ogni celebrazione, la quale, per il suo carattere eminentemente spirituale, deve inspirarsi alle idealità del Santo di Assisi."

Now one of the leading points in the program of the Committee is this: to prevent, if possible, any scheme for a new "memorial" of any sort in the city, and to expend any funds raised in the restoration of the existing monuments; and along with this, to inspire the citizens of Assisi to give their cooperation by the restoration of their houses so far as possible to their mediæval aspect, so that the whole town may recall to the devout (or otherwise) pilgrim as much as may be of its appearance in St. Francis's day.

They are fighting a new hotel scheme, I believe—fighting, that is, its inclusion within the old walls; and they are planning a hostel where cheap lodging may be provided for pilgrims—but this also "fuori le mura." They have suggested that the existing international (and interconfessional) Society for Franciscan Studies might well be augmented by a Society for the Preservation of the Monuments of Assisi, and they invite subscriptions, however small, from artists and art-lovers of all nations for that purpose.

Thomas Hardy celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday on June 2. Inasmuch as he prefers to be known as a poet rather than a novelist, it is interesting to remember that whereas out of the eighty-five years of his life, only twenty-five have been devoted to prose, about thirty have been given to poetry. I wish that he had continued the practice, begun in 1898, of illustrating his verses with drawings by his own hand.

Objections are still raised to the improbability of the plot of "The Mayor of Casterbridge," where a man sold his wife. An accomplished scholar, Frederick A. Pottle, M.A., sends me the following from *The British Magazine* (1767), page 331.

About three weeks ago a bricklayer's labourer at Marybone sold a woman, whom he had cohabited with for several years, to a fellow-workman for a quarter guinea and a gallon of beer. The workman went off with the purchase, and

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she has since had the good fortune to have a legacy of £200 and some plate, left her by a deceased uncle in Devonshire. The parties were married last Friday.

In the preface to the novel, Mr. Hardy said he followed a fact.

The death of Amy Lowell on May 12, 1925, was a sacrifice on the altar of scholarship. There is no doubt that the continuous work for a thousand midnights which she devoted to the biography of Keats was too great a drain on even her splendid vitality. She had the satisfaction that comes from the completion of a long task; and I had the satisfaction of receiving a letter from her in which she expressed her pleasure at what I had said of her book in the May SCRIBNER'S.

Patriotism is an all but universal emotion; but the things that stimulate it vary enormously with various individuals. Just as the same sermon will produce religious conviction in one mind, scepticism in another, and disgust in yet another, so the patriotic appeal will not always reach every one in the same fashion. When I hear a flamboyant oration on Americanism, I feel as the boys felt in "Stalky and Co." when the visitor addressed them on the English flag. But when I was in Paris at the time of Whistler's death, and read an authoritative article in *La Revue Bleue*, which called him the greatest painter of the nineteenth century, the temperature of my patriotism rose.

The death of John Singer Sargent on April 15 is likewise a decisive defeat of the most formidable of all foes—oblivion. He was the greatest portrait-painter of modern times; and if any prophecy about anything can safely be made, he will remain forever among the artists. He seems to belong with Van Dyck, Velasquez, Reynolds; and he had in his lifetime no rival. It is pleasant to think that genius does not have to appear in archaic garments; but that a man of our time, dressed in a plain business suit, and living at an American hotel, may have the divine gift. It stirs my patriotism to think that both Whistler and Sargent were Americans.

On May 3, 1924, I had an interesting conversation with Mr. Sargent in his room at the Copley Plaza, Boston. He was absolutely natural, simple, without the slightest affectation or mannerism. Raymond Crosby's sketch of him, reproduced in many newspapers, is an admirable likeness.

In the May number of that vivacious and audacious magazine, *The American Mercury*, there is a merry picture of the comic horrors that would come to pass if the United States had a Ministry of the Fine Arts. One of my own amusements in solitude is creating impossible daydreams, like unto those imagined in *The Mercury*, a particular one is so persistent that I shall not get rid of it until I print it. So, in all geniality, here it is: I see the interior of a crowded Methodist Sunday-school, on a hot morning in June; close to the superintendent on the platform stand Mencken and Nathan, dressed in white frocks, with pink sashes; they are holding hands, and singing "America, the Beautiful!"

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THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

WHEN Henri Beraldi came to Daumier in the compilation of his invaluable catalogue of "Les Graveurs du XIX^e^ Siècle", he was a little amused to find what commentators on the subject had already done in the way of comparison. They had discovered points of contact between Daumier and about thirty different masters, to say nothing of the traditions of the Flemish, the Dutch, the Venetian, and the Florentine schools. Daubigny, visiting Rome and seeing the "Moses," cries with enthusiasm: *C'est un Daumier!* Above all things, the draftsman of *Charivari* was the *Michel-Ange de la caricature.* One may be, with Beraldi, a little amused—until one sees that there is in all this but the reflection of a very simple truth. It is that Daumier is of the elect, a mighty artist "with the mark of the gods upon him," to borrow Whistler's phrase. He made his fame primarily as a satirist in black and white but he triumphed through the possession of a genius transcending his main vocation. Champfleury, who catalogued his works in 1878, the year before he died, wrote his best epitaph: *Dans le moindre croquis de Daumier on sent la griffe du lion.*

It is none the less fitting because the lion had some of the traits of the *bourgeois.* Born at Marseilles, in 1808, he had for father an humble glazier who by some extraordinary paradox nourished the ambitions of a poet! It is tempting, of course, to infer from that latter circumstance the germ of a certain romanticism in Daumier, only the romanticism is not there. When he was brought up to Paris as a child it was to enter upon a rather humdrum existence. In his teens he was inducted into a clerkship in a book-shop. However poetically inclined the elder Daumier may have been, he was slow to give way to his son's artistic predilections. These received some encouragement, however, from the functionary, Alexandre Lenoir, and presently we find him commencing lithographer under one Zephyrin Belliard. In 1829 he was launched as a caricaturist. He had one characteristic alone calculated to carry him far, he had courage. It was even in this formative period that his "Gargantua," a terrific lampoon upon Louis Philippe, procured him six months in jail. But he emerged with a career in his hands. Falling under the notice of Charles Philopon, founder of the weekly *Caricature* and the daily *Charivari*, he was closely associated with those publications for years. Sometime in the late forties he began to function as a painter also, and this continued until his death, but he never lost touch with the

Honoré Daumier.

From the portrait painted by himself.

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Apollo.
From the lithograph by Daumier.

satirical arena. In 1878 there was a memorable exhibition of his works at the Durand-Ruel Gallery which had a qualified success. He died in retirement at Valmondois in the following year, old, sightless, and in poor circumstances. He had been offered the ribbon of the Légion d'Honneur but had quietly refused it, not caring, like his friend Courbet, to make a theatrical fuss about his declination.

WHERE do the *bourgeois* traits come in, in the life thus rapidly surveyed? In a certain almost prosaic steadiness of activity. As a satirist he did his job and that was enough. He had among his friends men whose names are like so many challenging banners against a French sky that in his time was nothing if not turbulent. He knew Delacroix and Corot, Barye and Diaz. He lived at the very heart of revolution in French painting, peculiarly at the heart of the romantic movement. But he stayed of unromantic temperament. It is curious, when you look down the vista of his long life, to reckon with the events that made his background. As a child he was old enough to sense the reverberations of Waterloo. He grew up to witness the brief reign of Charles X, the coming of Louis Philippe, the rise of the Second Empire, and the disasters of 1870. An instinctive republican, he was on the side of liberalism and fought for it through all these permutations with passion and even with venom, so long as the governing powers let the freedom of the press alone. Yet, when that freedom was curtailed, he turned readily enough from the castigation of politicians to the satirizing of manners, and in the long run you feel that the march of history had comparatively little to do with the development of his genius. The break-up of the old Napoleonic régime and the organization of a new France may have involved him in some cerebral activity, but it did not so inflame his imagination as to give a dis-

The Public at the Salon.
From the lithograph by Daumier.

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tinctive color to his work. The inference might be that he remained just a ready journalist. But it is more fitting to deduce, I think, that he remained just a great artist.

♣ ♣ ♣

CRITICISM has often diverted itself drawing parallels between Daumier and Gavarni, despite the plausible observation of Philippe de Chennevières that you might as well waste your time drawing a parallel between Poussin and Watteau. The two satirists had this at least in common—they knew how to draw. In spirit, no doubt, they were poles apart. I have before me as I write a design of Daumier's illustrating the "Galop Final" at a masquerade ball. The delicious lightness and gaiety that Gavarni would have given it are somehow missing. In none of the drawings that Daumier dedicated to the feminine levities in the Parisian spectacle is there anything of the exquisite *frou-frou* in which Gavarni excelled. On the other hand, there is composition, there is movement, and there is superbly puissant line. At a dinner at Daubigny's a fellow artist once said to Daumier that a lithograph of his, the famous "Ventre Legislatif," made him think of the Sistine Chapel. It sounds like a *boutade*, but one can understand that the design made him think at least of the grand style. That was Daumier's great resource, that is where you recognize the claw of the lion. He drew with a certain largeness and sweep, a certain noble

Rue Transnonain, April 15, 1834.
From the lithograph by Daumier.

force. I say "noble" advisedly, because, while the aim of the artist was ridicule and he would exaggerate the points of a physiognomy sometimes to an almost repulsive degree, there is something which you can only designate as grandeur about the linear simplicity and power through which he gains his effect. You see this magic of his working supremely in his caricatures, and the mere bulk of them, the mere salience they possess in his life, would be sufficient justification for those who prefer to see their Daumier in black and white. I can feel with them. There are lithographs of his that rejoice my soul, partly through their great draftsmanship and partly through their magnificent affirmation of the very genius of

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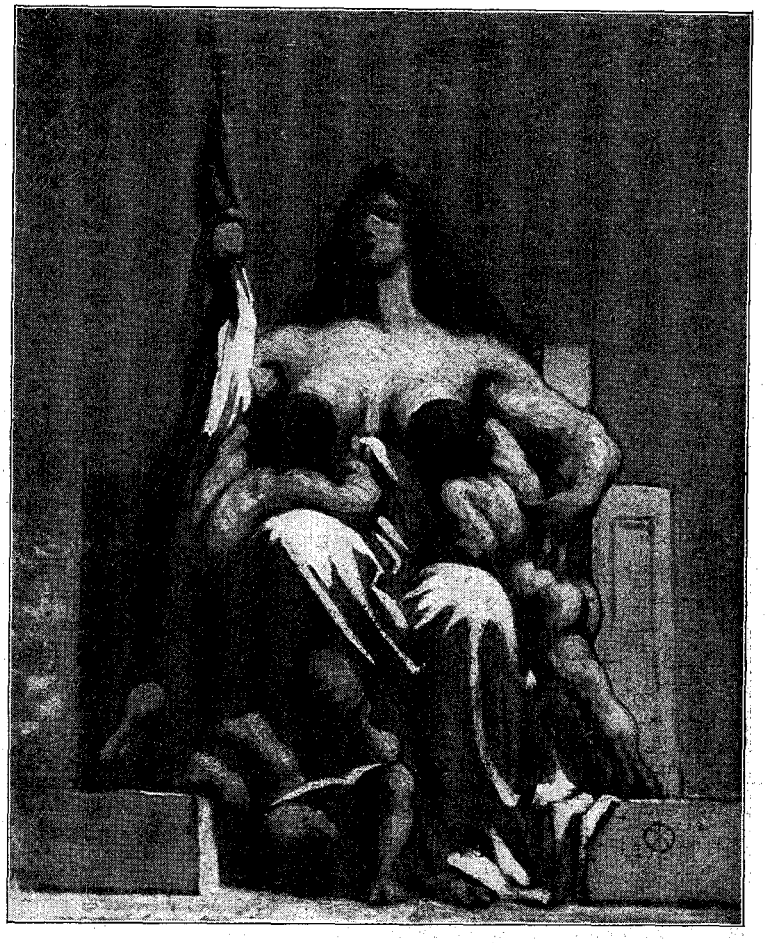
lithography. Daumier knew all the secrets of the stone. But, thinking of him as I most like to think of him, thinking of the satirist as artist, I care for him especially as a painter.



The Republic.
From the painting by Daumier.

HE was more than the Michael-Angelo of caricature. He was something of a Michael-Angelo in paint. He was that inasmuch as he was a great master of form. In 1848 the proclamation of the Republic gave occasion for the opening at the Beaux-Arts of a competition for a symbolical decoration. More than five hundred artists entered. Daumier's sketch was marked the eleventh in the group of twenty chosen as indicating the painters to take part in the definitive *concours*. I will not assert that it is a portentous conception, but there is no denying the monumental force and unity of the design. It invites not unreasonably, I believe, the assumption that if fate had so ordained it Daumier might have developed into a remarkable mural painter. But it is not obvious that fate ever dowered him with the grandiose imaginative faculties that would have filled out his grandiose mode of tackling composition and the figure. He had no traffic with Olympus. He kept his feet upon the solid earth and found his inspiration in obscure humanity. Banville has pictured him in his big, austere attic on the Ile St. Louis, watching for hours

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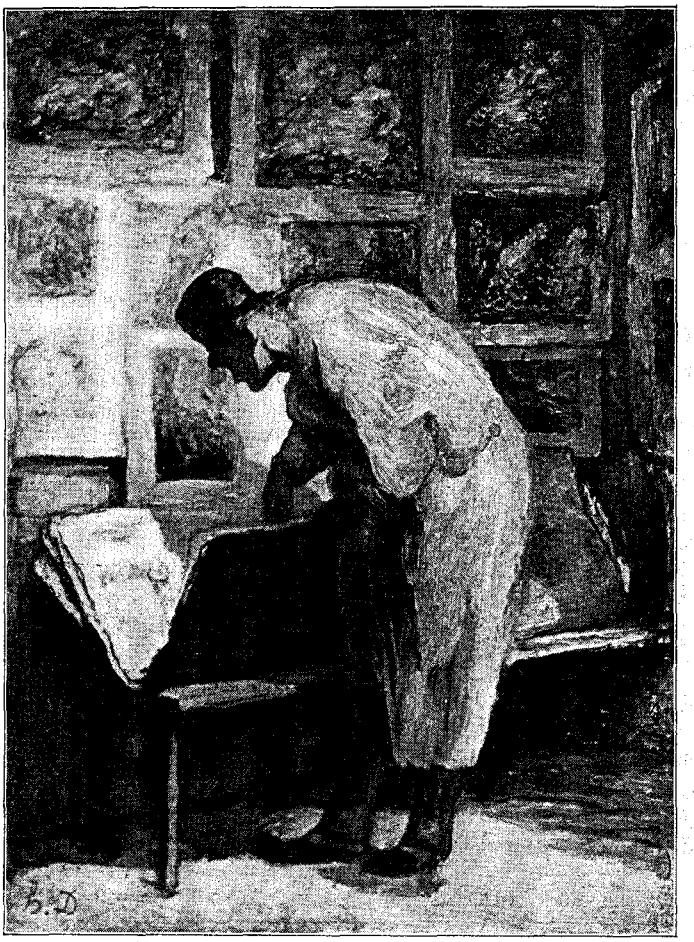
the scenes below him along the banks of the Seine. He did for the workaday figures of the city what Millet did for their brethren of the fields. Like Millet, he found a measure of pathos in the lives with a broad, synthetic stroke, and finally, with that composer's felicity of his, places his form consummately within the rectangle. His range was not very wide, yet it was sufficiently varied. Besides the



The Amateur.
From the painting by Daumier.

of the humble, and he would paint a poor washerwoman trudging along with her burden and her child, mixing positive tenderness with his sympathy. For the submerged this bitter satirist always had sympathy. But, again like Millet, he utterly escapes mawkishness in his idyls of the pave. It is his feeling for form that is essentially his safeguard against sentimentality. He sees the figure simply and grandly, gets the elements of structure life of the riverside he would paint the habitués of the law-courts, the people of the circus, the doctor and his patient, the travellers on the railroad, and, occasionally, the amateur turning over his prints. Once or twice he dealt with scenes in the theatre, and there is a considerable series of his pictures given to the celebration of Don Quixote and his adventures. These last represent, of course, imaginative excursions, but, as I have indicated, it is

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not imagination but observation and human interest that especially denote his genius. He had a strong grip upon character. With his lifelong study of phys-

Ratapoil.
From the statuette by Daumier.

iognomy in the political world it was inevitable that when he came to paint his pictures he should paint them with the "seeing eye." The interesting thing is that as a painter he kept that eye so free from jaundice. The ferocity of the caricatures falls from him like a garment when he takes up the brush. A trace of the old bitterness will creep into the studies of the *avocat*, but when he paints his Seine folk or the homespun types of the *troisième classe* on the railroad, he is only the friendly *bourgeois* depicting his own kind. Only that, plus the great artist enveloping his people in the glamour of line and mass, flinging over them the mysterious beauty that flows from light and shadow, and adding to them that which sums up all the rest—the accent of style.

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HIS style is in the key of all those traits of largeness and nobility which I have endeavored to point out in his draftsmanship and his composition. It is, too, intensely personal. That disposition amongst his commentators, which I have noted, to ally him with one master or another, does not leave him, as a matter of fact, in any sense an eclectic type. You may say that there is an Hogarthian amplitude about his humor. You may find a savagery in him akin to Goya. But these and other strains in Daumier are in nowise derivative. He is his own man. His technique, his energy, and pre-eminently his style are new-minted and "of the centre." There is a Daumier cult, and its divagations are sometimes a little overdone. Beraldi, as I have remarked, found the *rapprochements* merely droll. If one were to swallow whole the ideas of the eulogists, one would, as he says, have to retouch Delaroche's famous hemicycle at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, and, erasing the heads of all the masters portrayed, substitute for each one the head of Daumier. The funniest of these oddities in criticism is that of the recent biographer who would see in Daumier a forefather of the Post-Impressionists, as naïve a piece of body-snatching as the erection of Ingres into a spiritual ancestor of Matisse. The truth is that there is nothing recondite or mysterious about the status of this artist. He was a good craftsman. He knew how to draw and how to paint. He looked at the life about him and mirrored it truthfully in his art. He surcharged it with no romantic fervors. This comrade of Delacroix had nothing of his friend's emotion and nothing of his *flair* for color, but was content with a quiet tonality in which he leaned far more toward the "brown sauce" of Rem-

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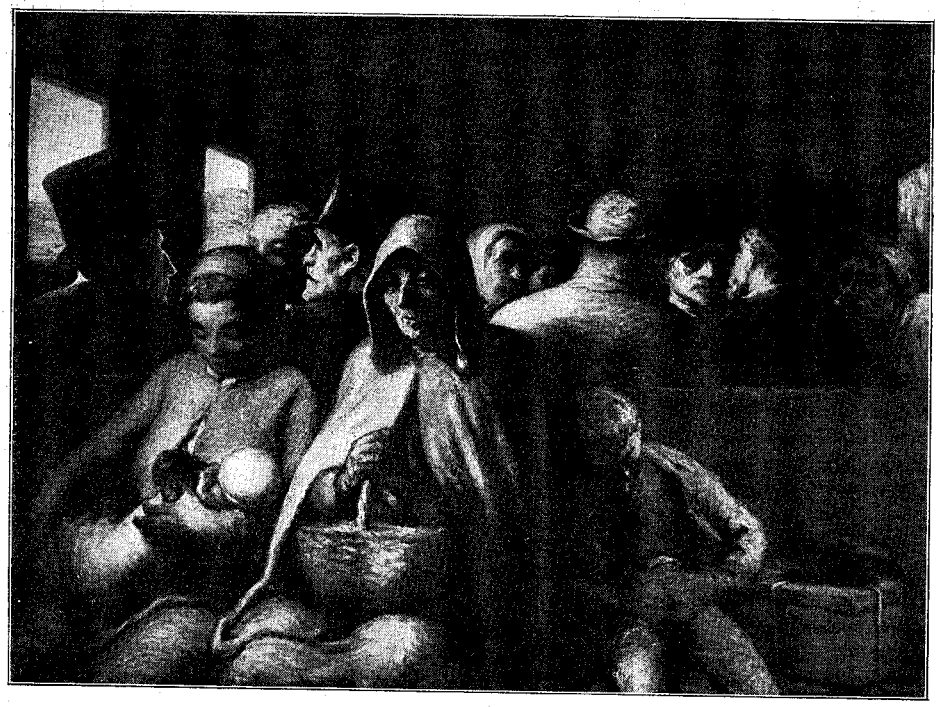
Children.
From the water-color by Daumier.



In the Third Class Carriage.
From the painting by Daumier.

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brandt than toward the luminous hues which the Impressionists were bringing into view just as he was about to pass from the scene. Exactly as he was unaffected by the splendors of Delacroix, so he did nothing to emulate the silvery vibrations of his beloved Corot. I may remark in passing that he was as sensitive as Corot in the delineation of landscape. His backgrounds of earth, trees, and sky are always just, true, and well designed, and sometimes they are very beautiful. Did he care for beauty in the sense of grace, of charm, of that subtle enrichment which makes a picture one of the poetic things of life? I hardly think so. It may be that his spirit was too much subdued to the sardonic stuff in which he worked for so many years. When he touches the antique, it leaves him cold. There are some repellent profiles among his "Physionomies Tragico-Clas-siques." The beauty in Daumier is of a grave, even stern, order. Beside the suavity of Ingres his ruggedness seems that of granite. It is, in its way, as beguiling. Baudelaire noted that a long time ago, when he associated Daumier as a draftsman with Ingres and Delacroix. Each was different from the others, but he doffed his hat to all of them. Each, to return to our leading motive, had style, the indefinable elevation which imbues workmanship with a personal, distinguishing mark and lifts it to a higher power. It is the mark of the creative artist, the original, born artist. That is why nobody can write about Daumier without seeking to illuminate his analysis here and there by alluding to one or the other of the masters. There is a kind of solidarity amongst them. They stand for one idiom, one tradition. Daumier is not the tremendous portent that some of the zealots would represent him to be. He had limitations, as I have sought to indicate. None the less he used the idiom of the masters, belonged to their tradition, and he is of their glorious company.

Don Quixote.
From the painting by Daumier.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 11.

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From a drawing by John W. Thomason, Jr., Captain, U. S. M. C.

FLARE—FRONT LINE, CHAMPAGNE.

That night, lying in its shallow, hastily dug holes, the remnant of the battalion descended through further hells of shelling.—Page 242.

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